

DELL

NOVEMBER Still 10¢

M.G.M.'s

Tom and Jerry

Comics



KRAFT CANDIES

good, like all Kraft foods



LIFE SIZE—BITE SIZE →



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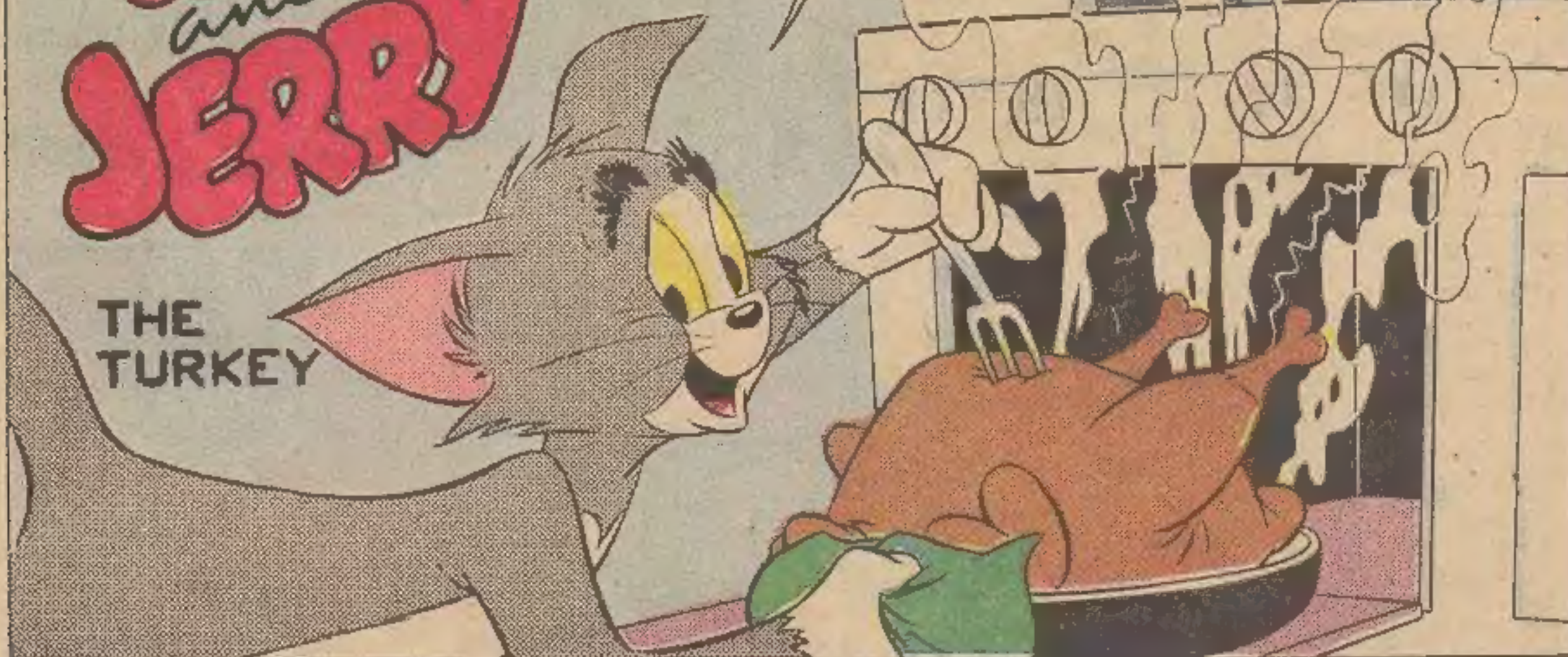
Try Kraft's wonderful Caramels and Marshmallows, too!

M-G-M CARTOONS
present

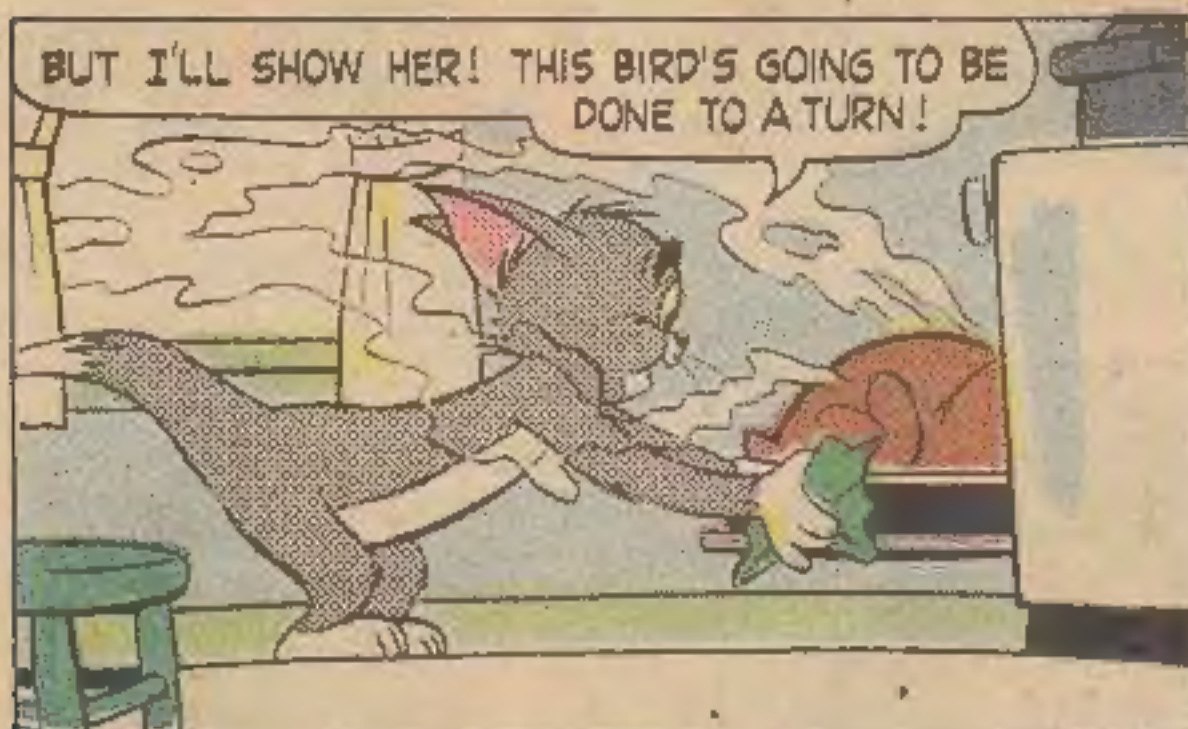
TOM and JERRY

THE
TURKEY

I'VE INVITED GRANDMA TABBY CAT
FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER! SHE
DOESN'T THINK I CAN COOK!
HEH, HEH!



BUT I'LL SHOW HER! THIS BIRD'S GOING TO BE
DONE TO A TURN!



SMACK!
DROOL!
SNIFF!



OMIGOSH! JERRY AND
TUFFY SMELLED THE
TURKEY COOKING, AND
THEY'RE GOING TO WANT
AN INVITATION, TOO!

ORDINARILY, I'D JUST TELL
THEM TO GET LOST!



BUT SINCE IT'S THANKSGIVING I'LL
TRY TO BE SORT OF DIPLOMATIC
WITH THE PESTS!



WE'VE COME TO SAY
HOW THANKFUL WE
ARE THAT...

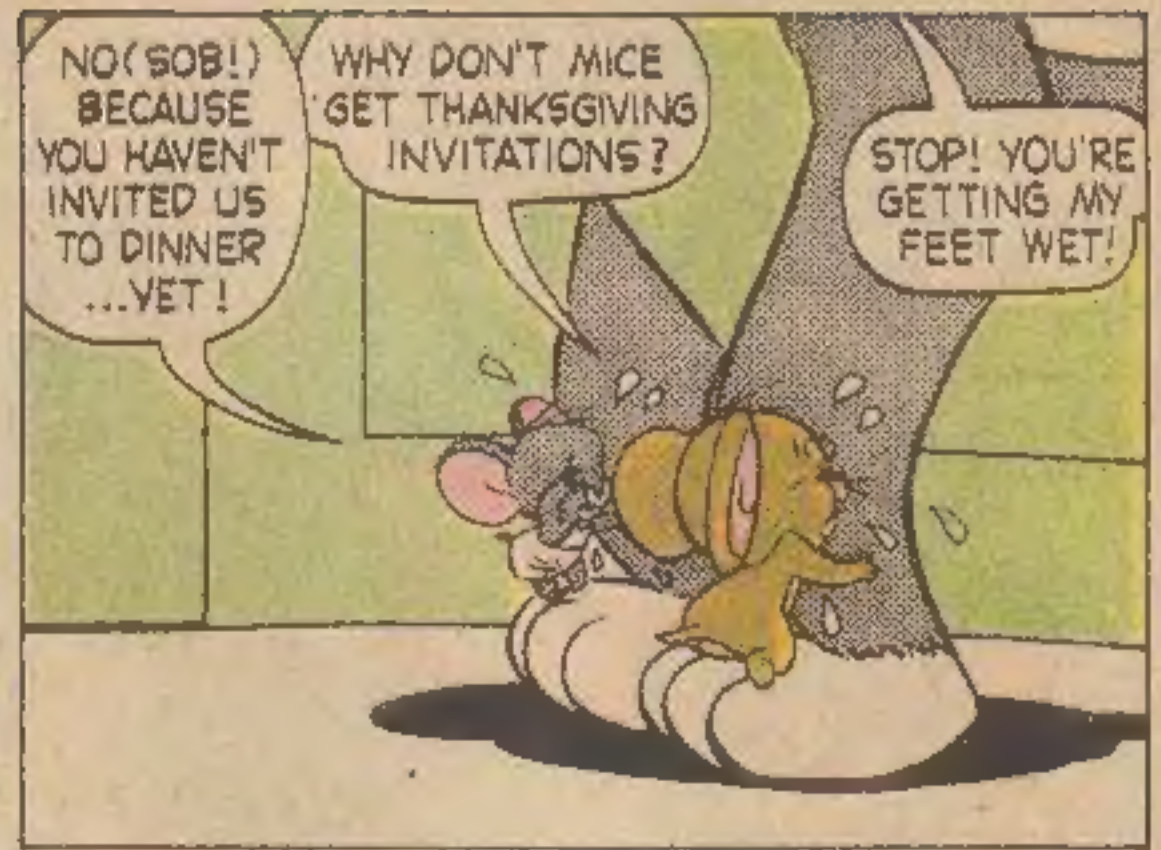
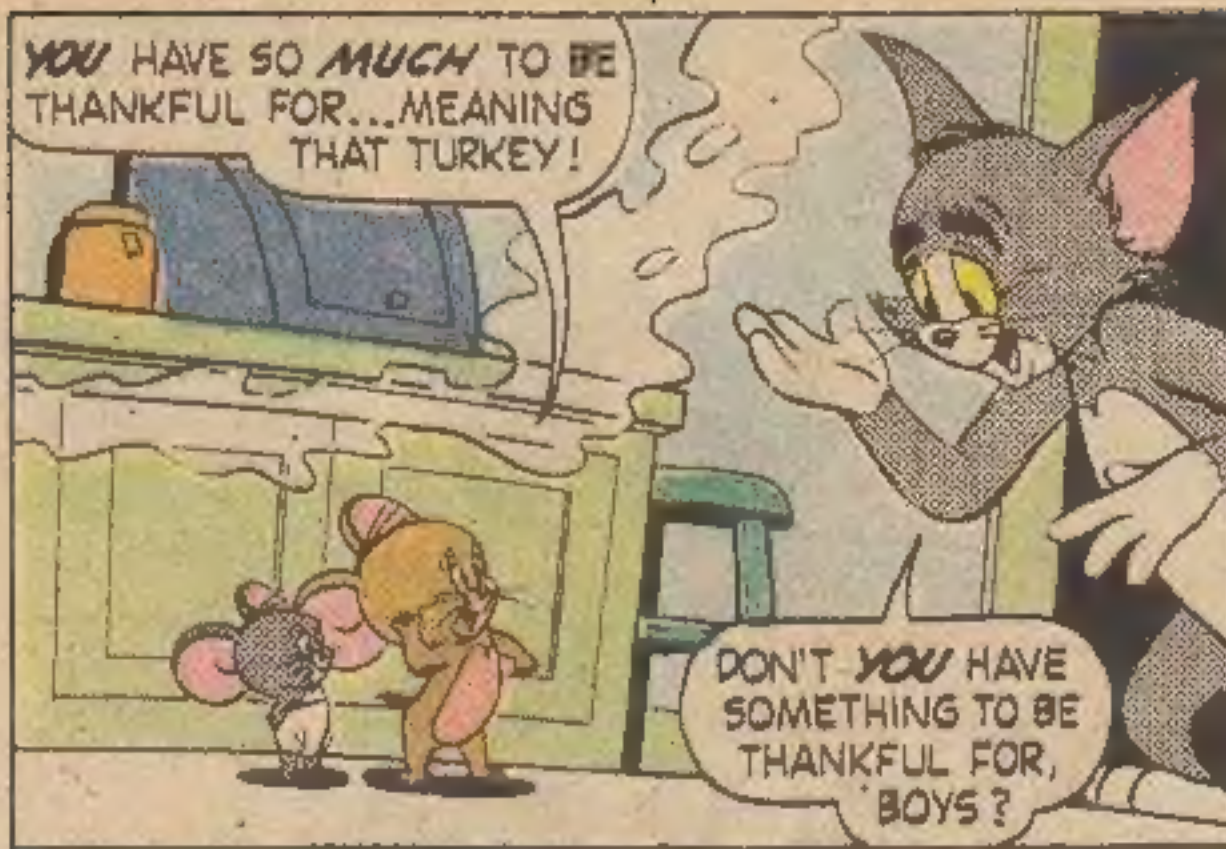
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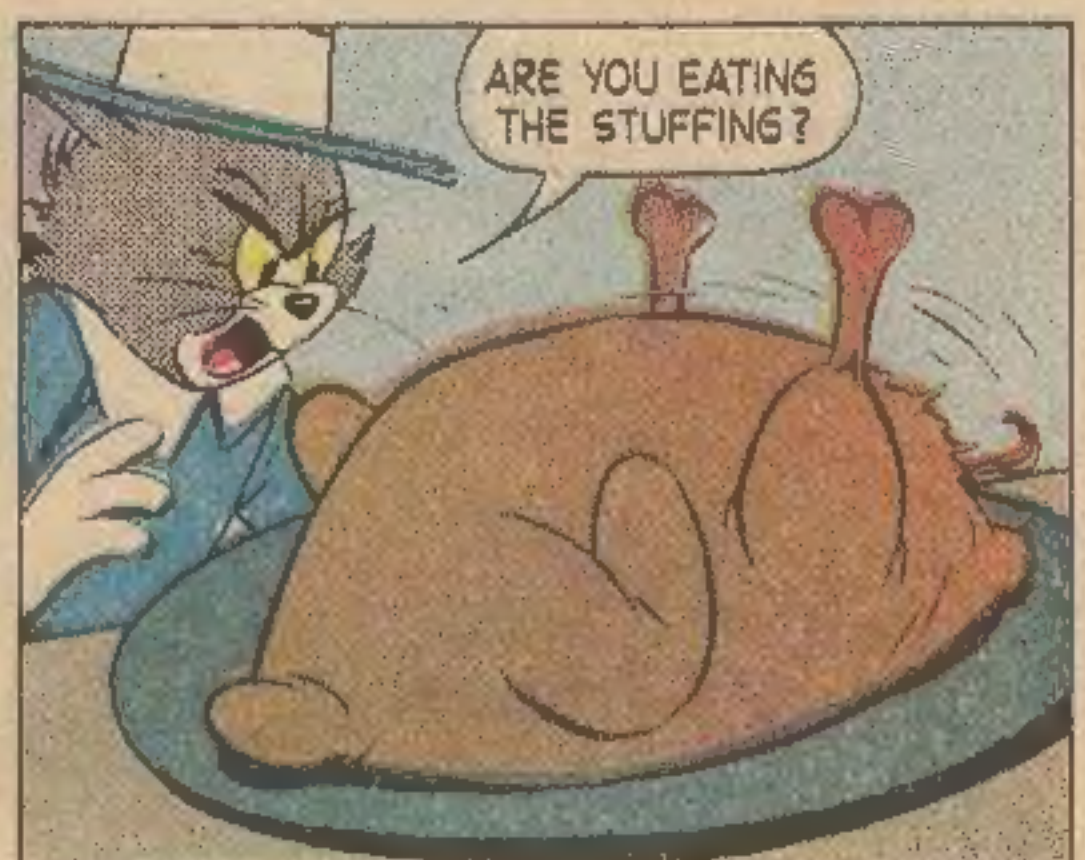
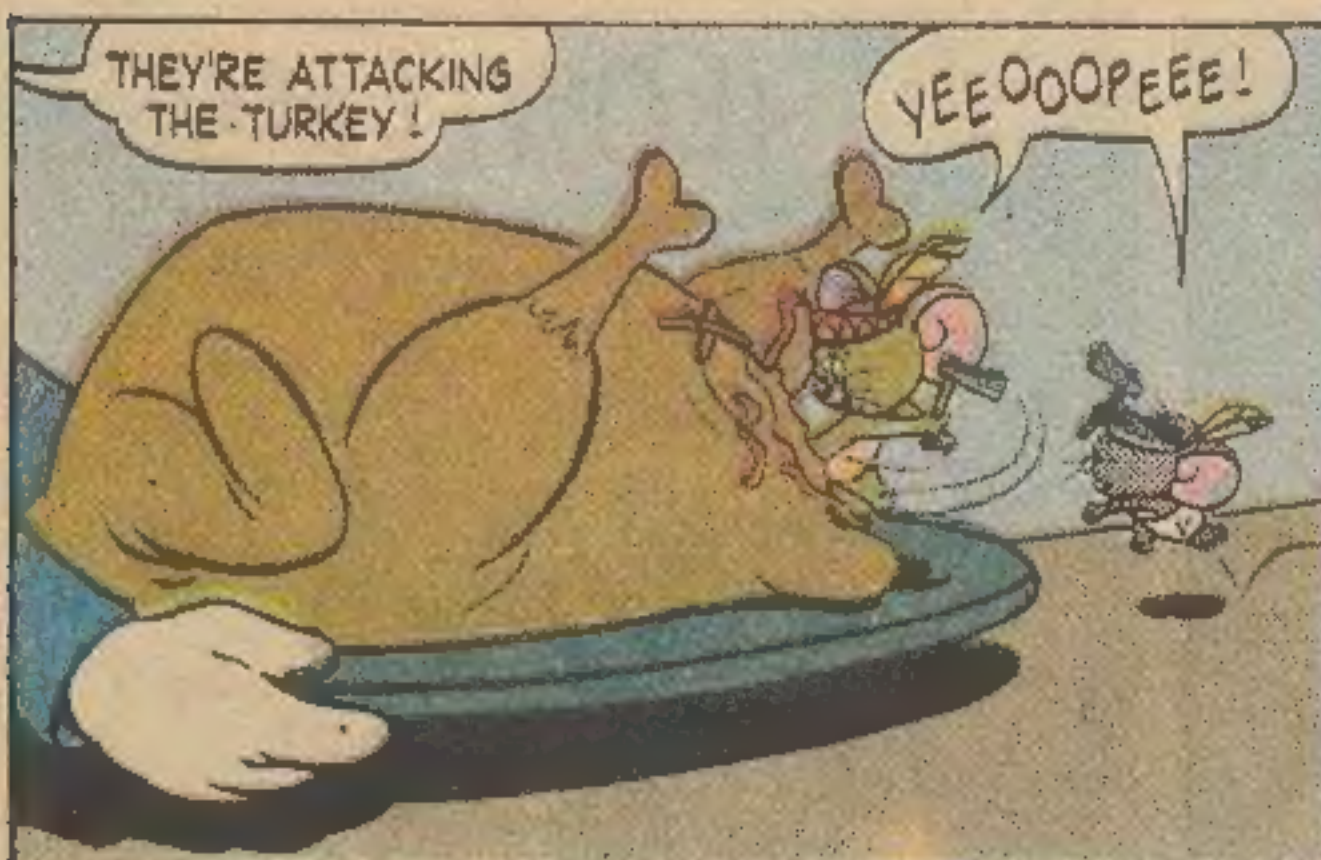
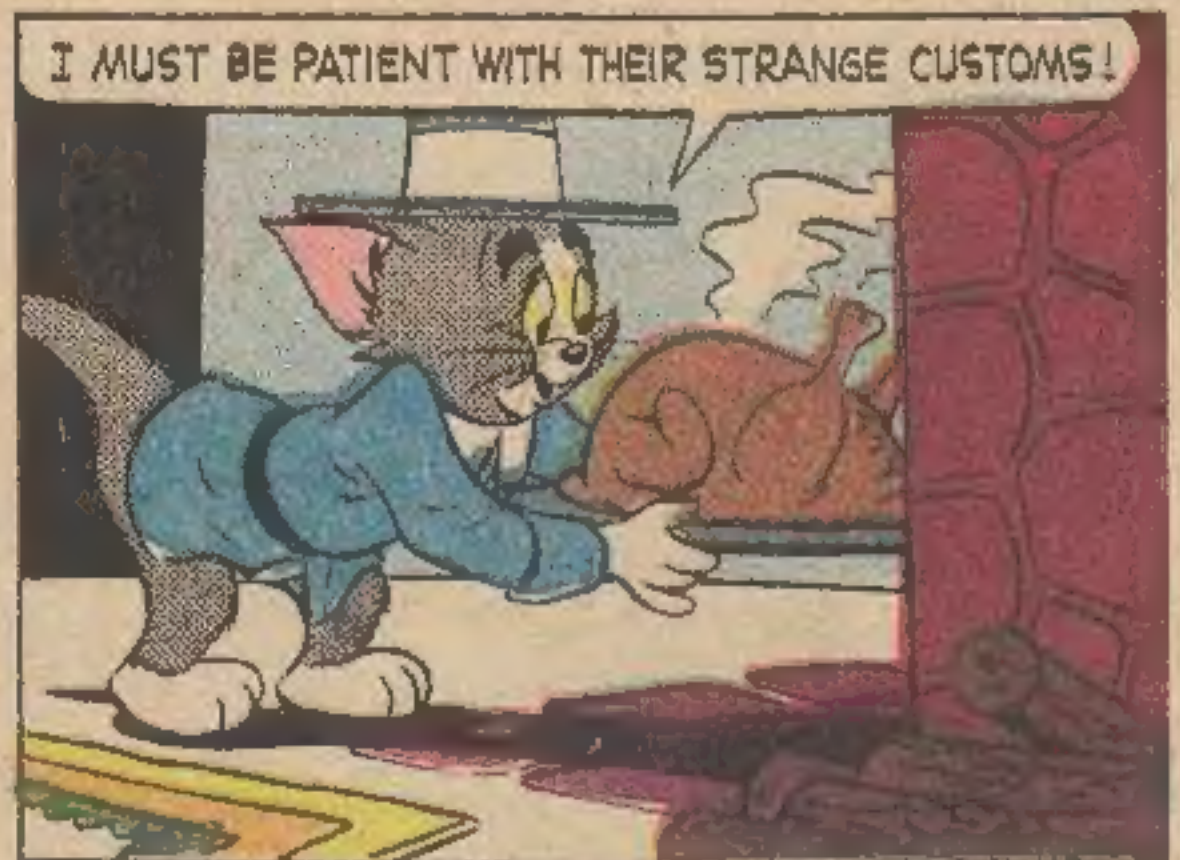
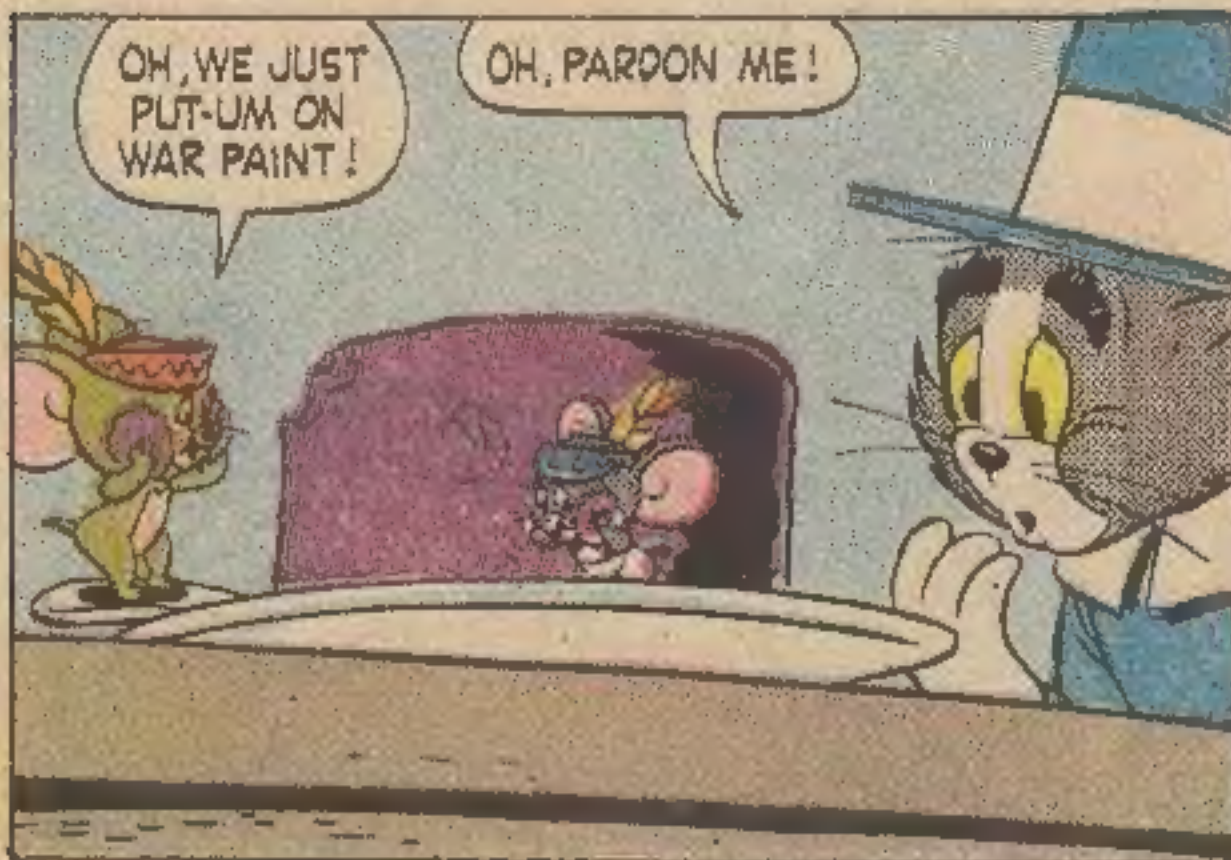
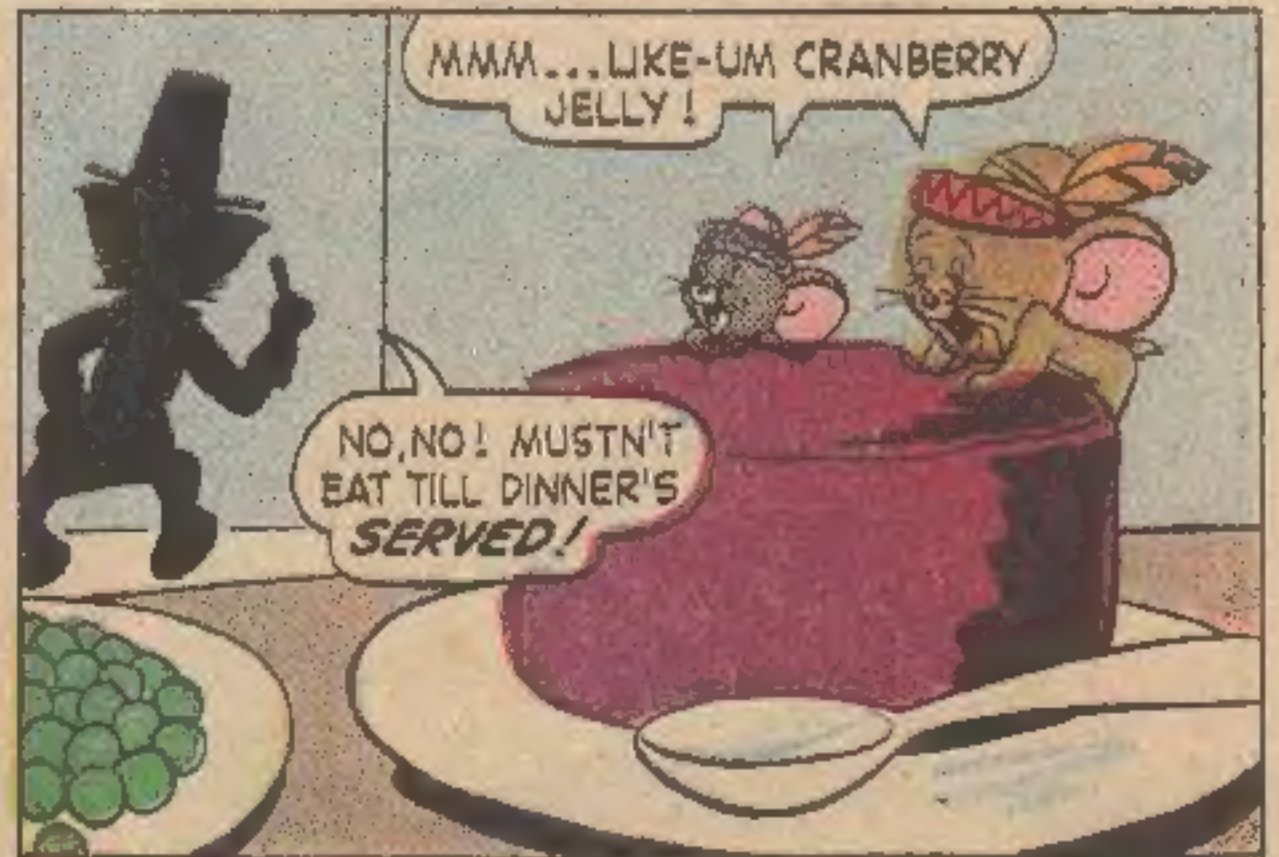
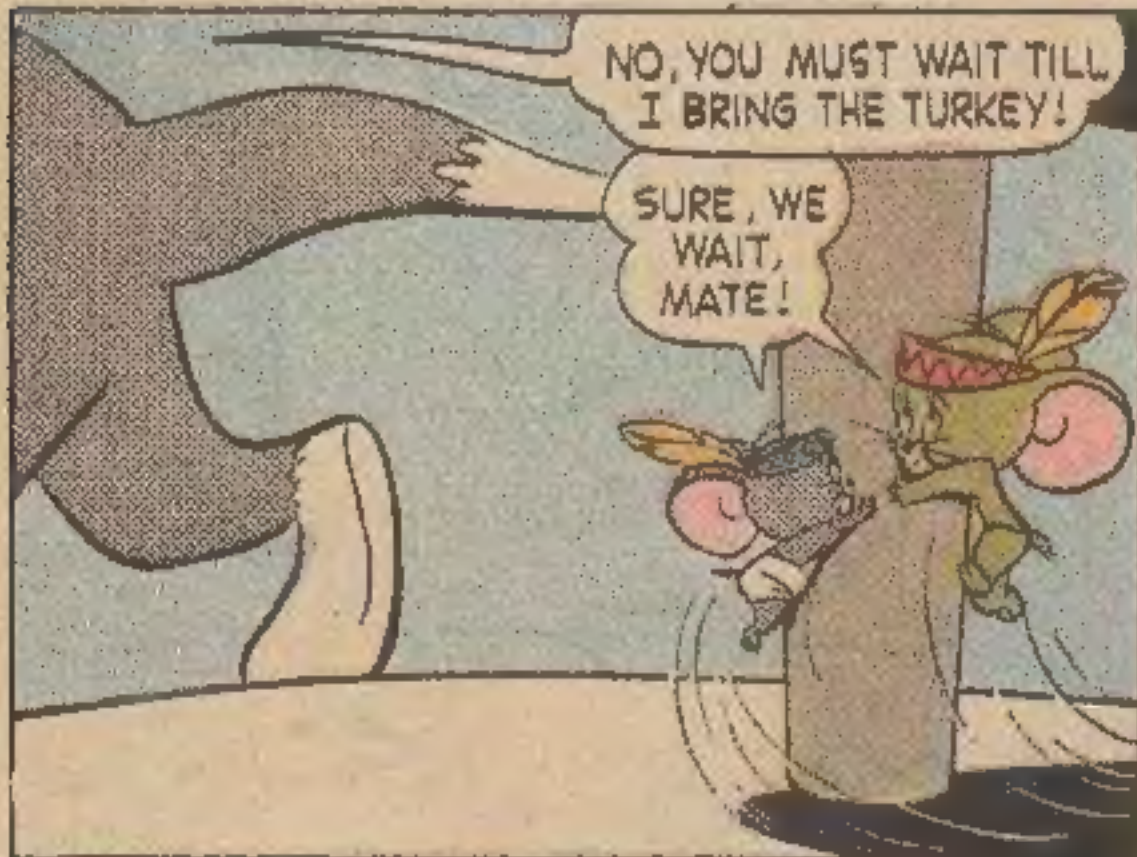
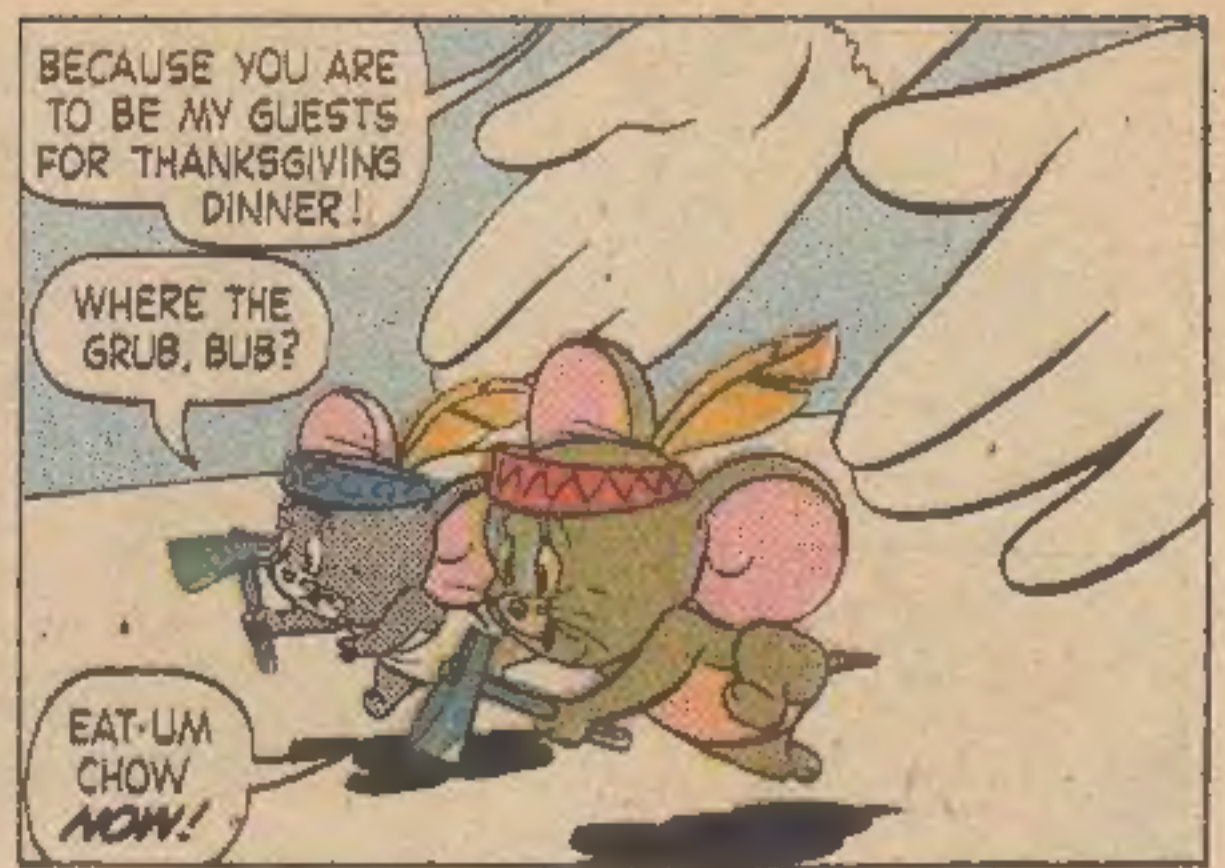
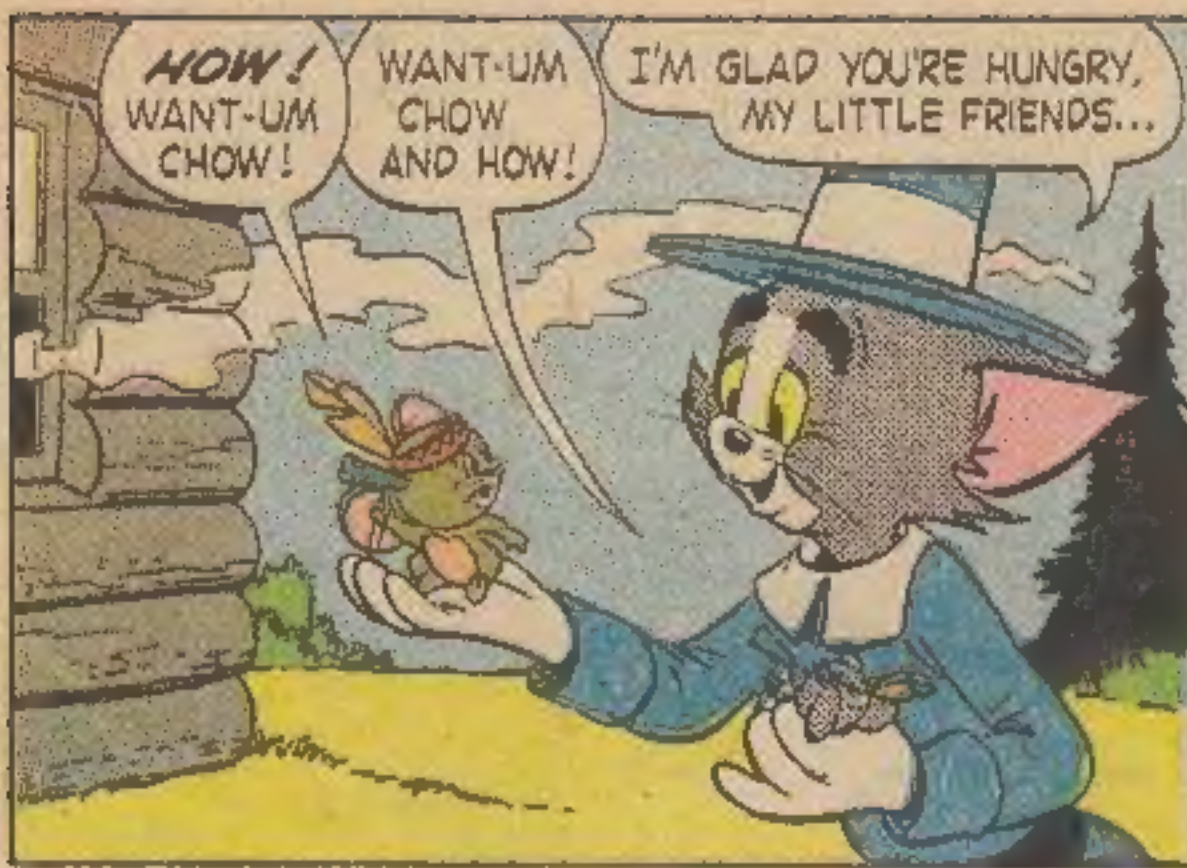
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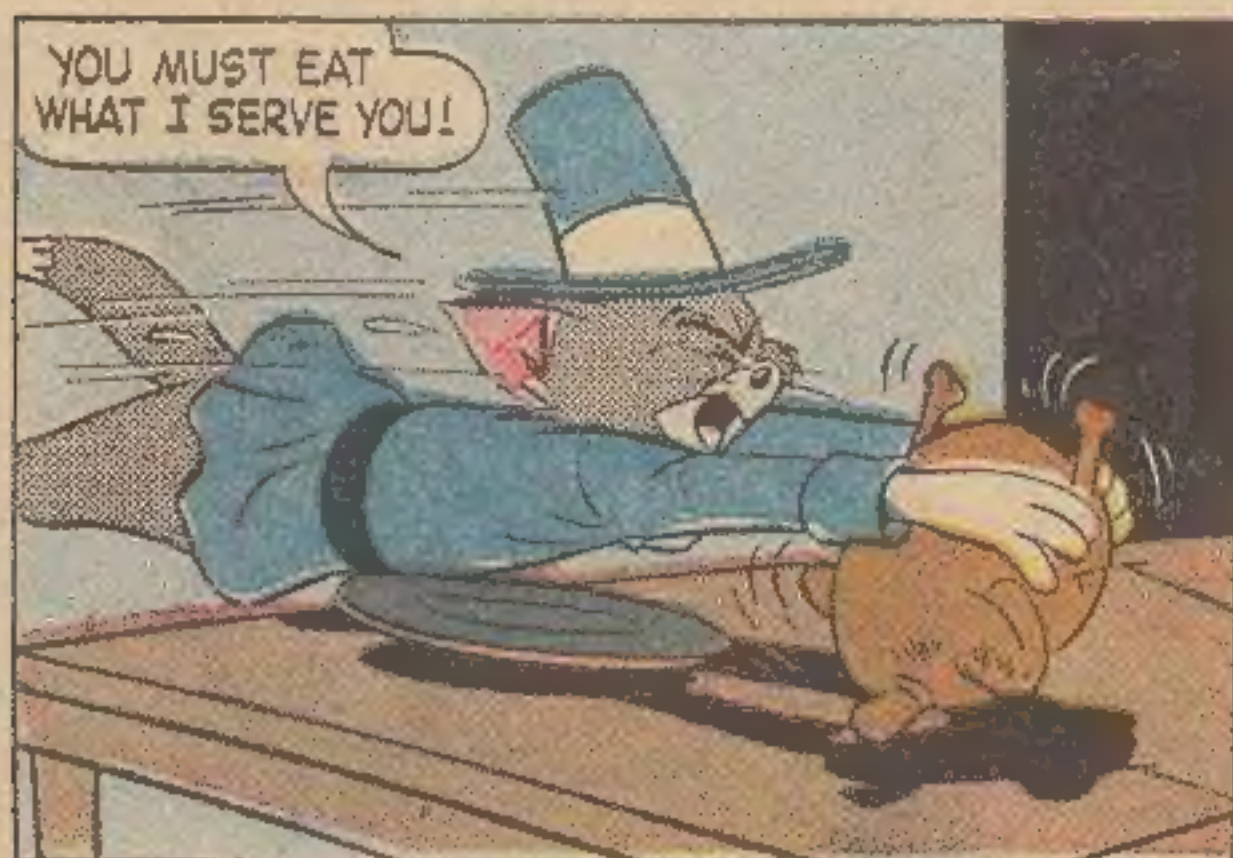
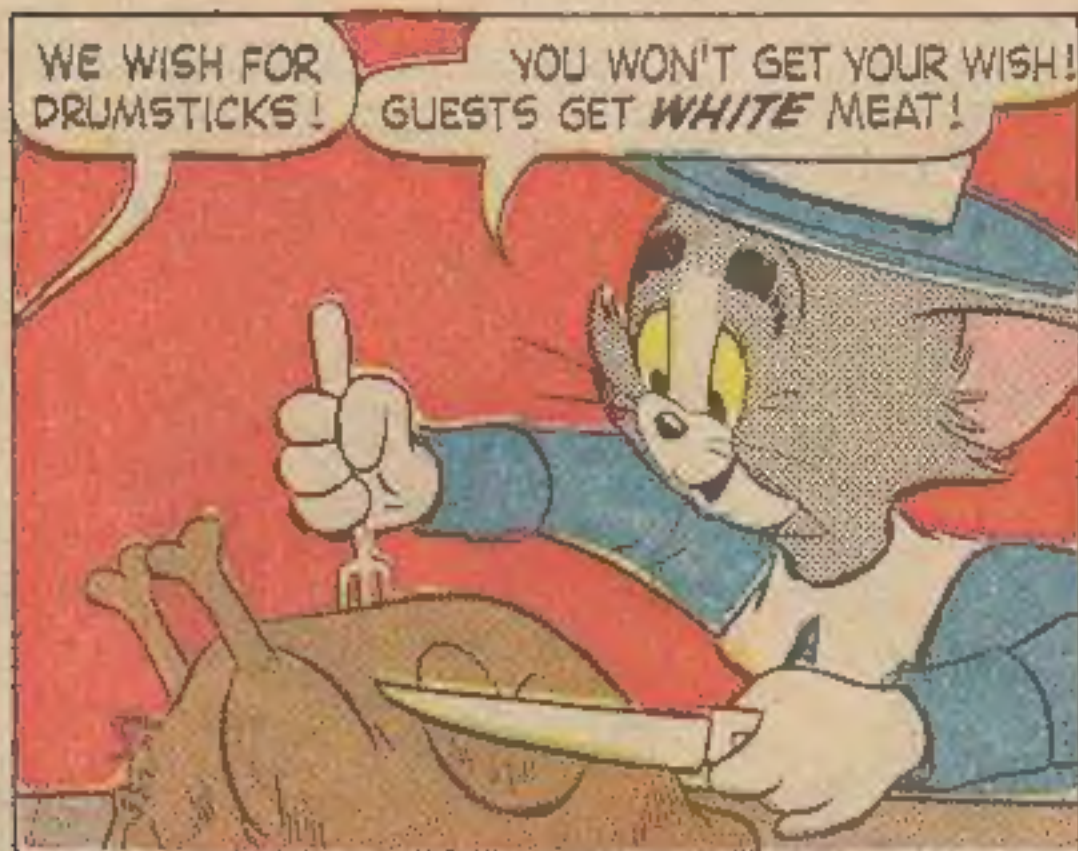
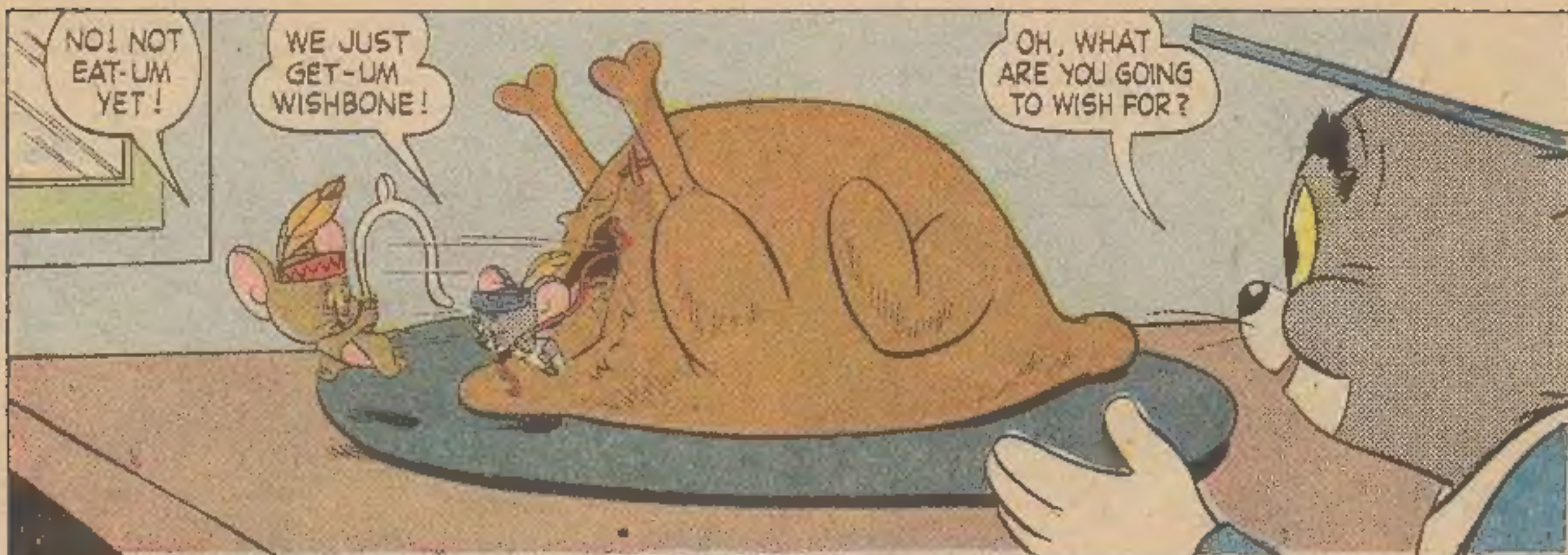


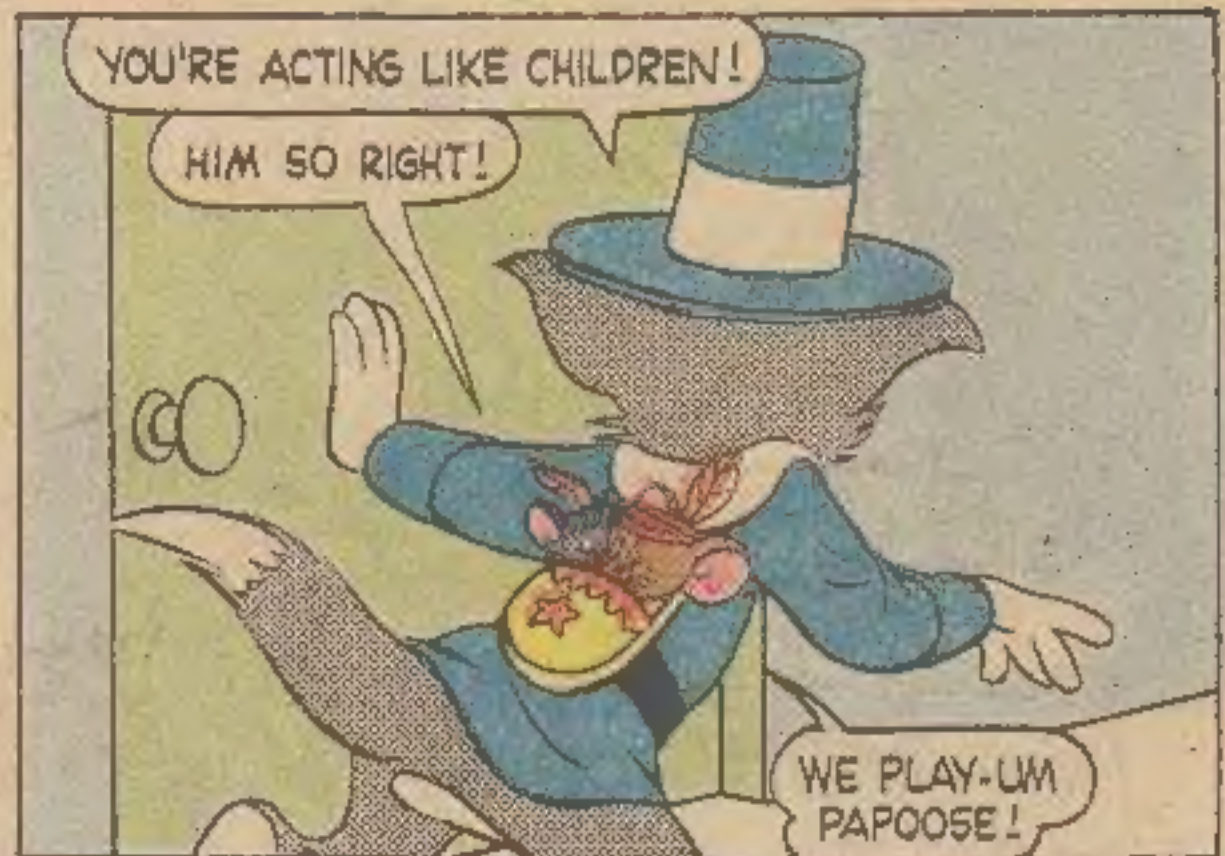
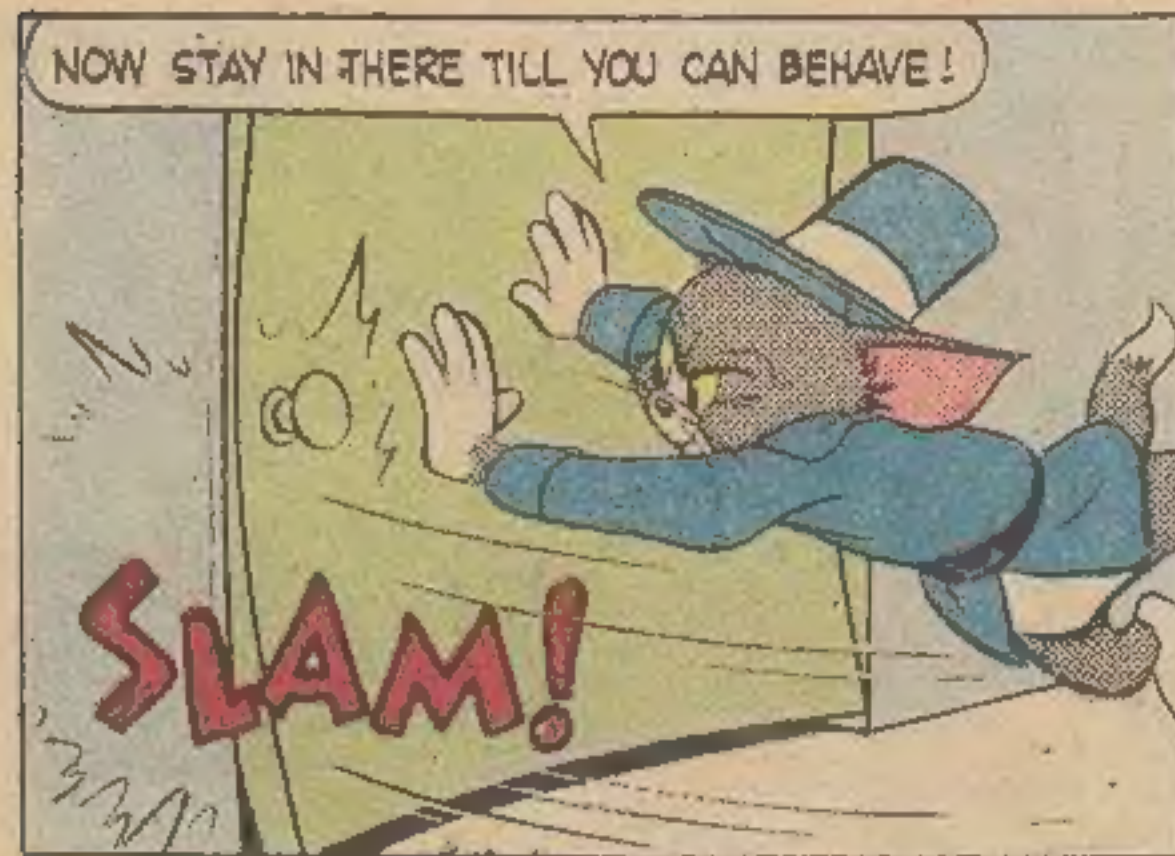
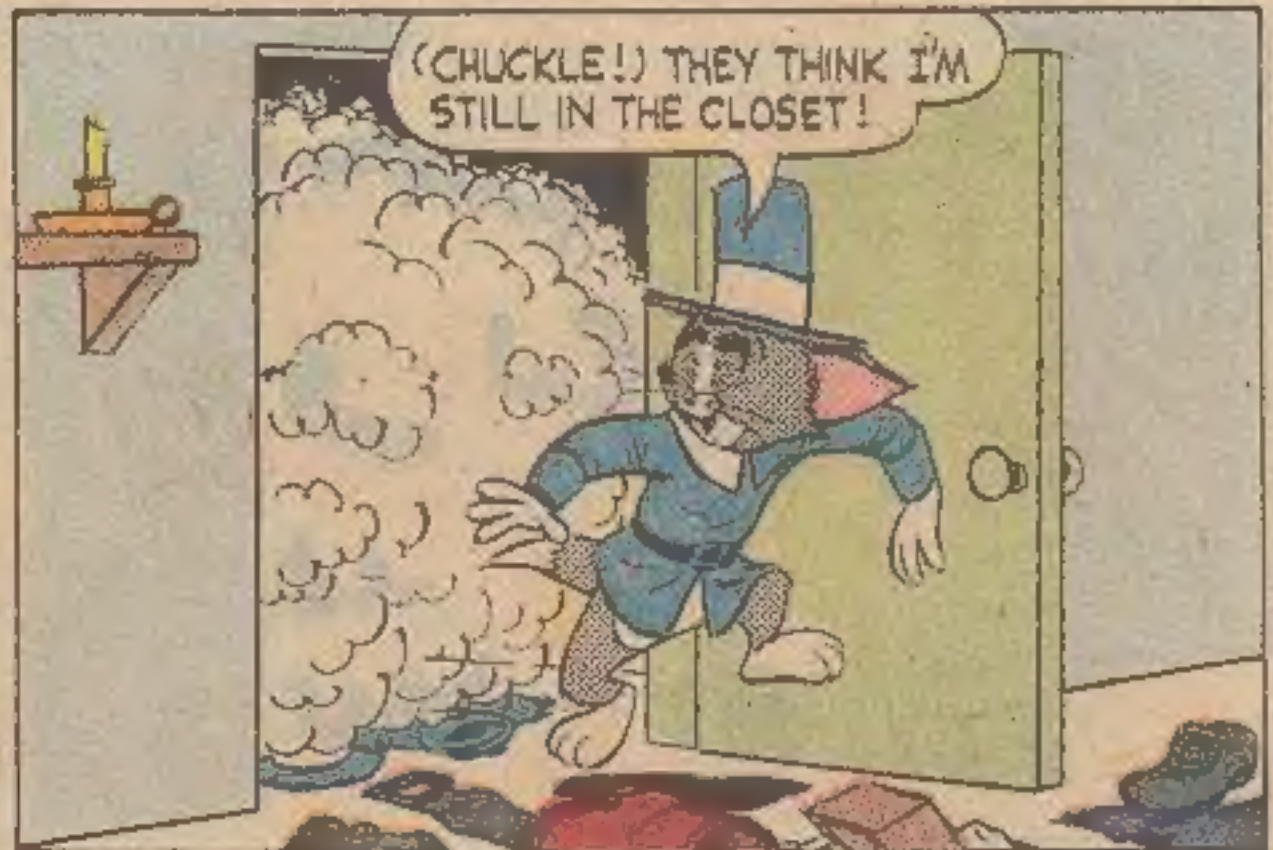
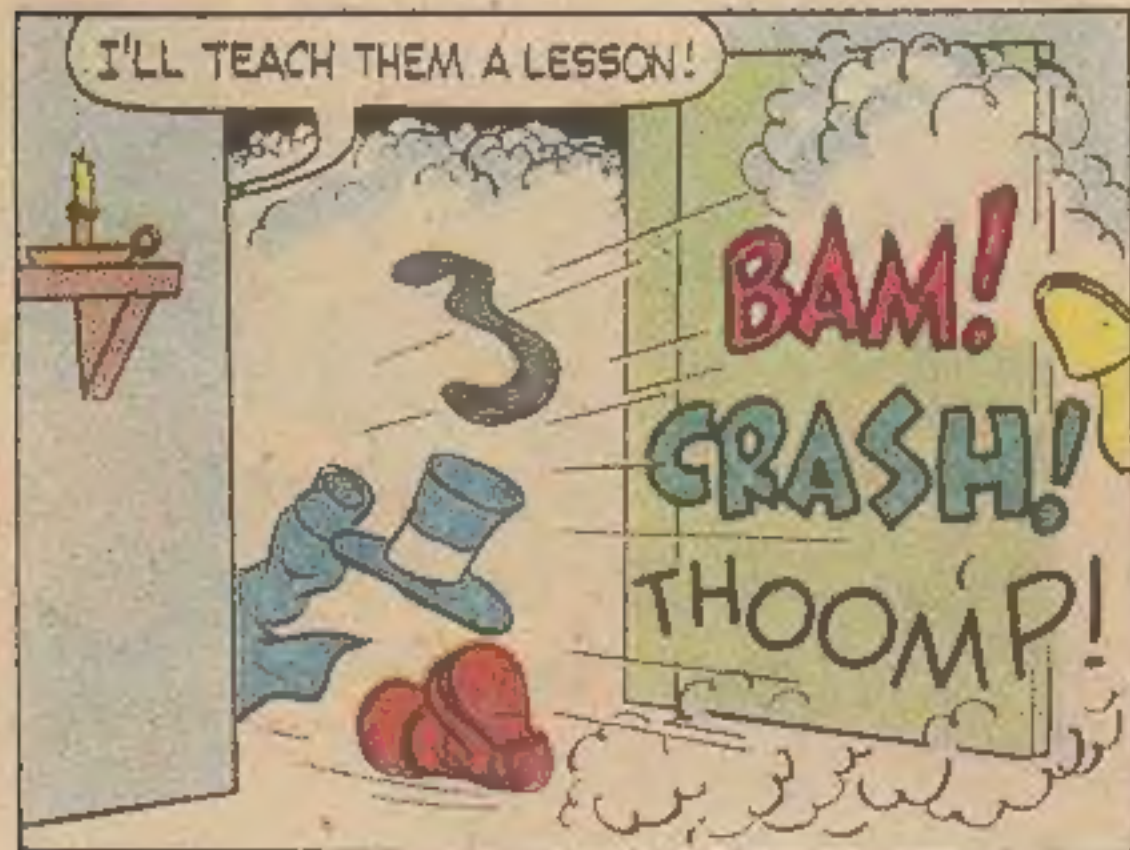
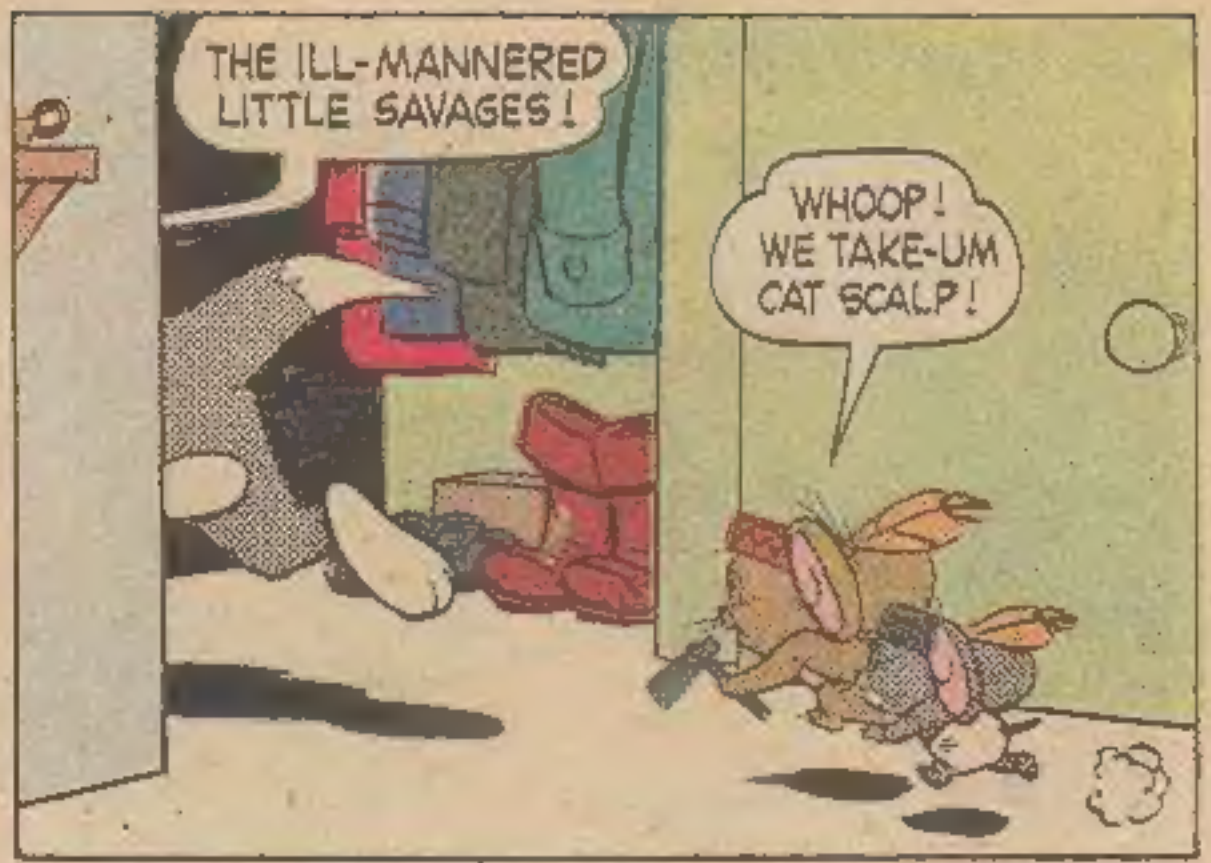
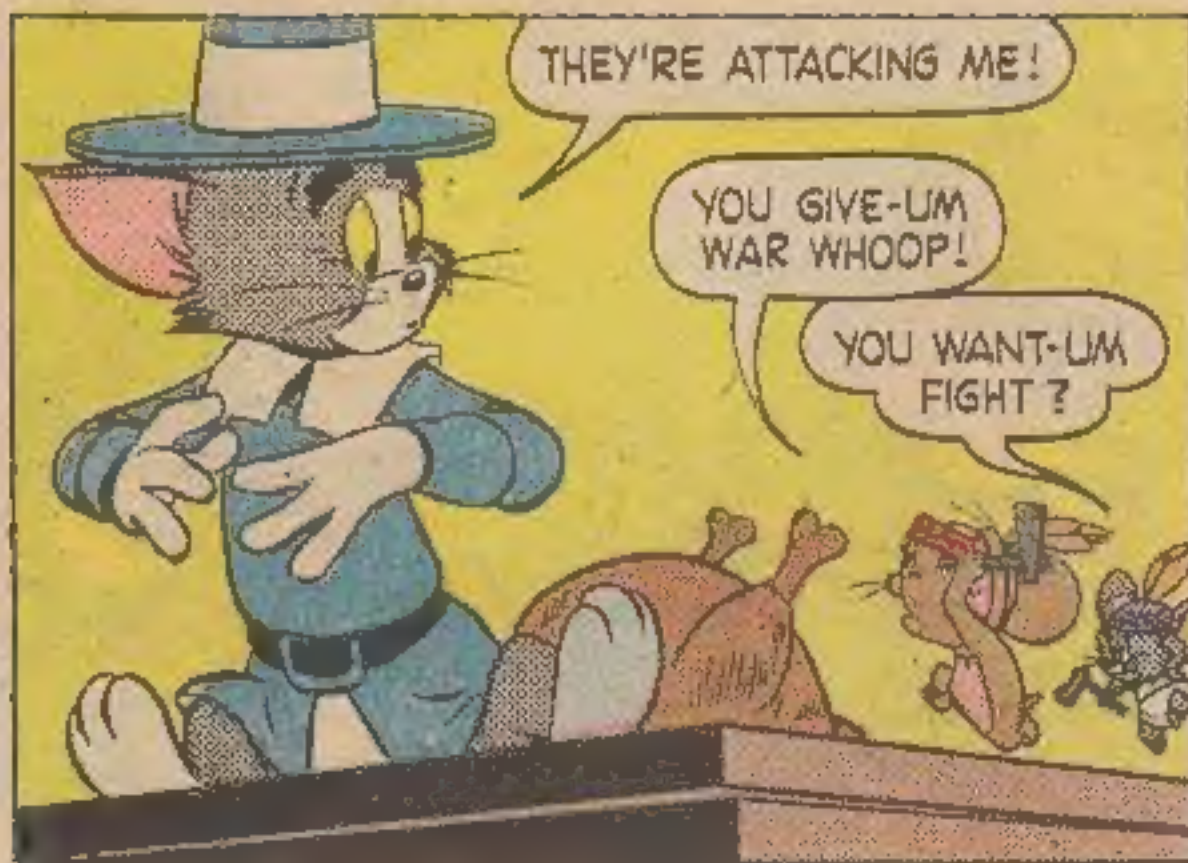
"MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPUSSY WAS A VERY KIND AND GENEROUS CAT..."

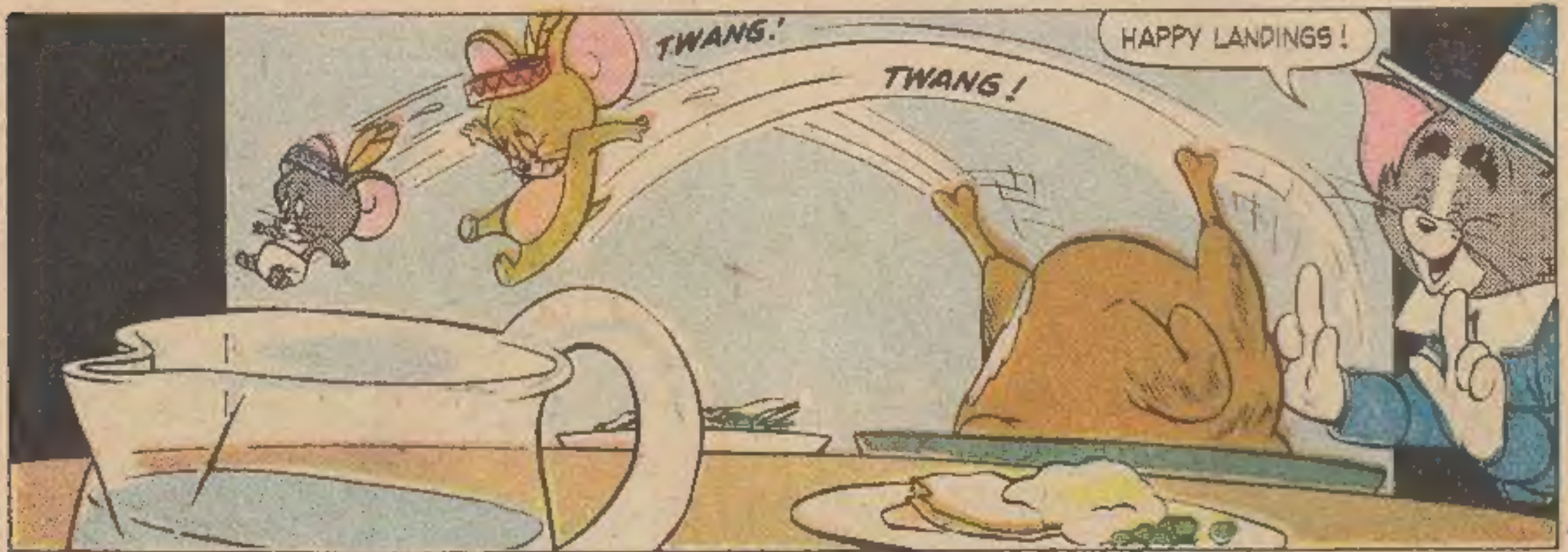
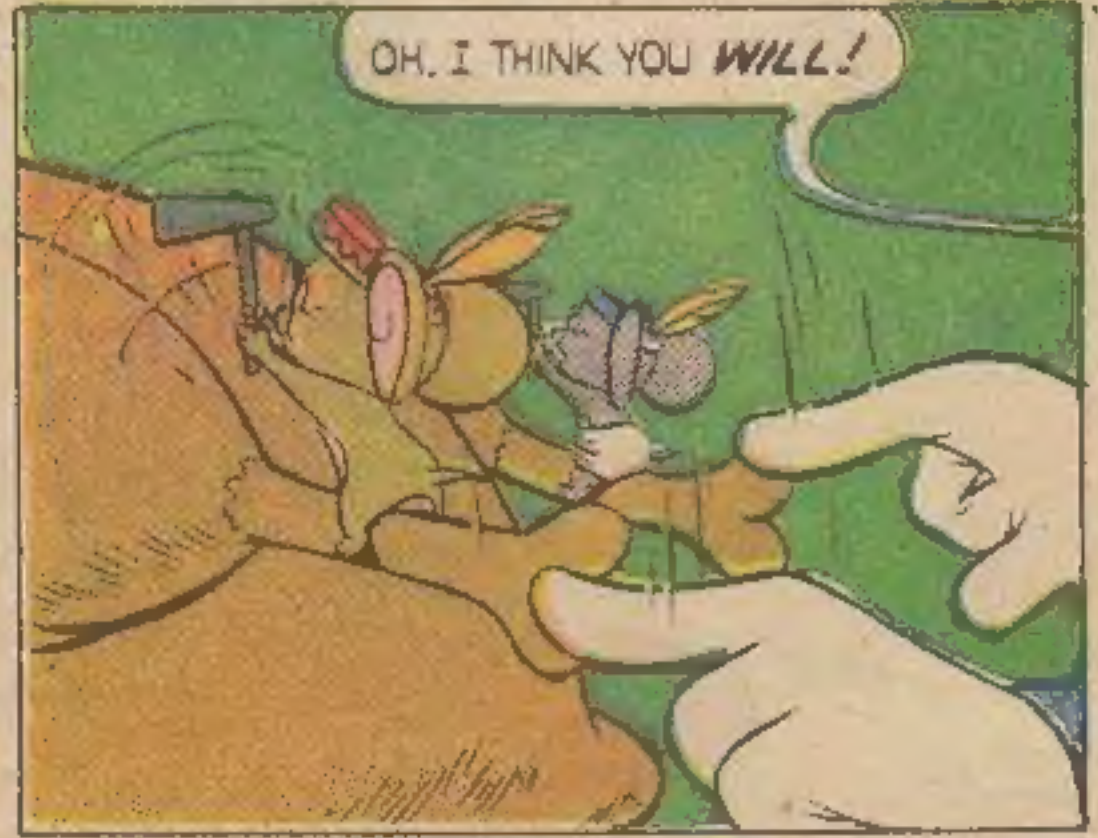
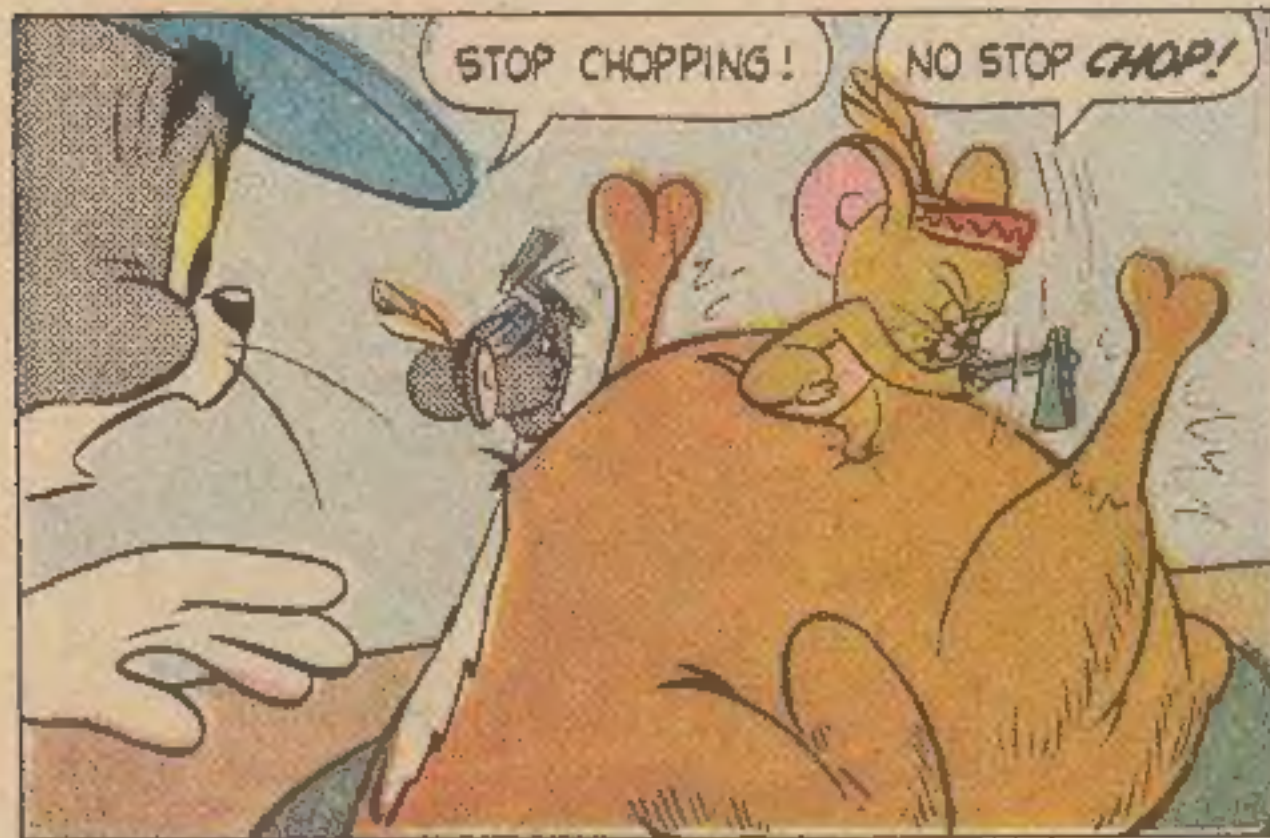
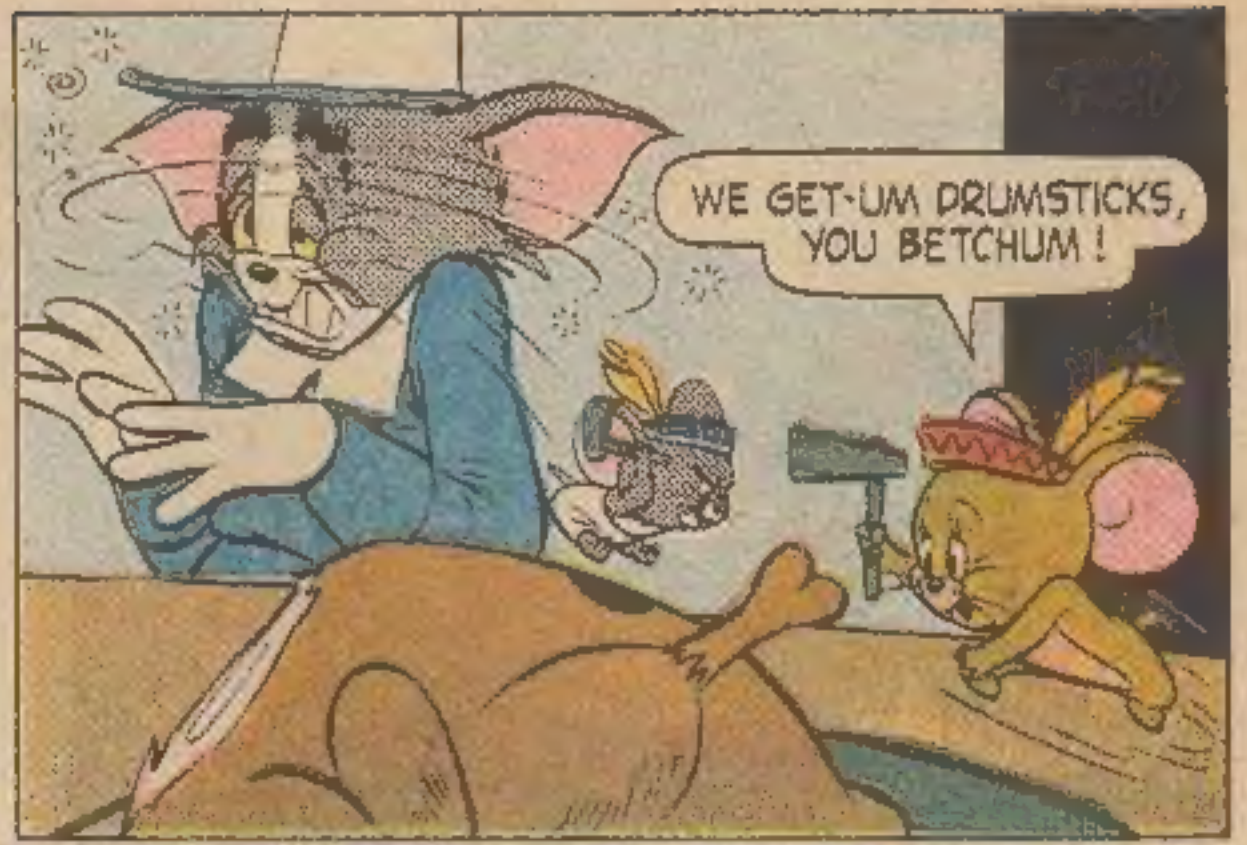
"SO HE STEPPED OUT INTO THE FOREST TO FIND SOME WORTHY CREATURES TO FEED..."

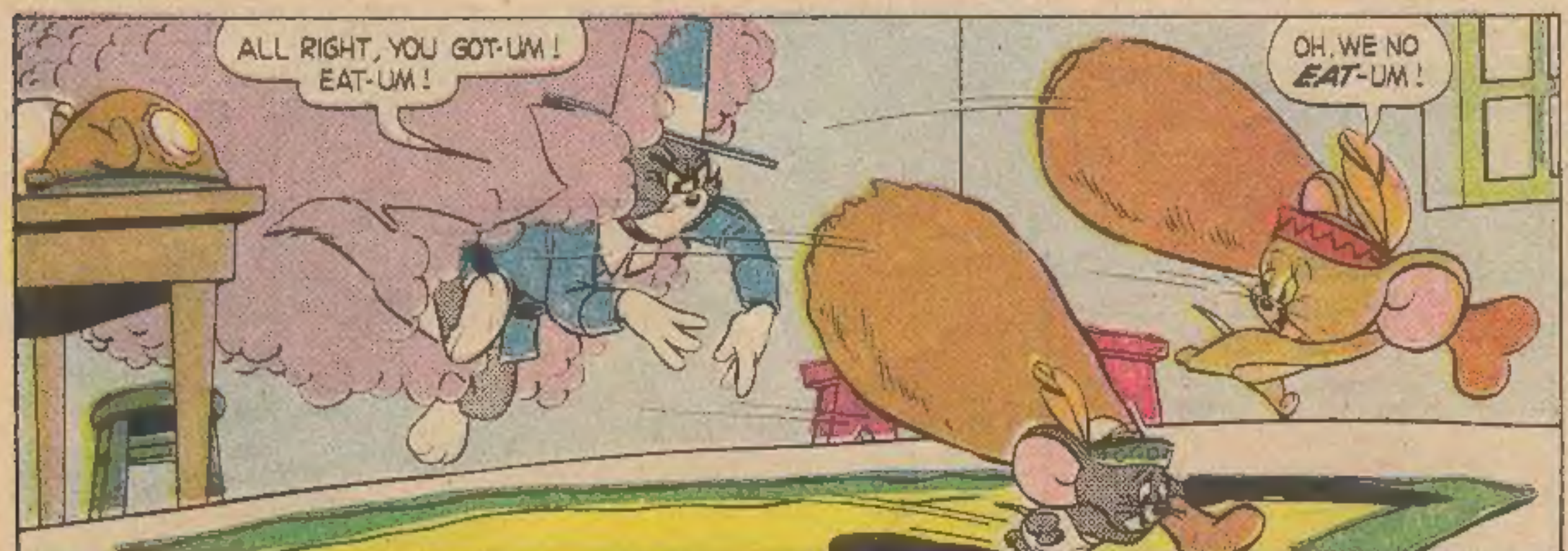
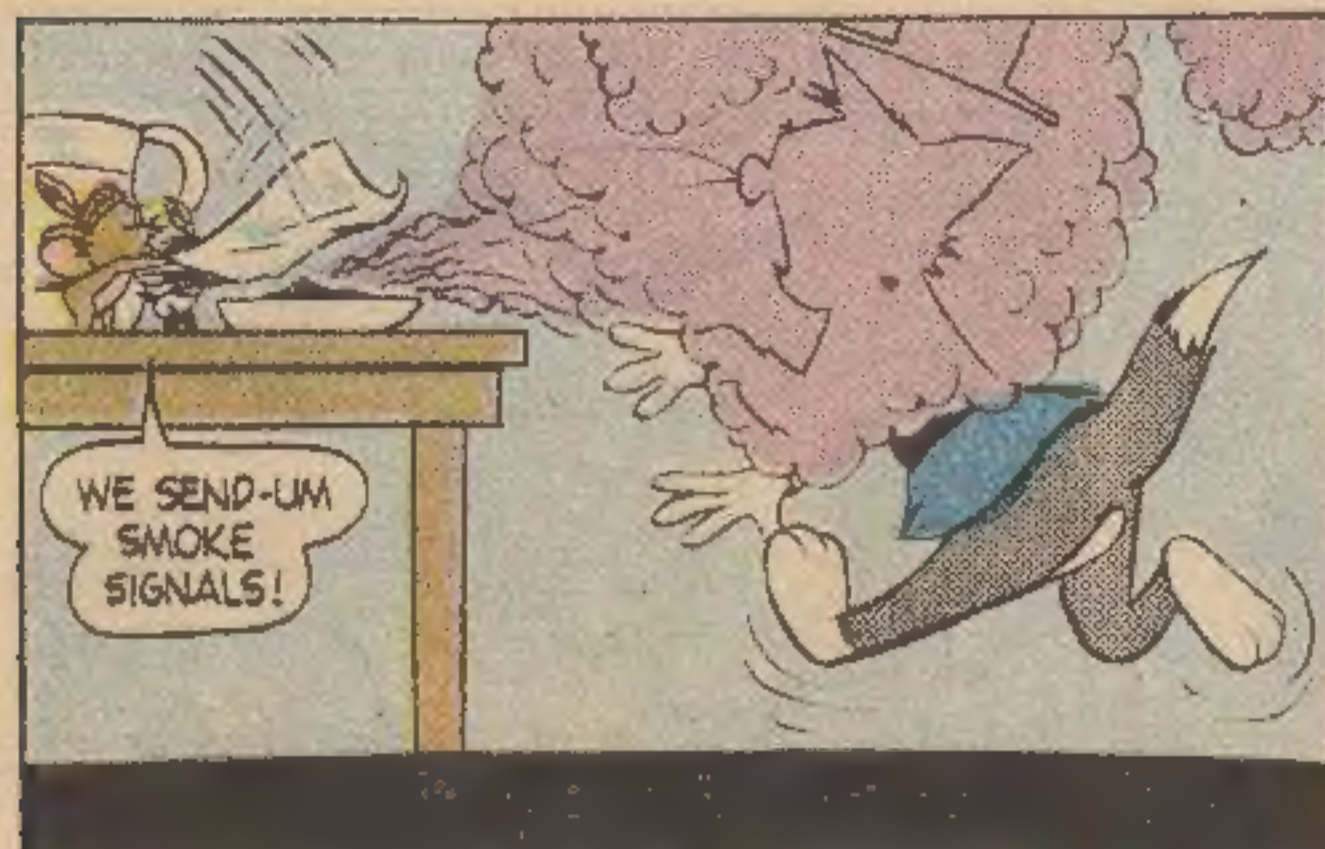
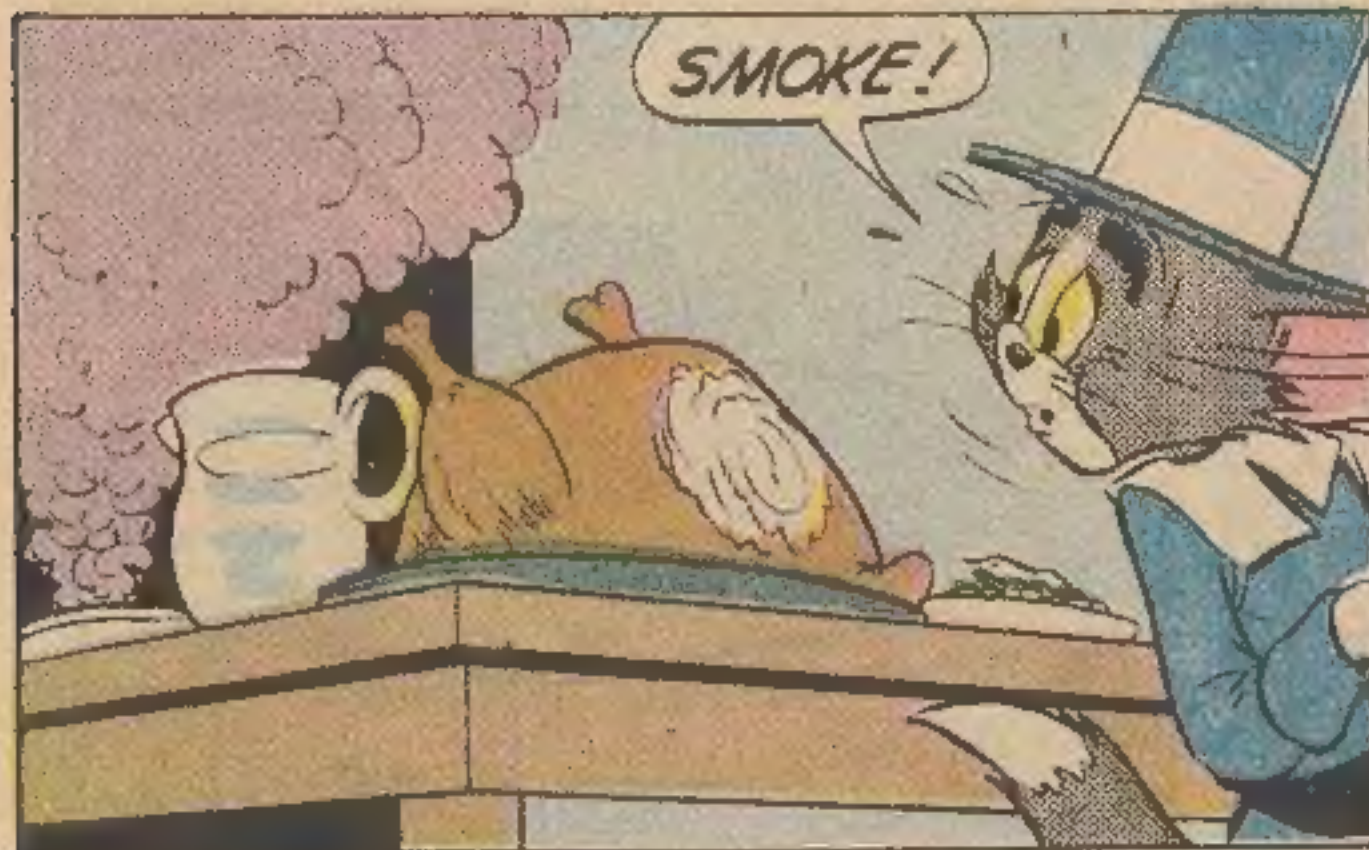
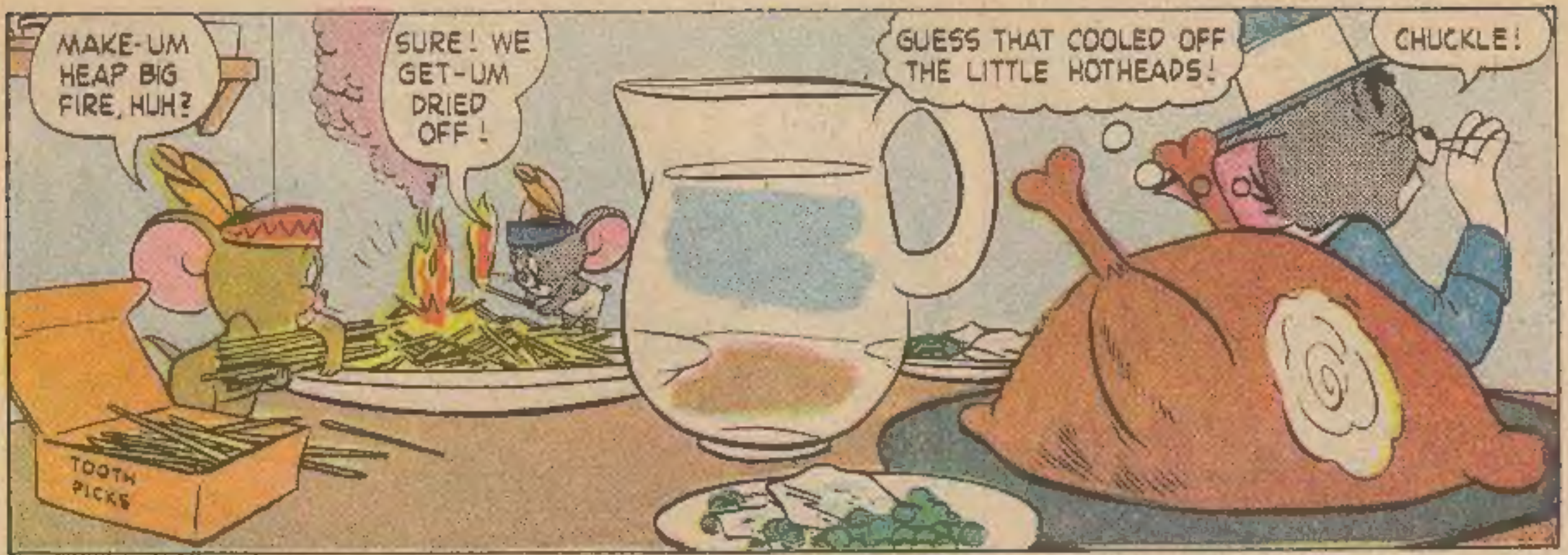


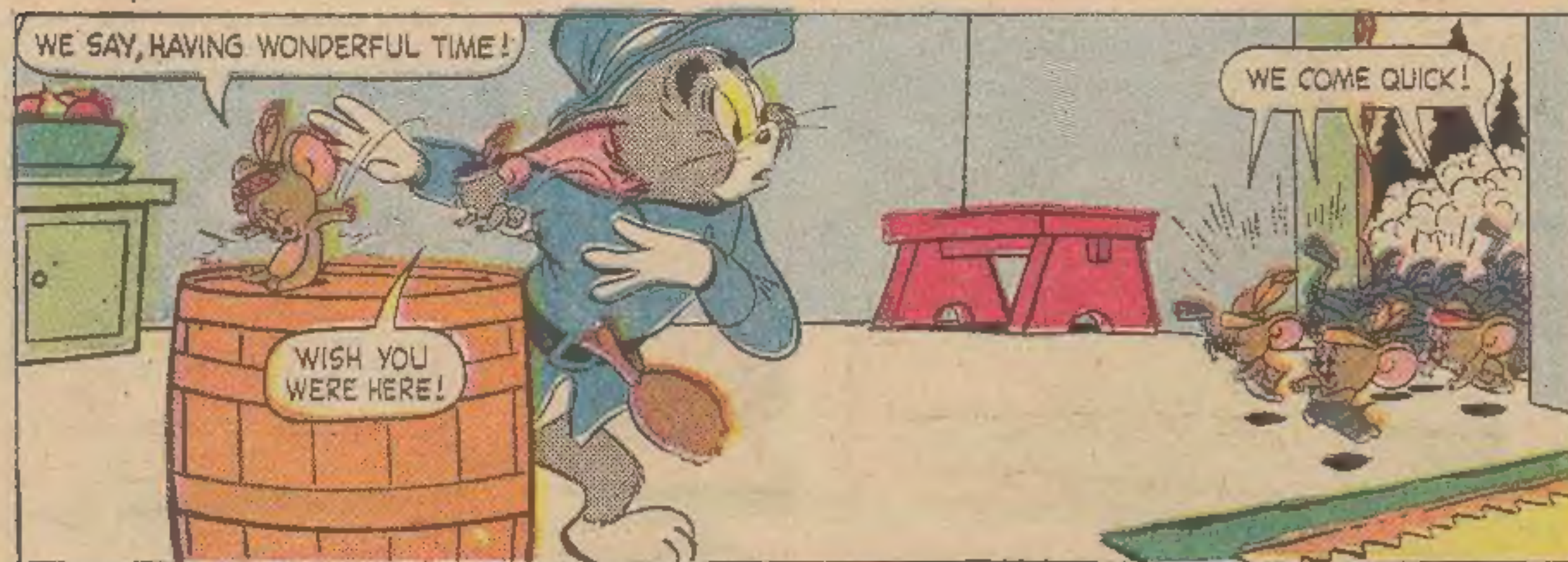
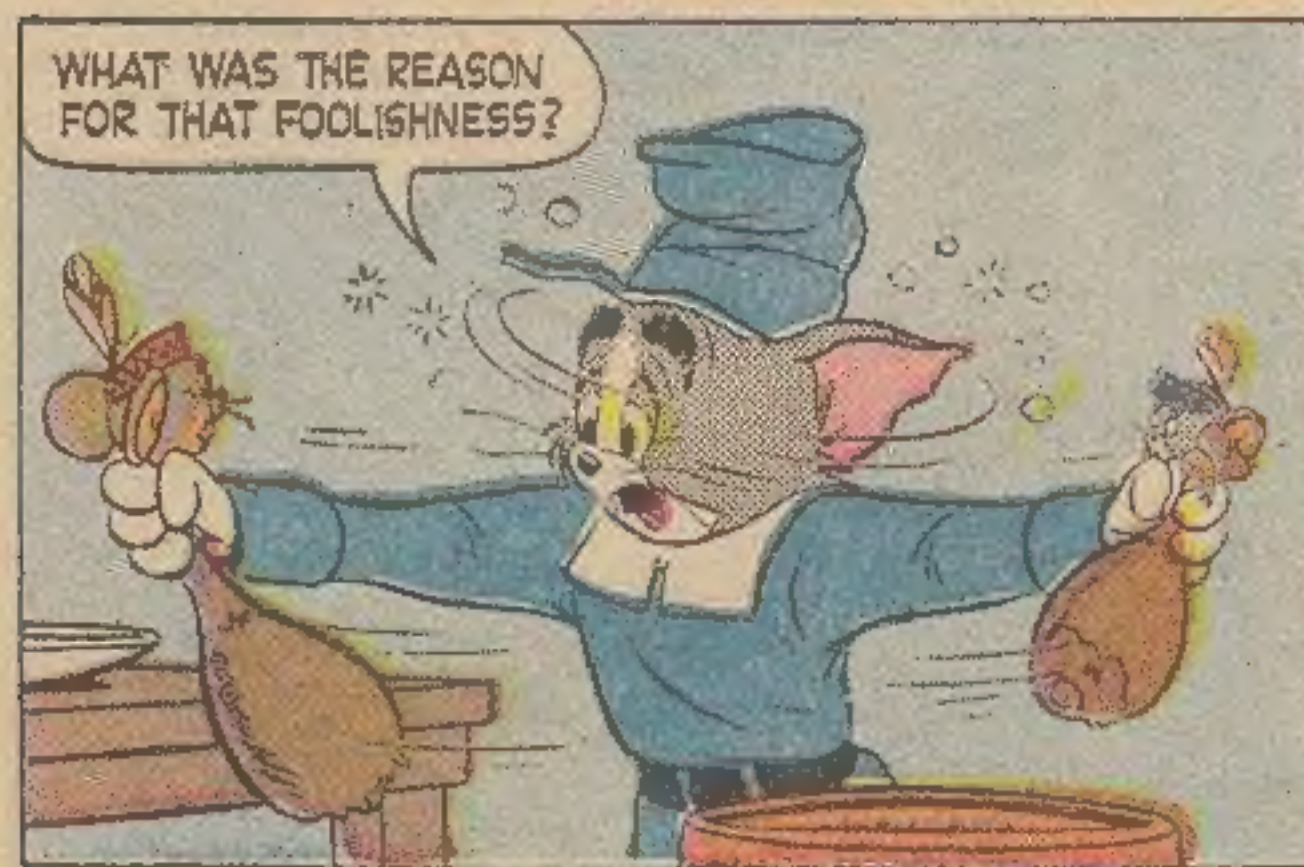
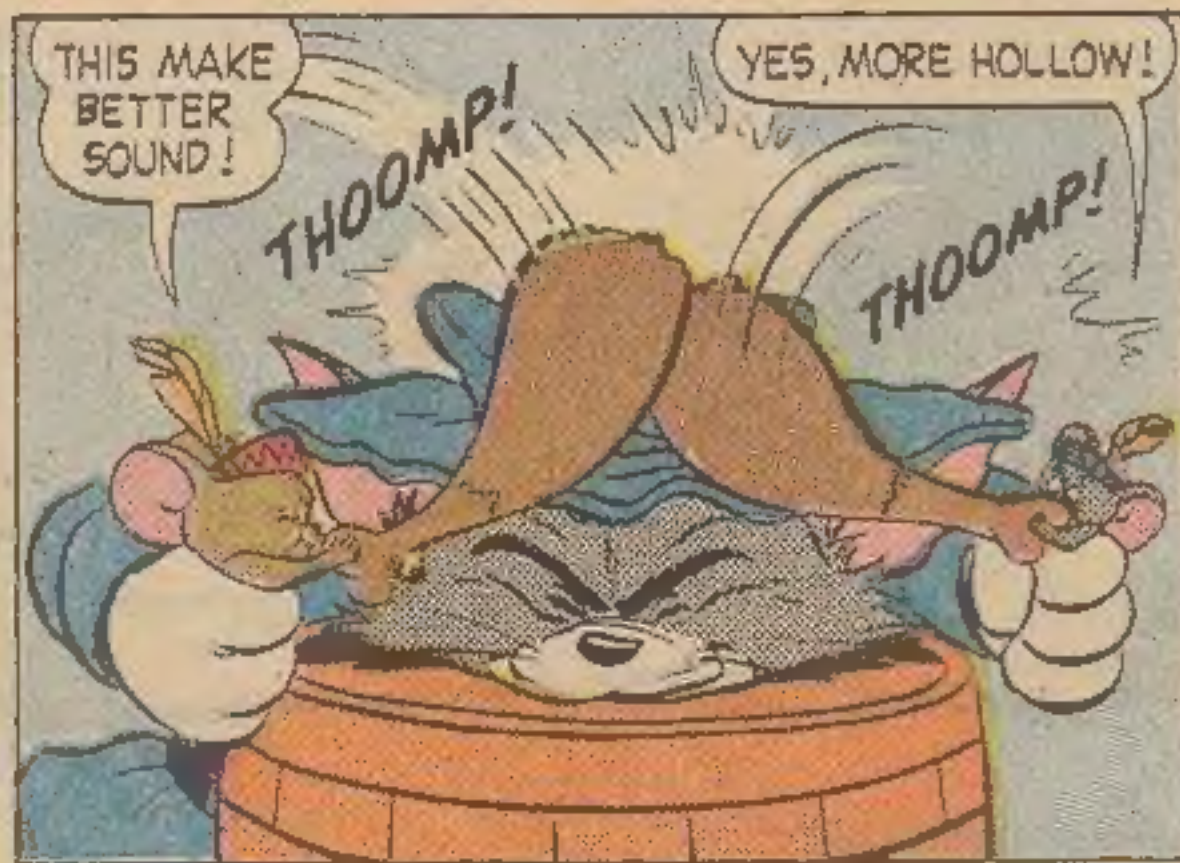
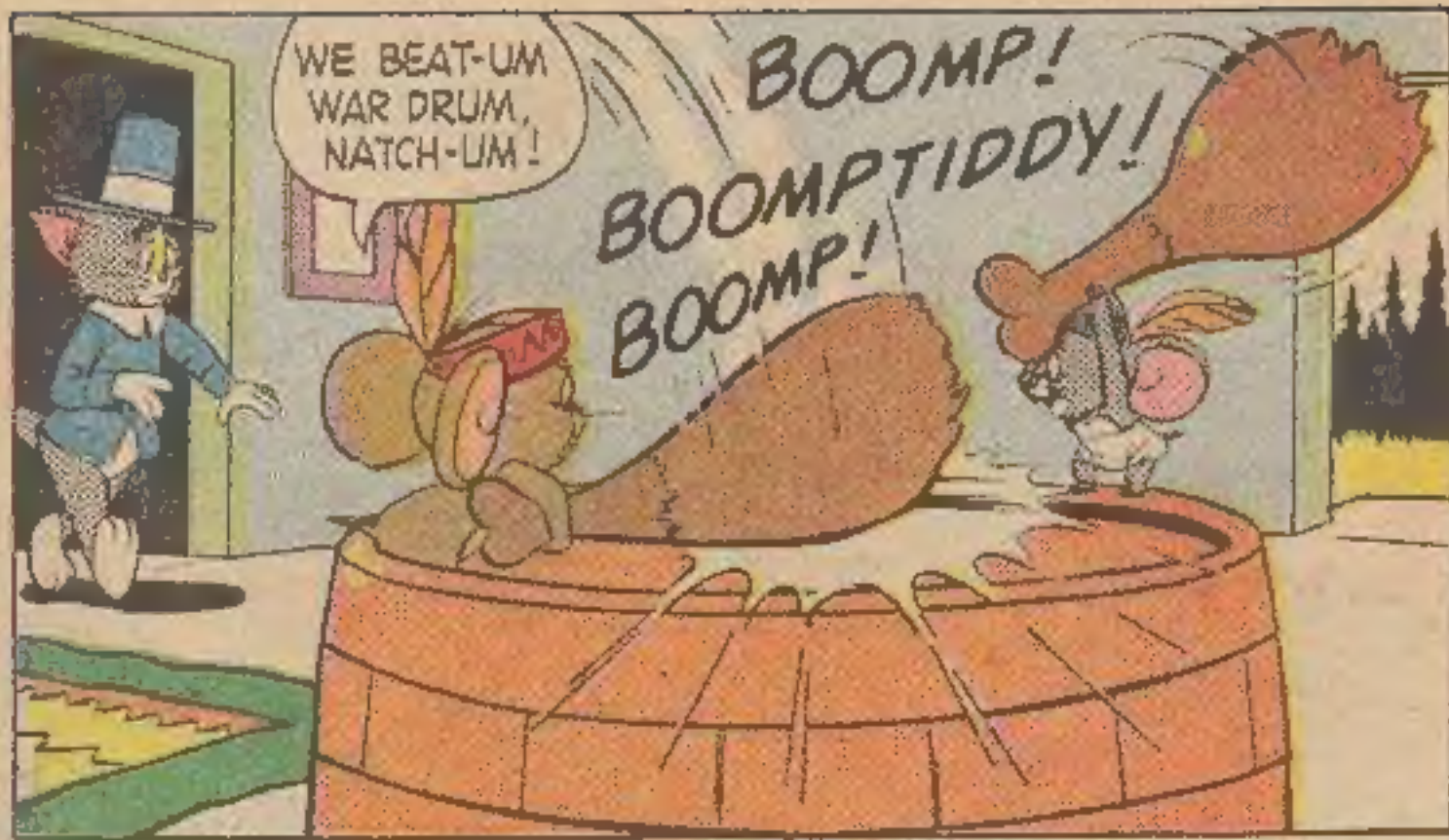


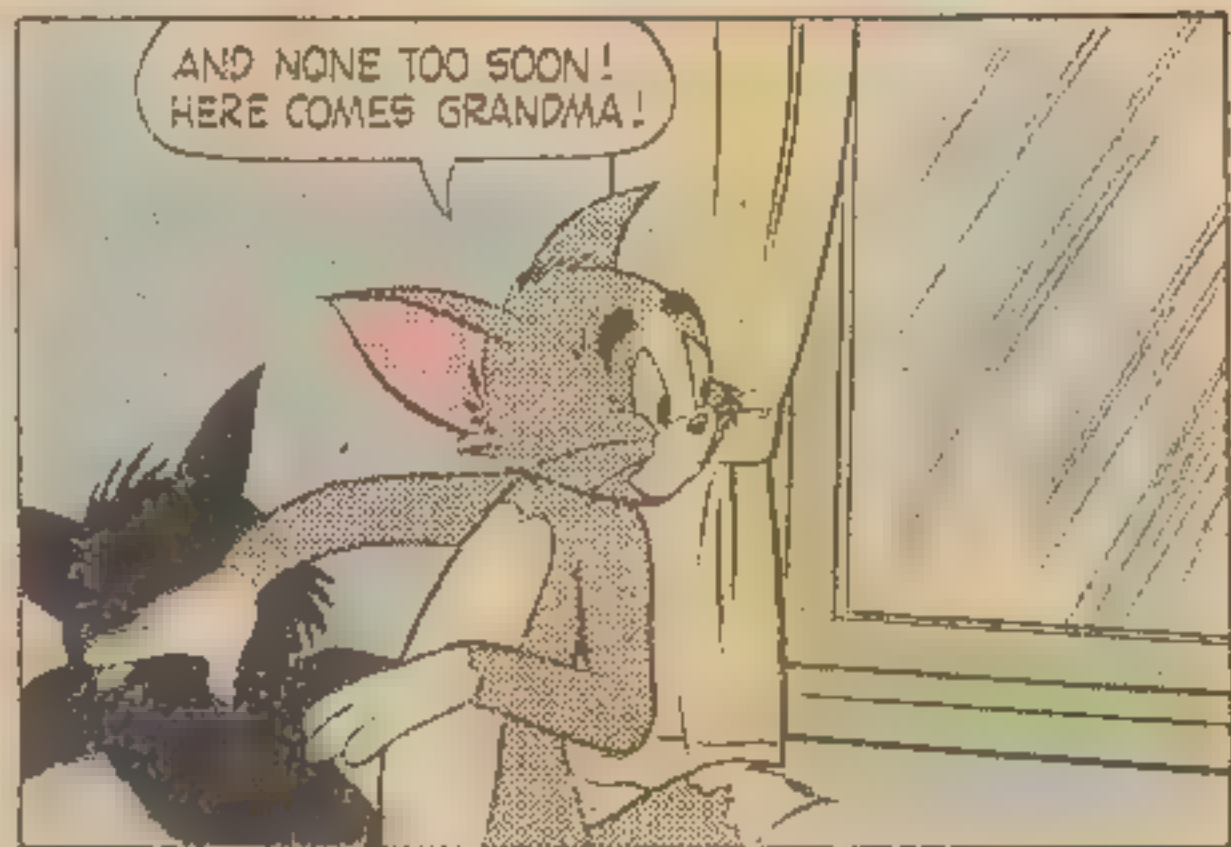
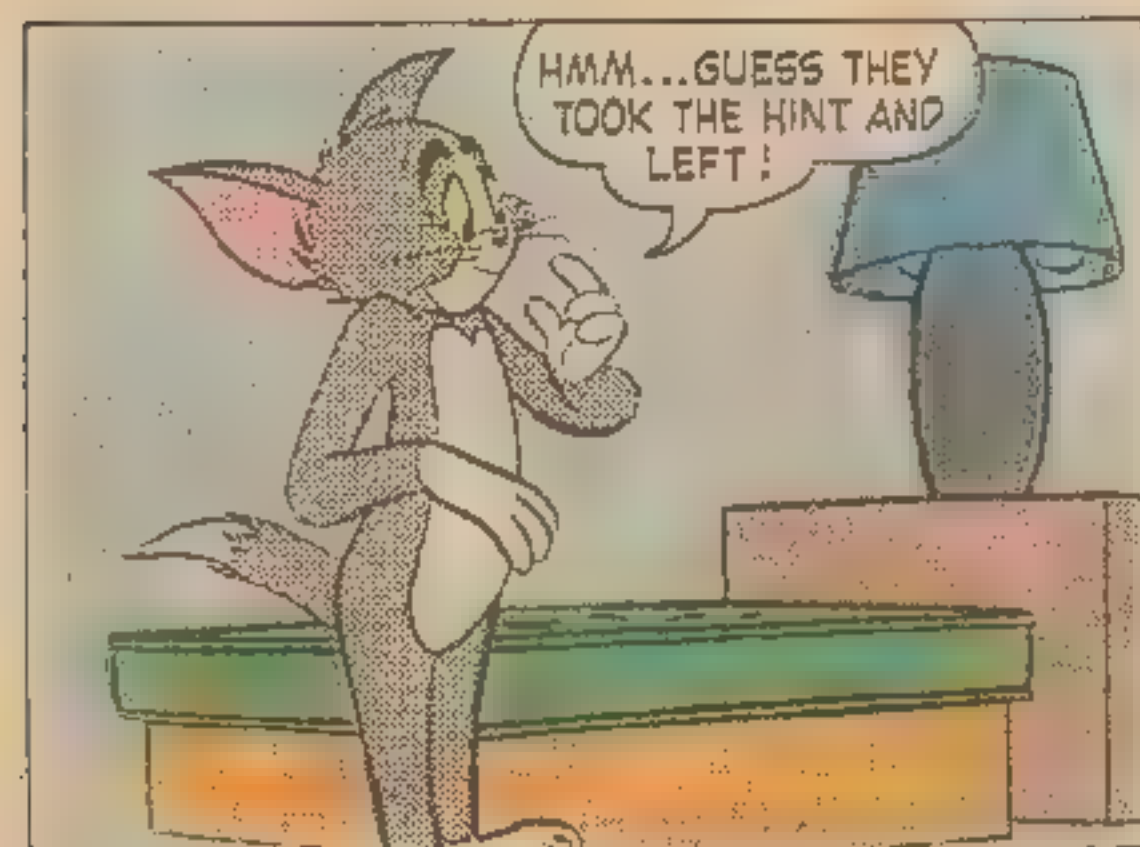
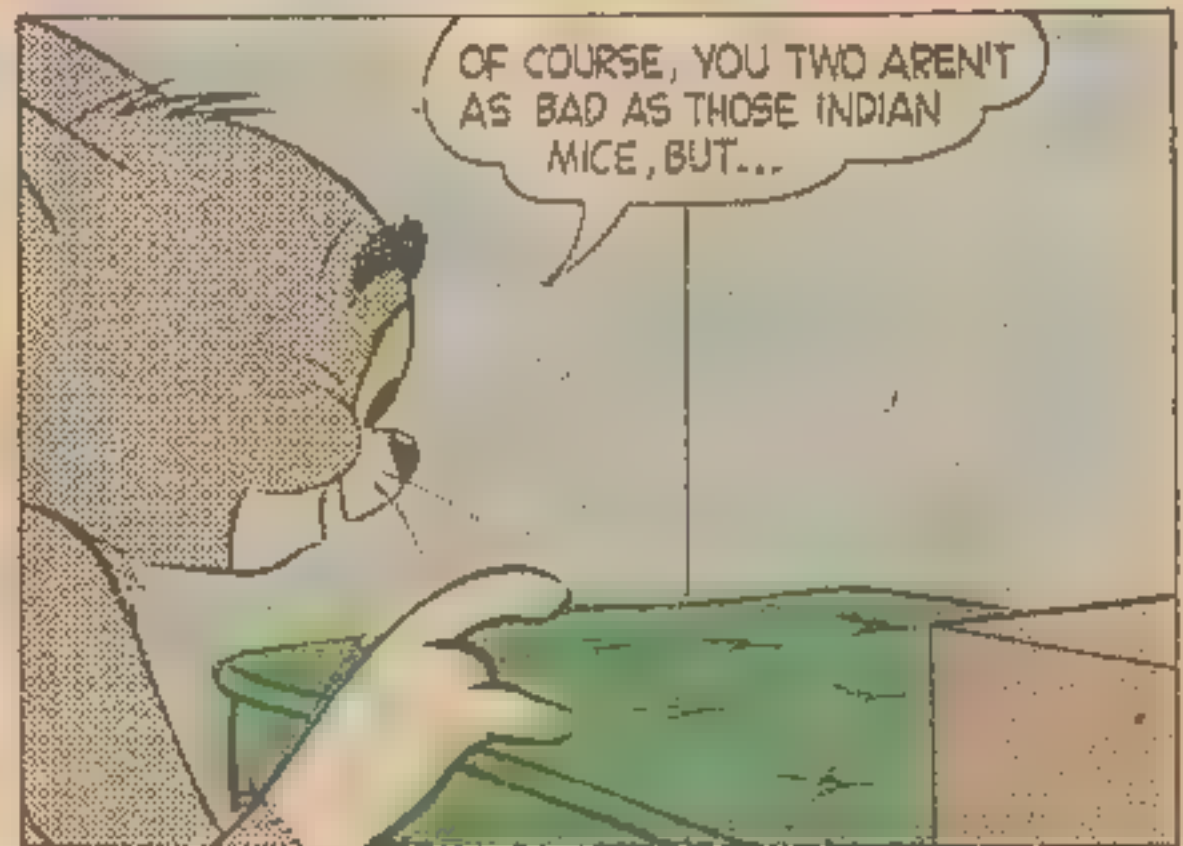
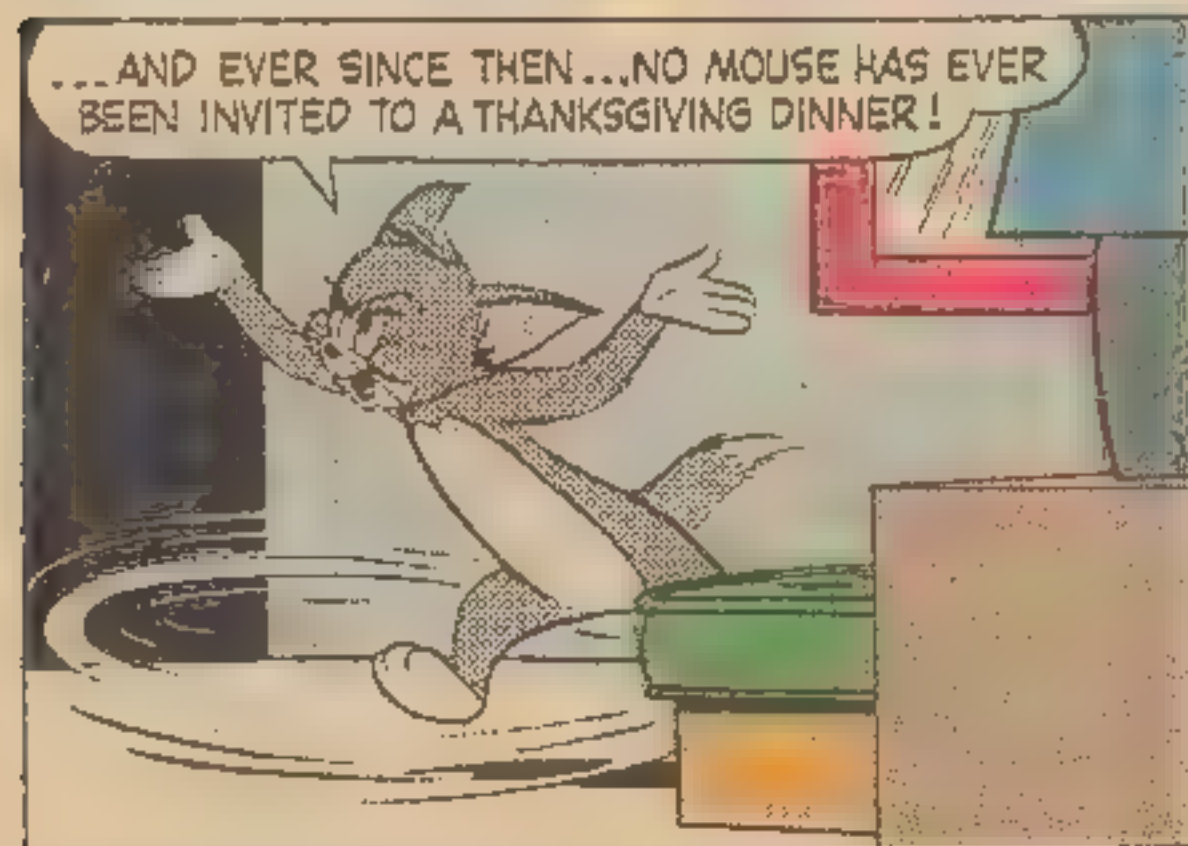
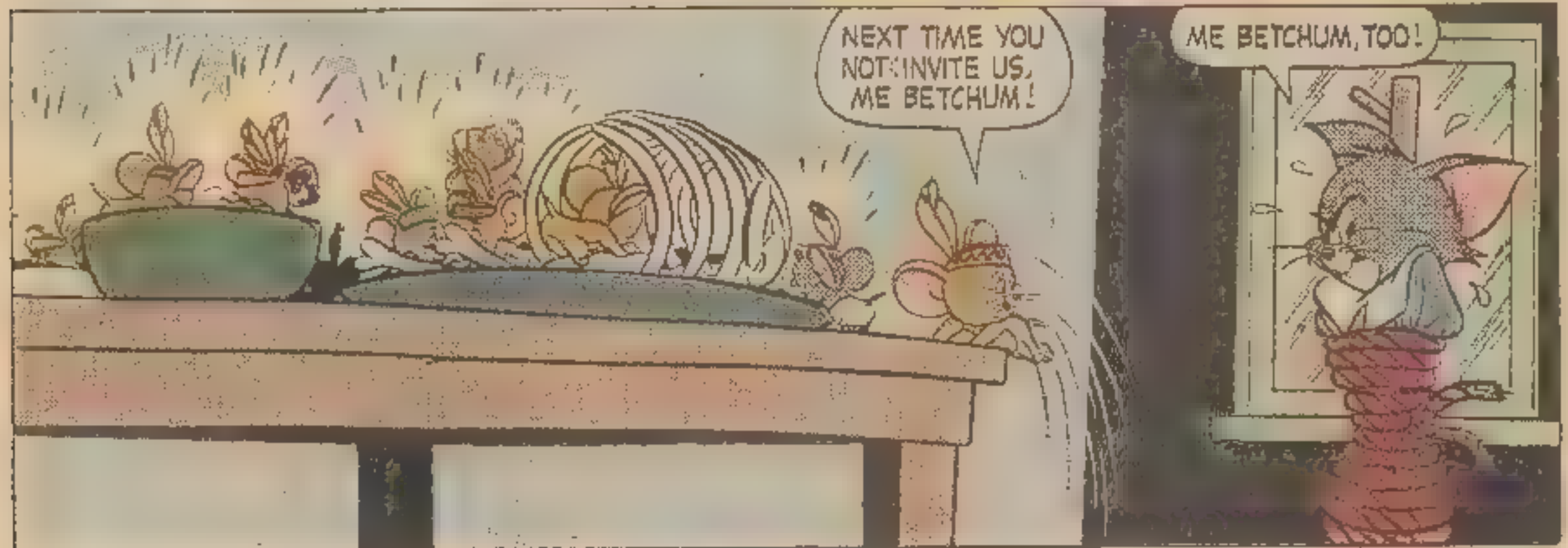
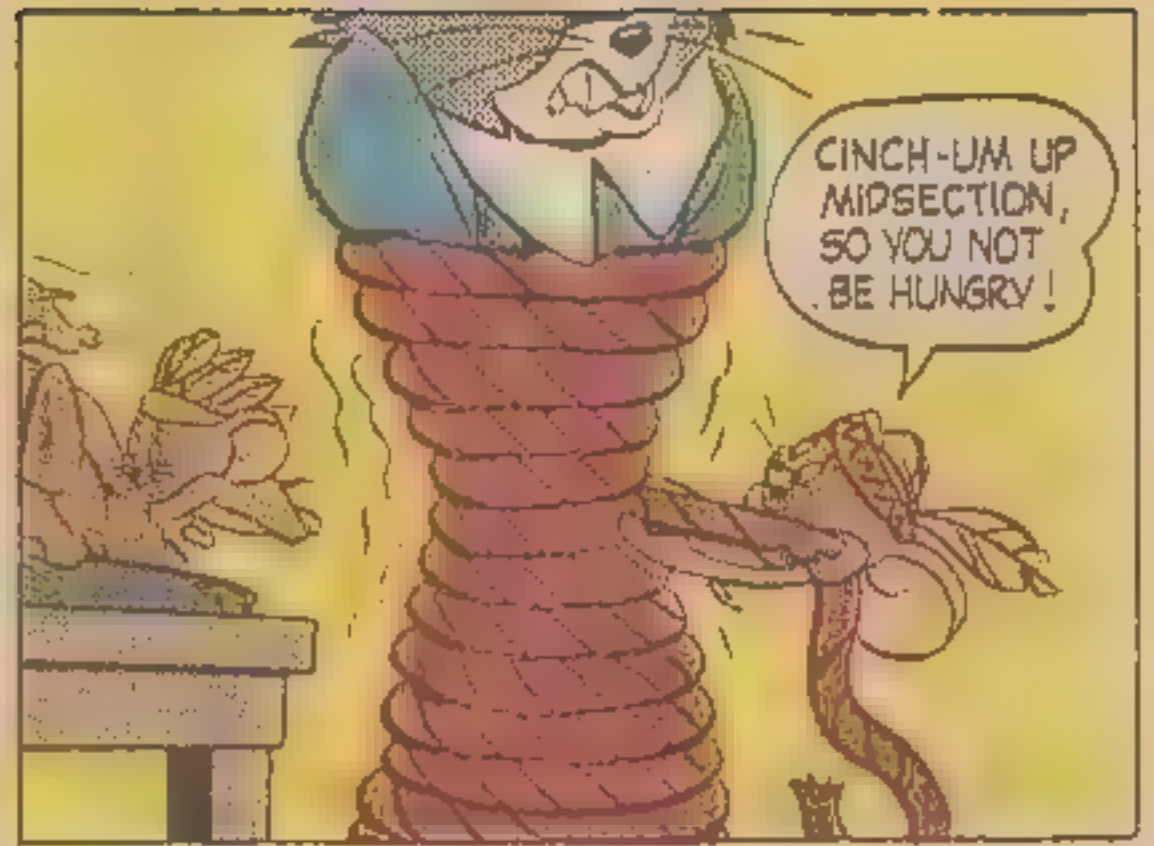
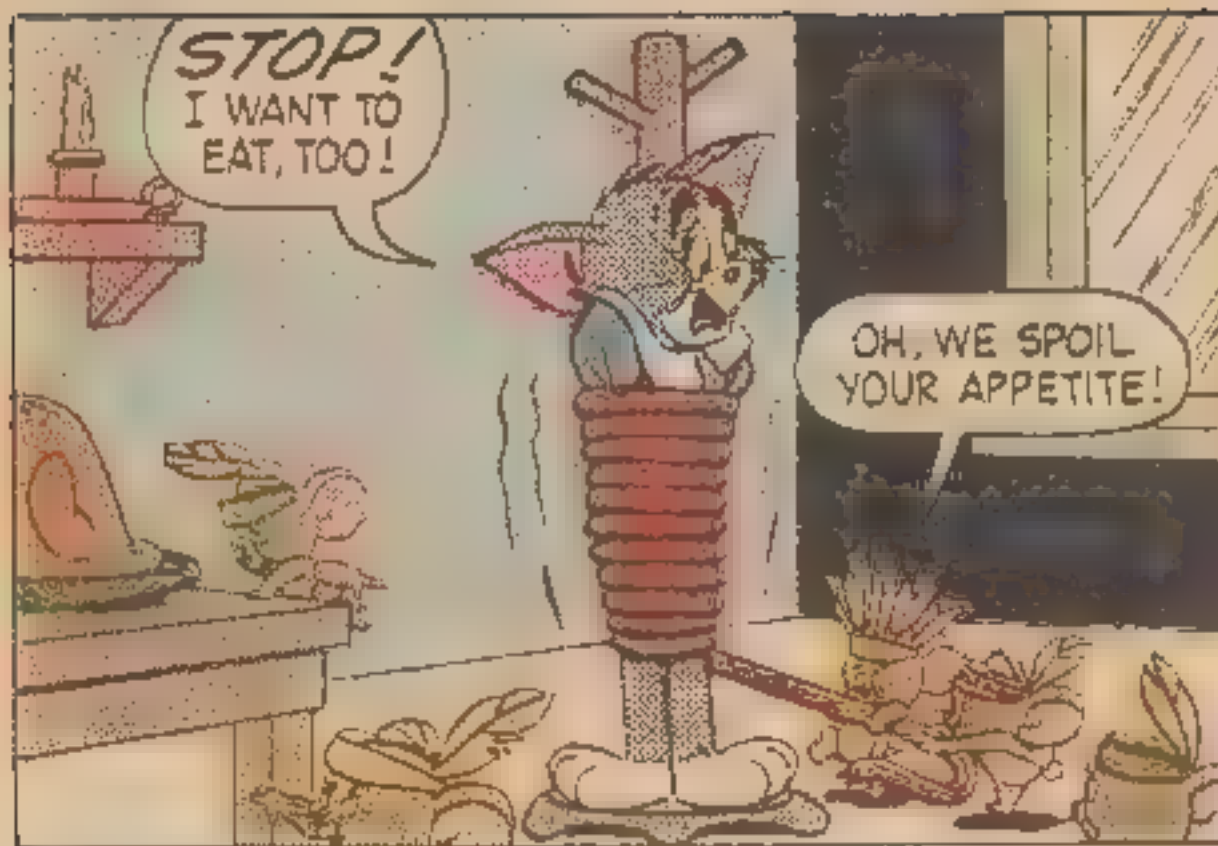


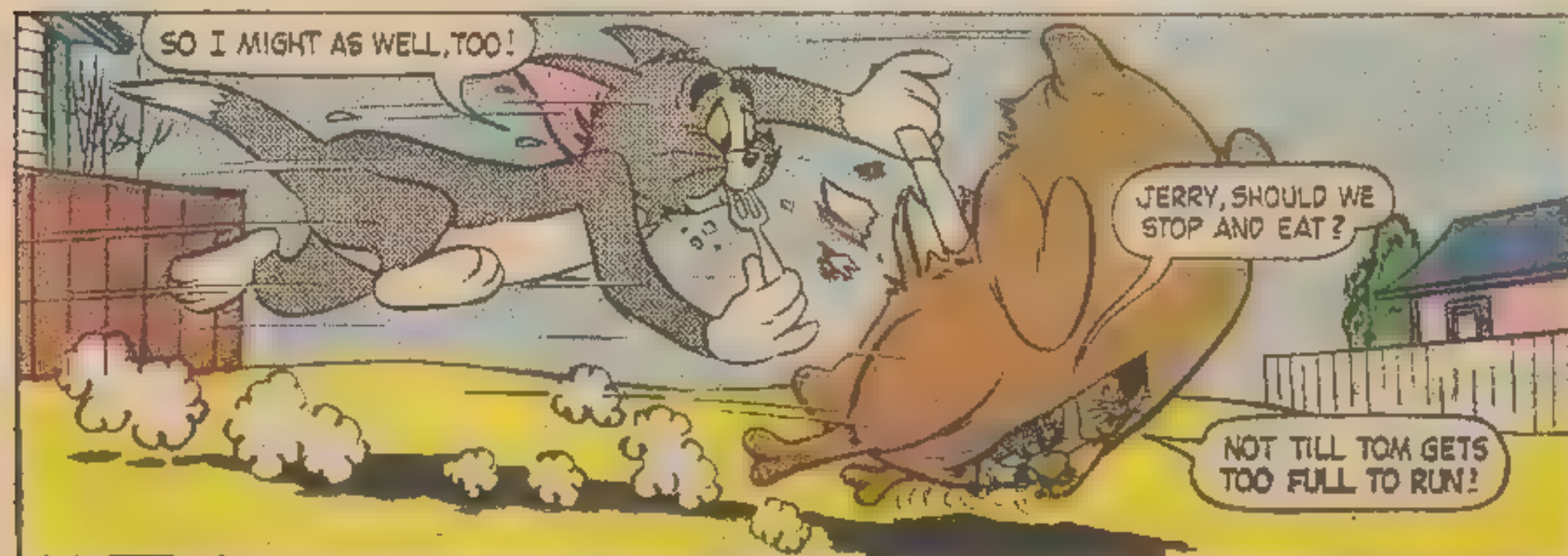
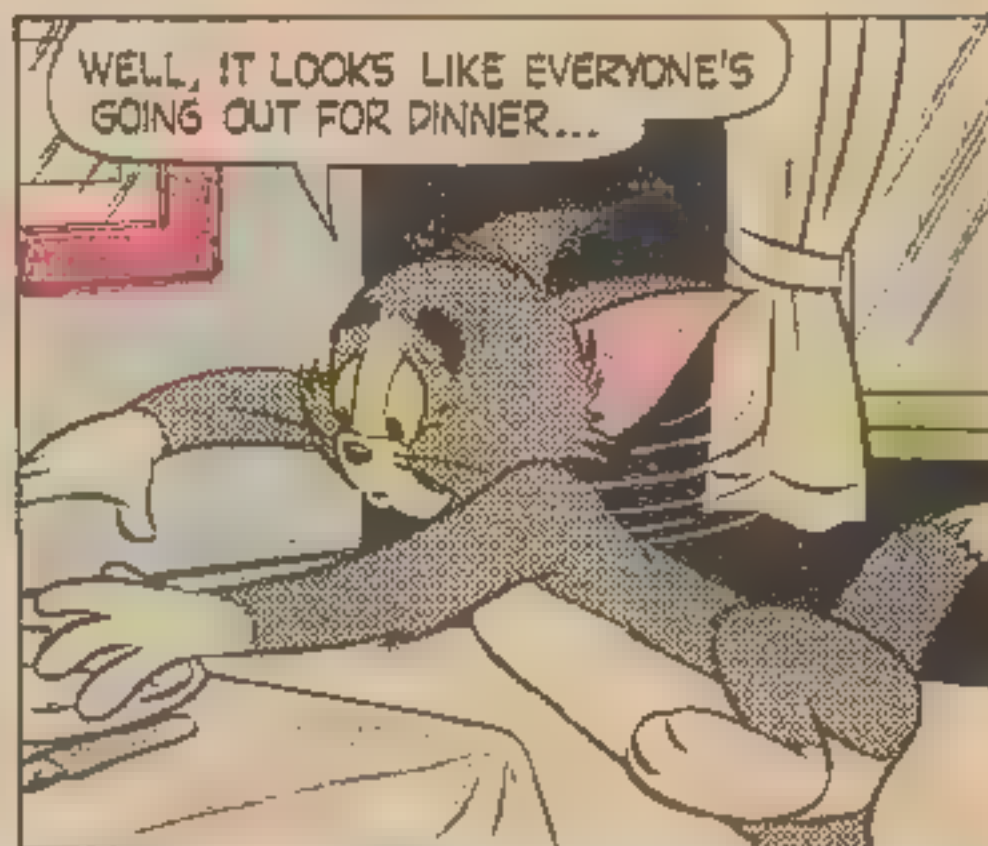
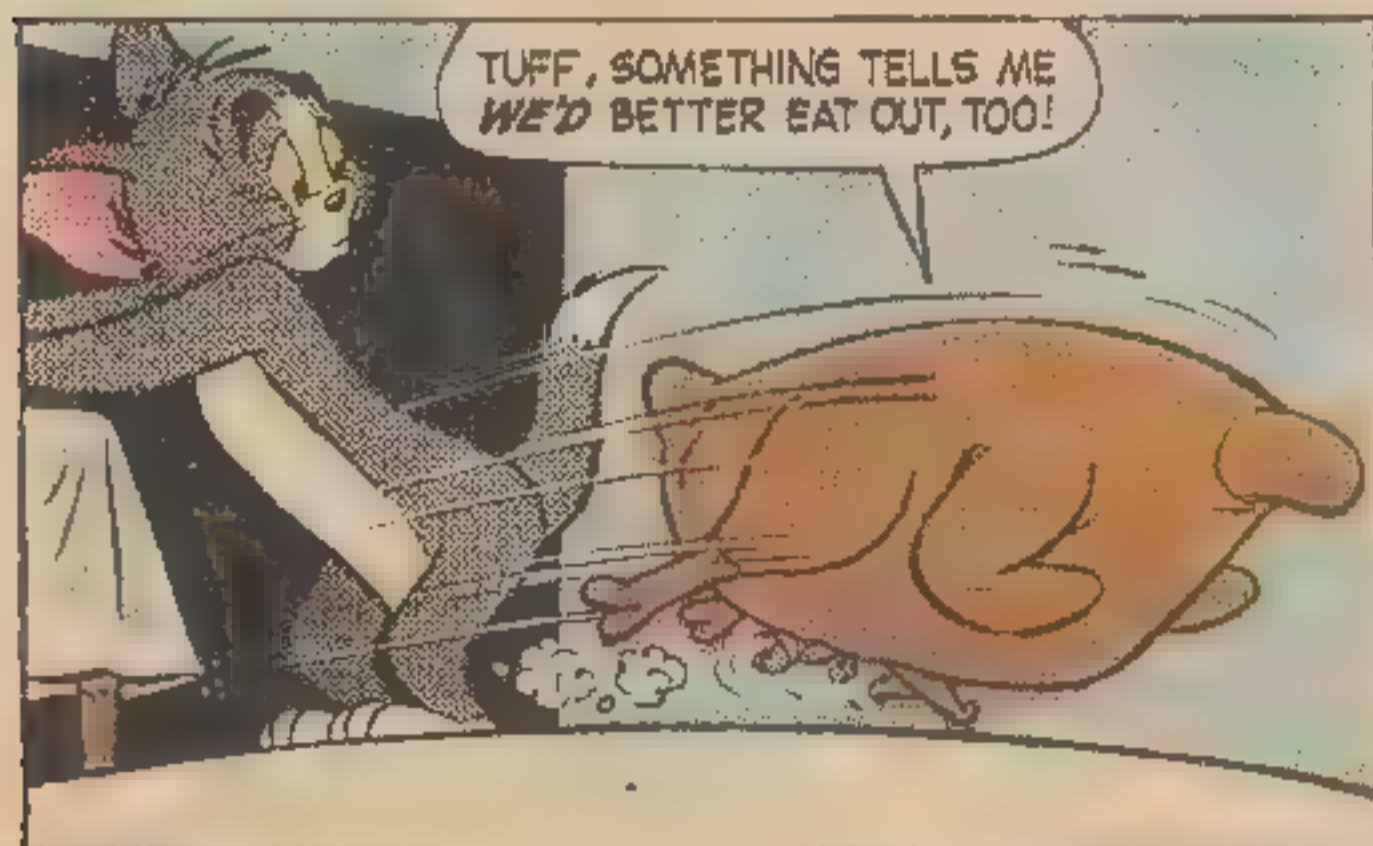
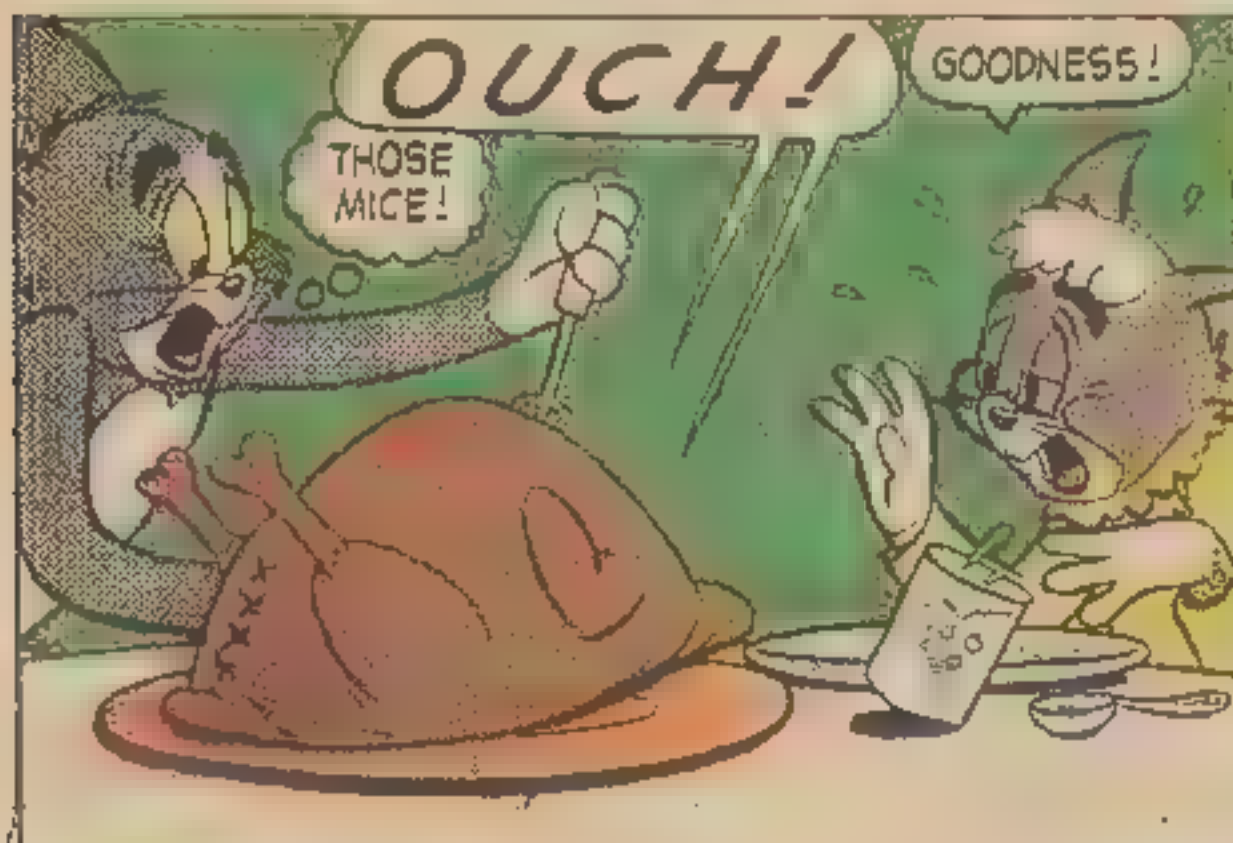
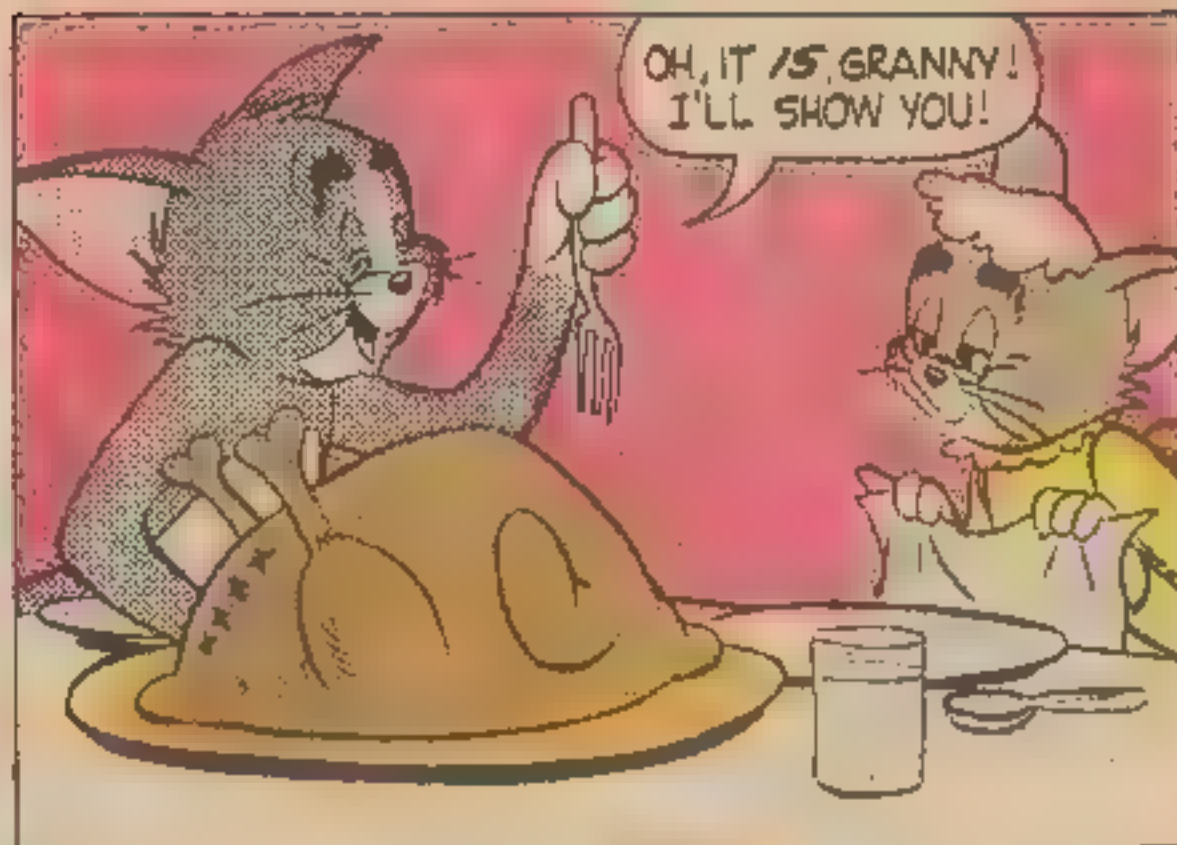
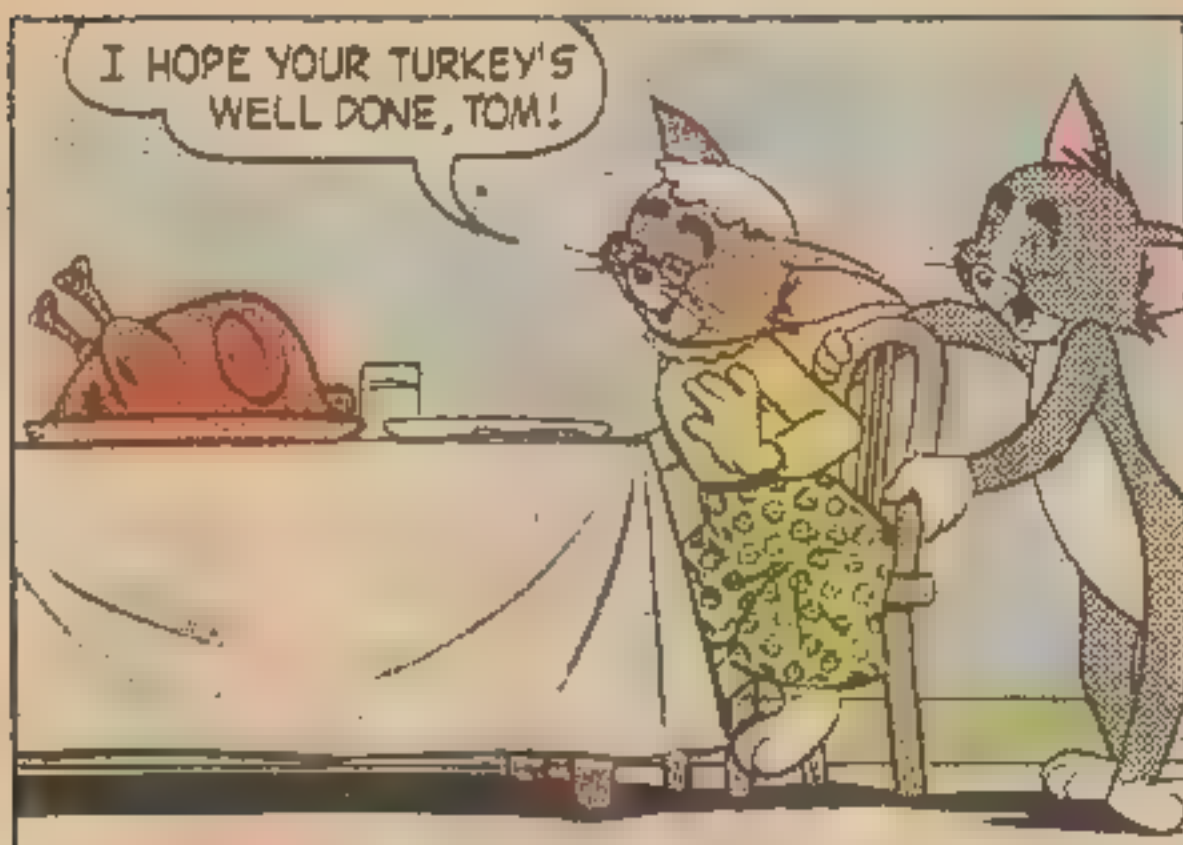








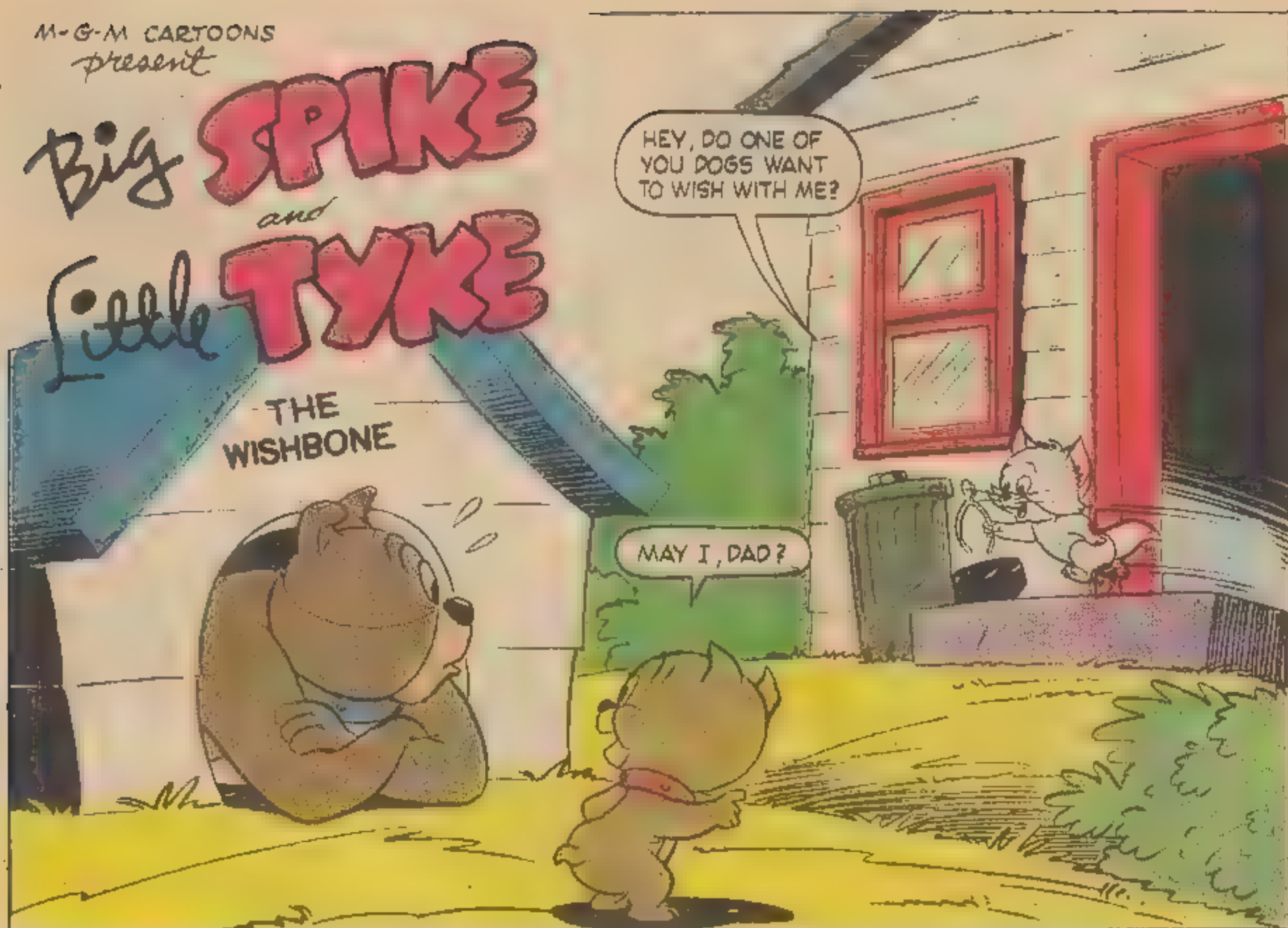




M-G-M CARTOONS
present

Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

THE
WISHBONE

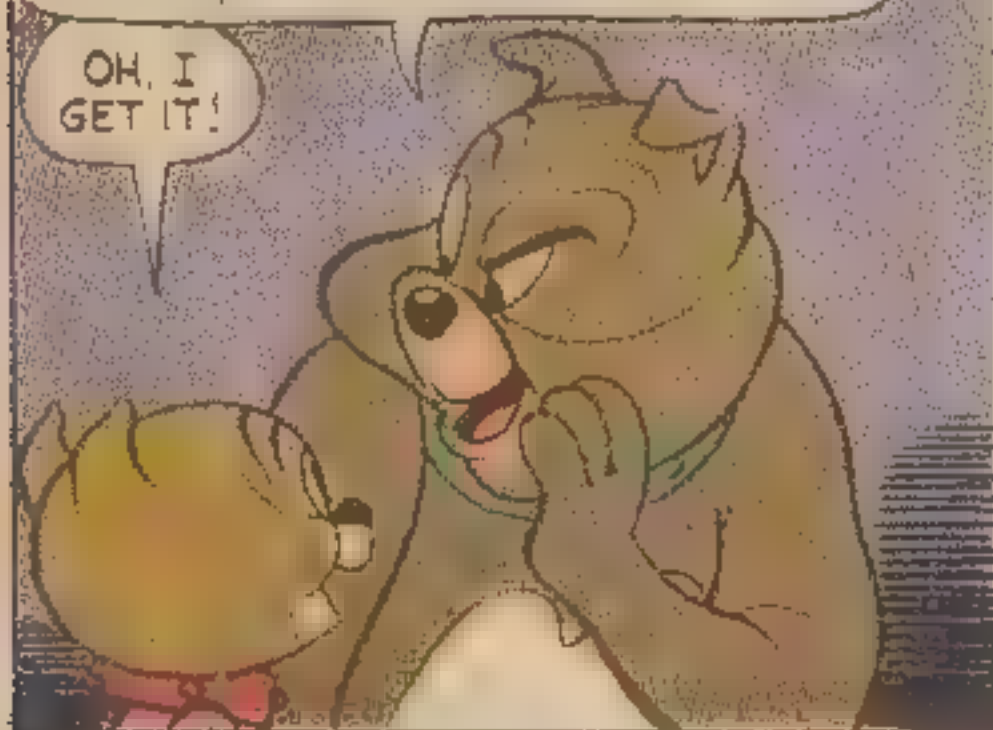


HEY, DO ONE OF
YOU DOGS WANT
TO WISH WITH ME?

MAY I, DAD?

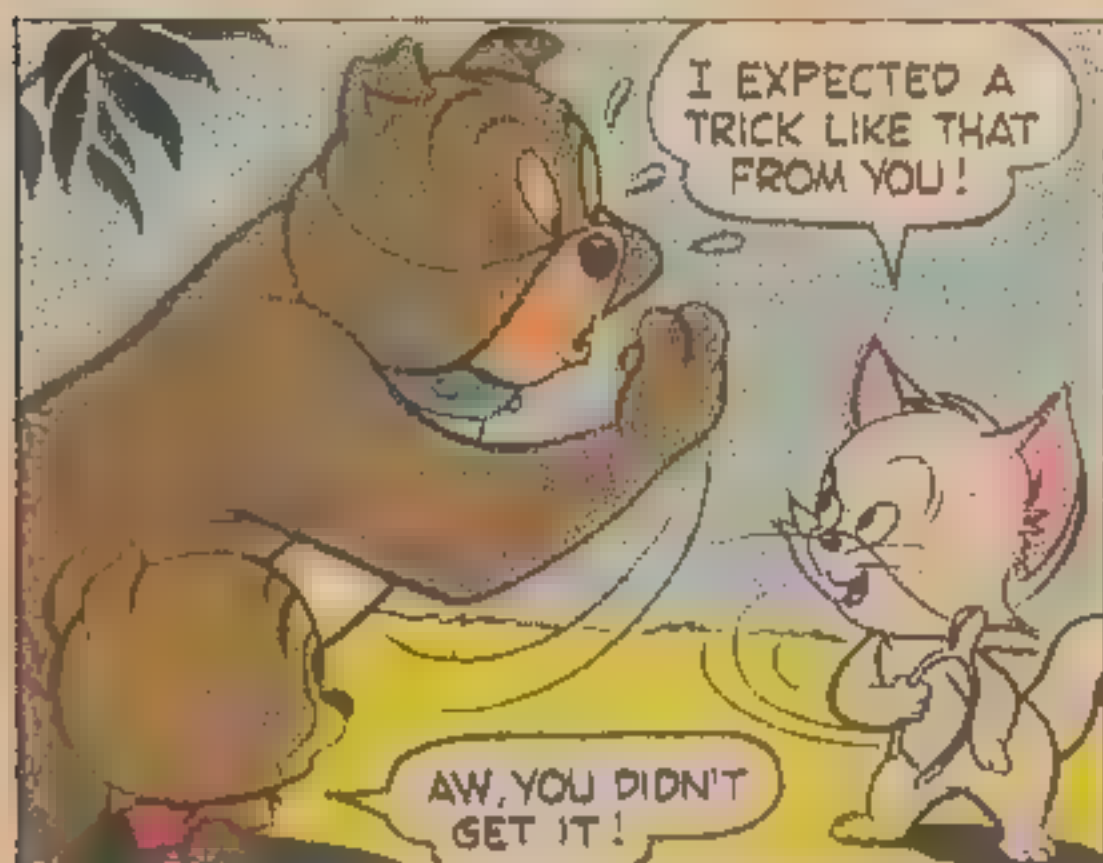
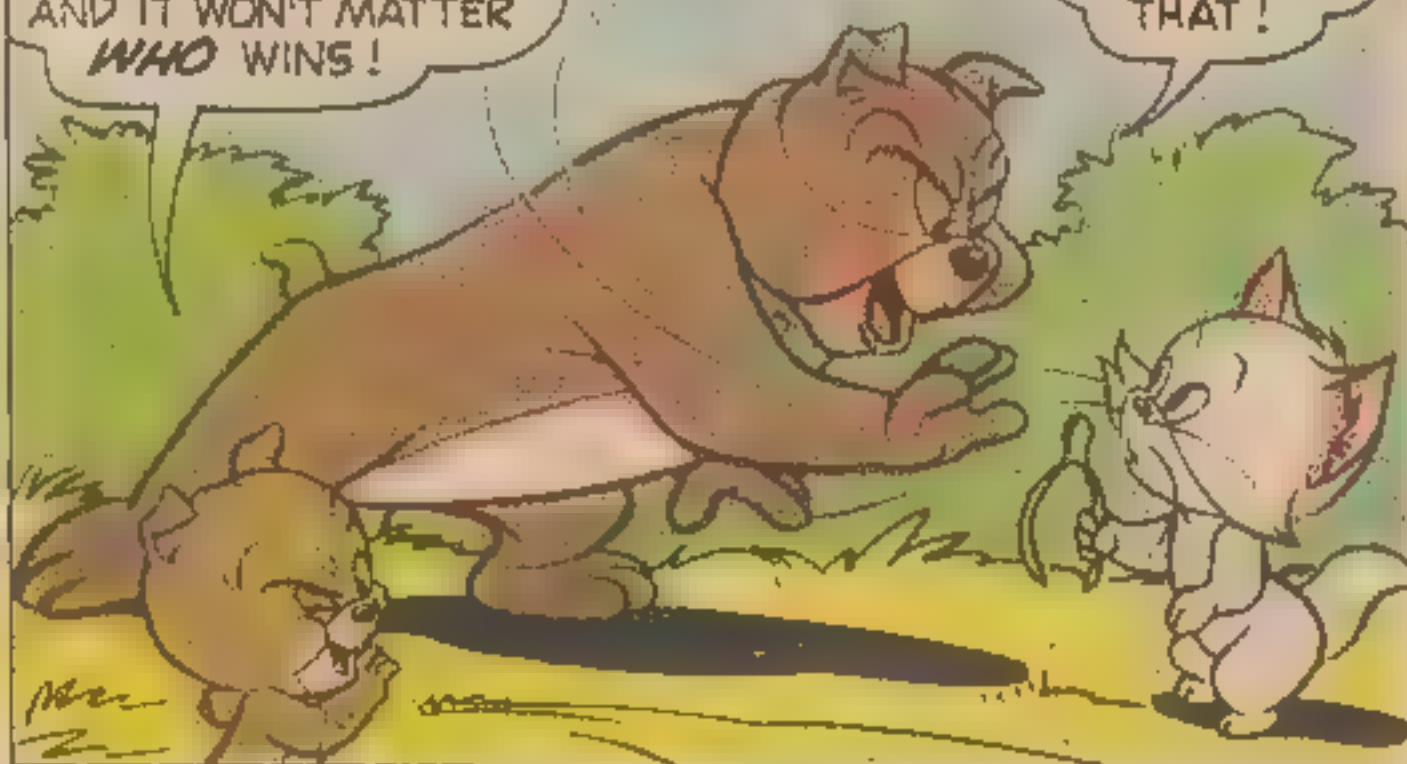
NO, TYKE! ~~HE~~ MIGHT WIN! I'LL GET
THE BONE AWAY FROM HIM INSTEAD!

OH, I
GET IT!



POP AND I WILL WISH,
AND IT WON'T MATTER
WHO WINS!

LET ME SEE
THAT!

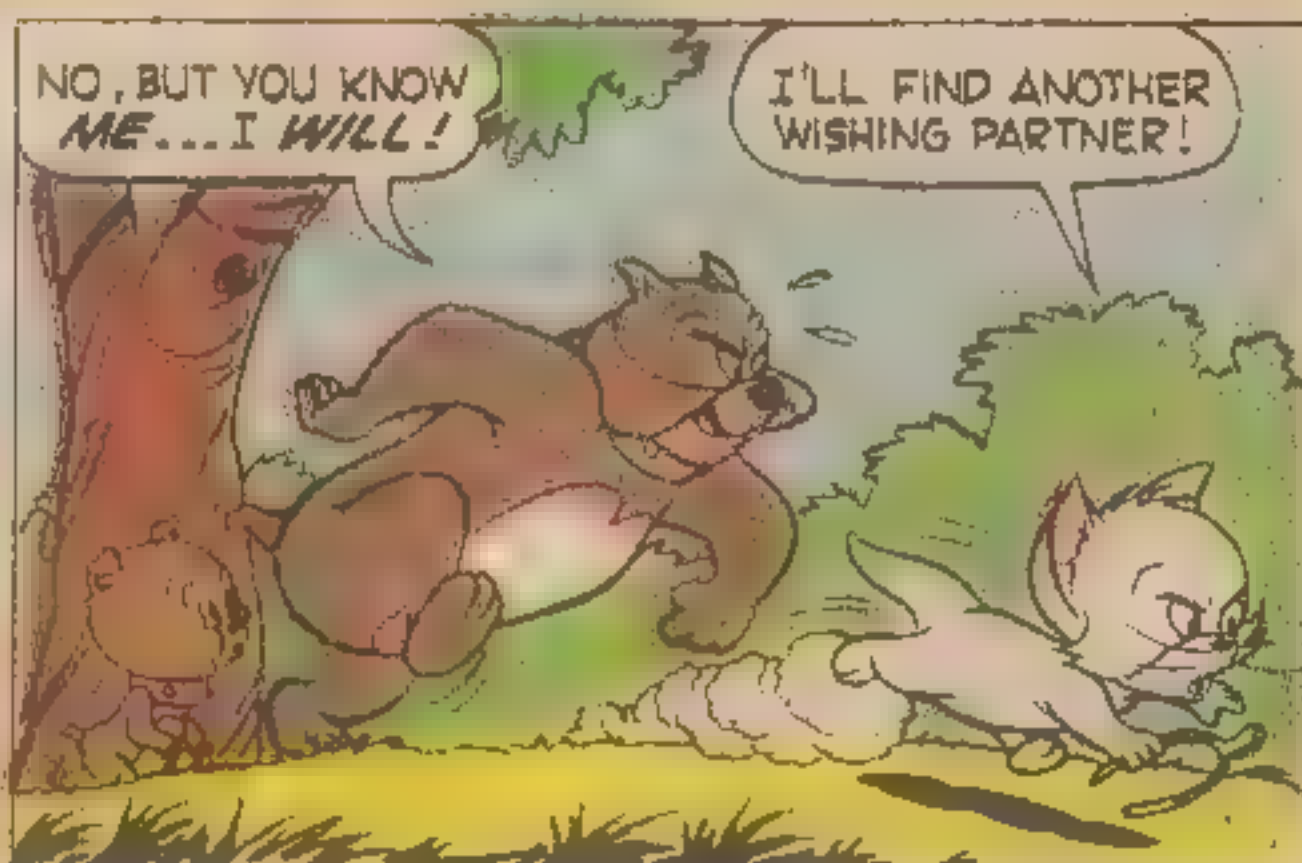


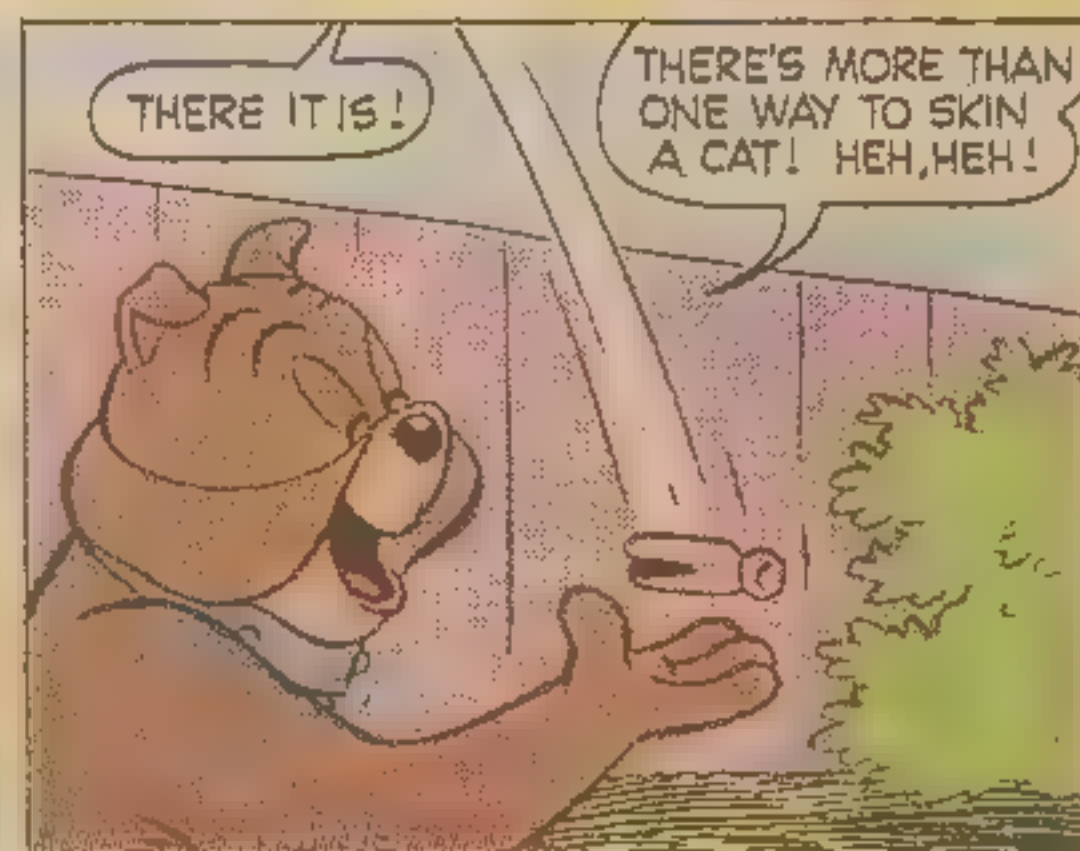
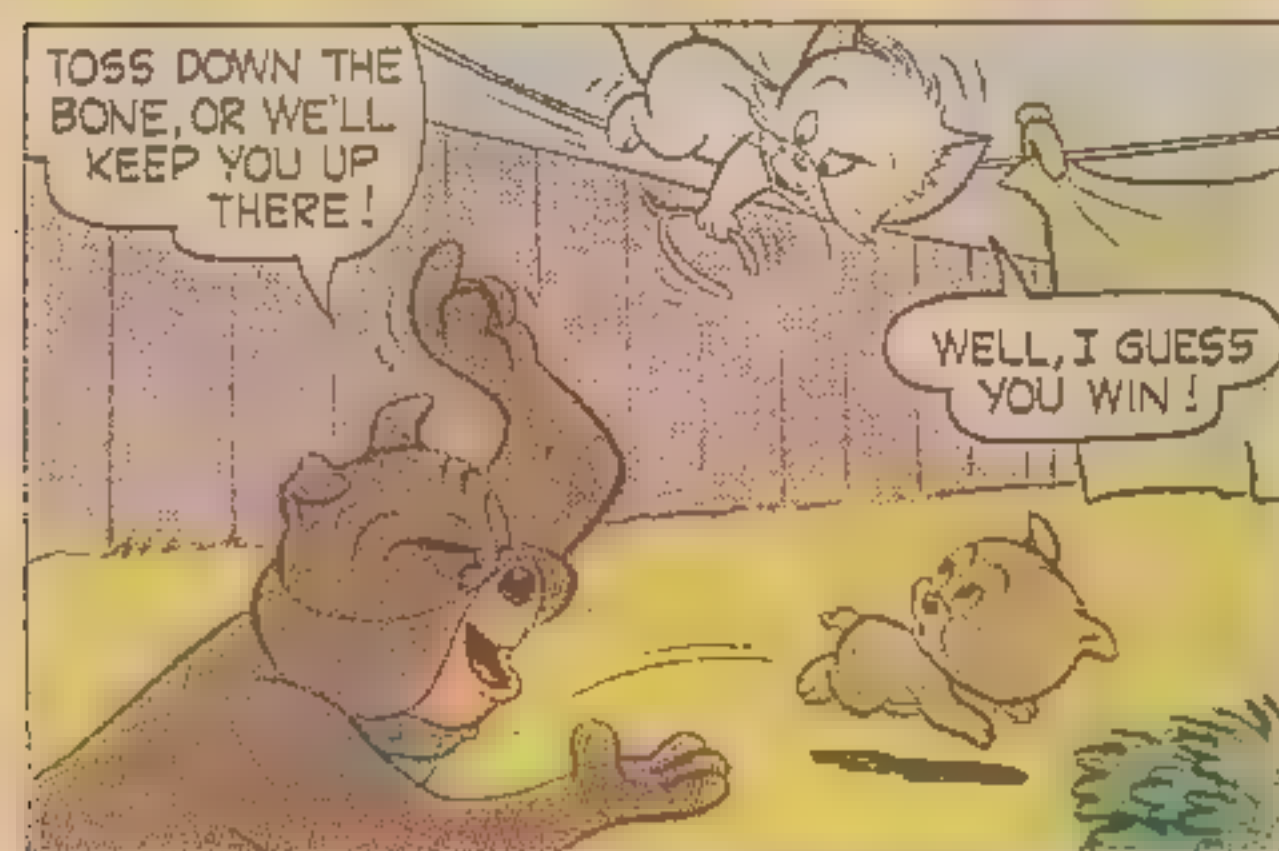
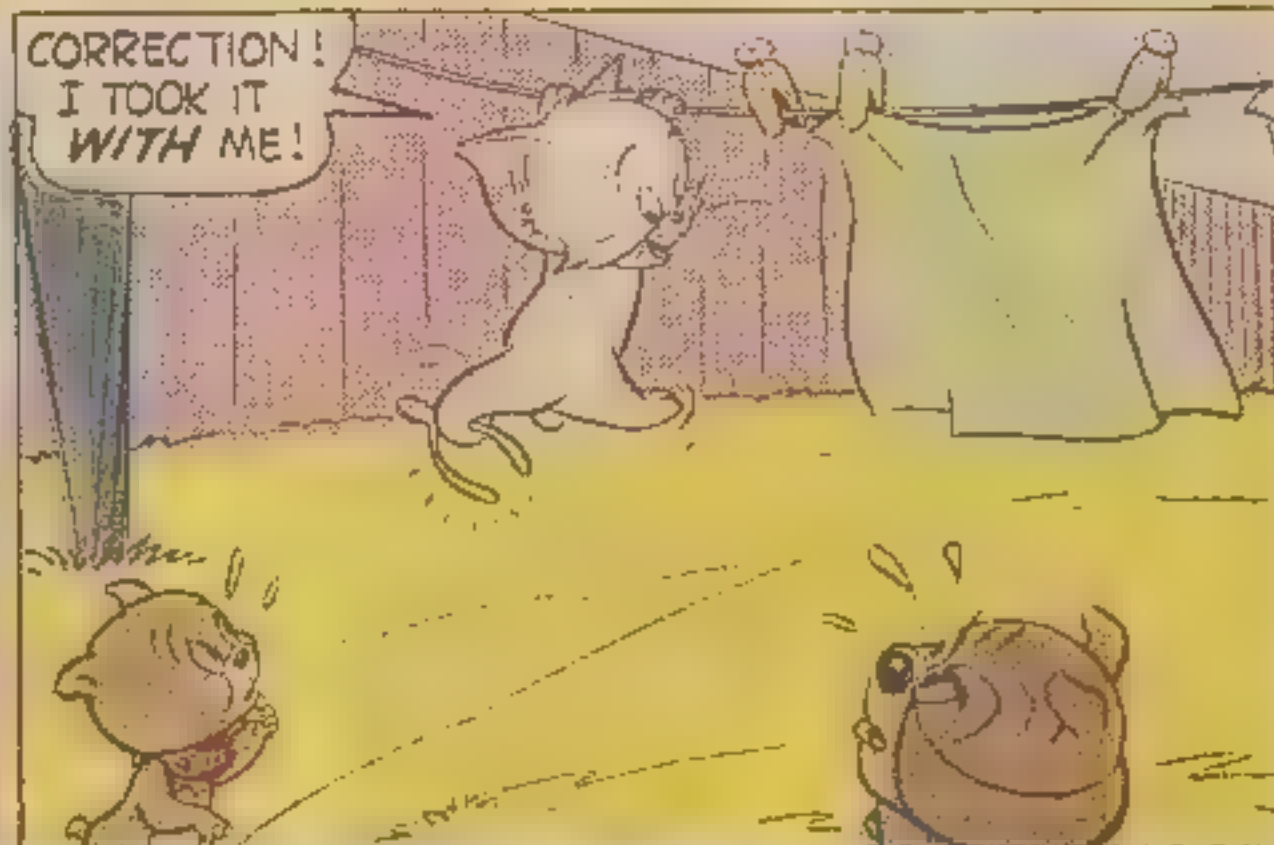
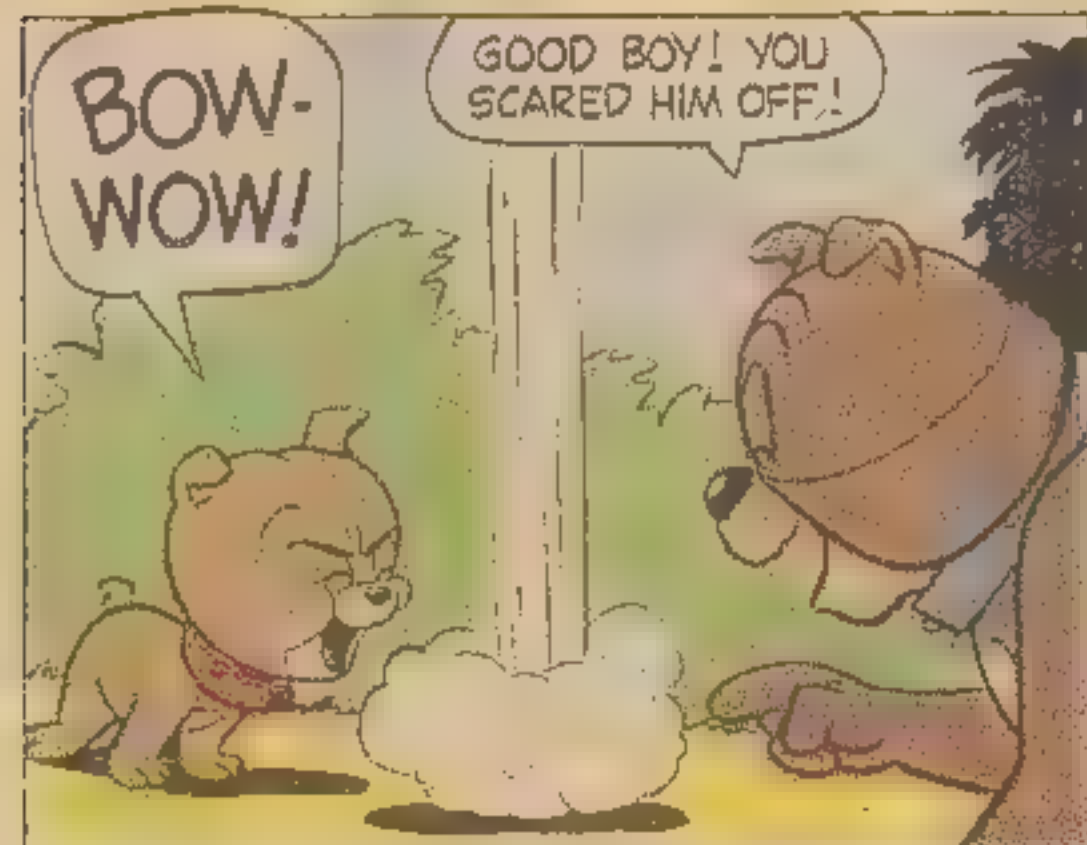
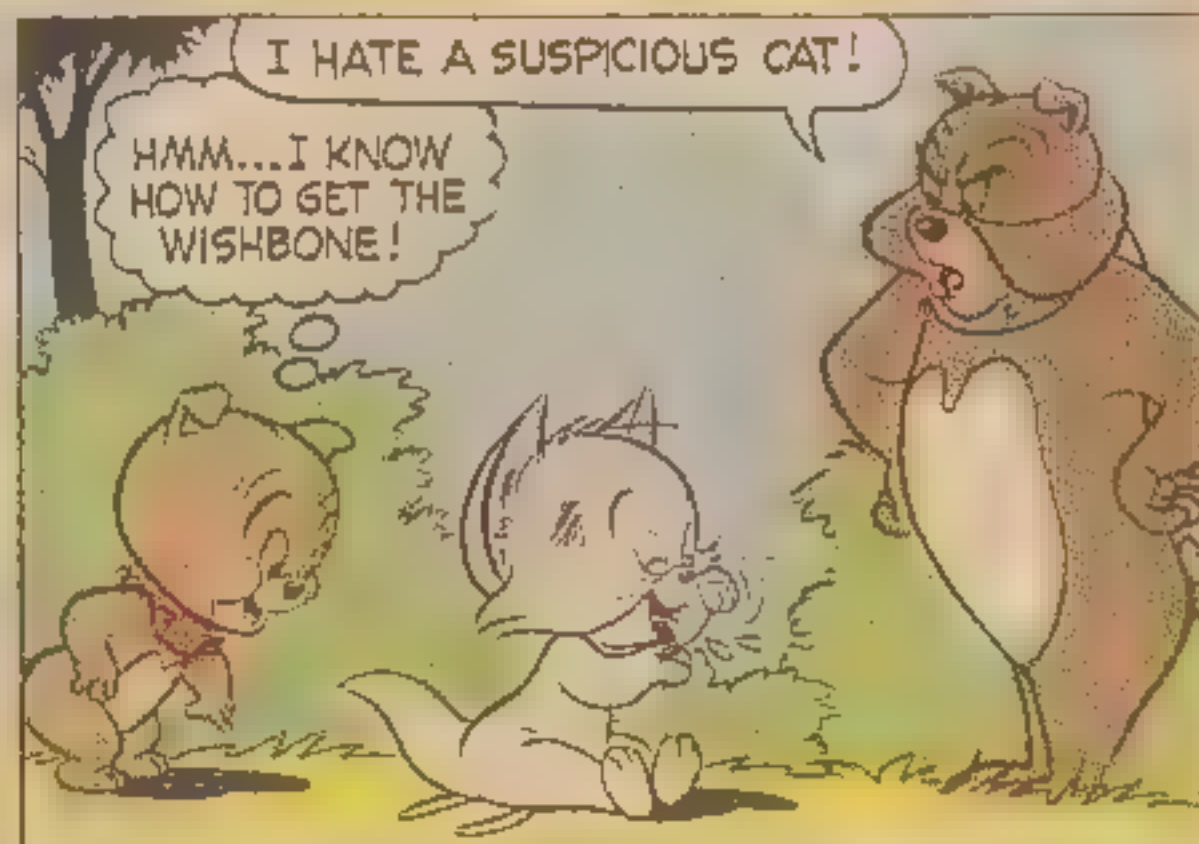
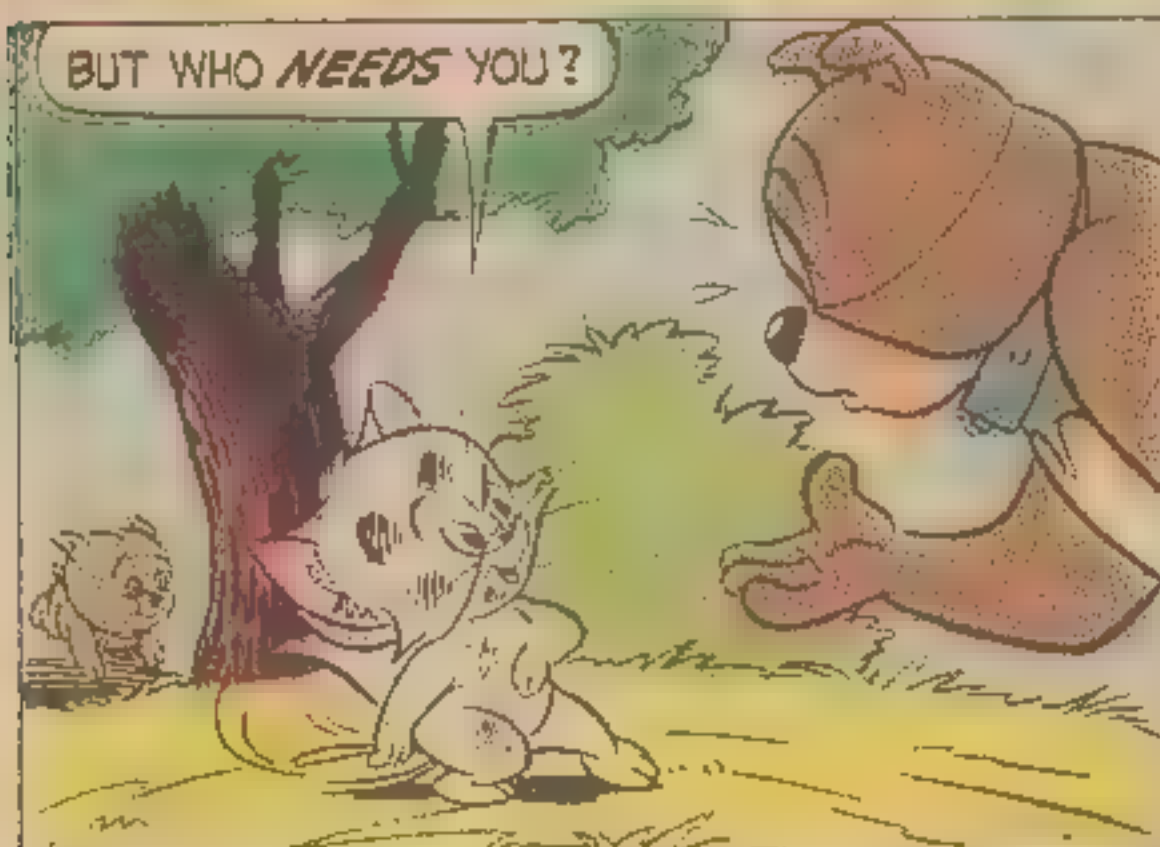
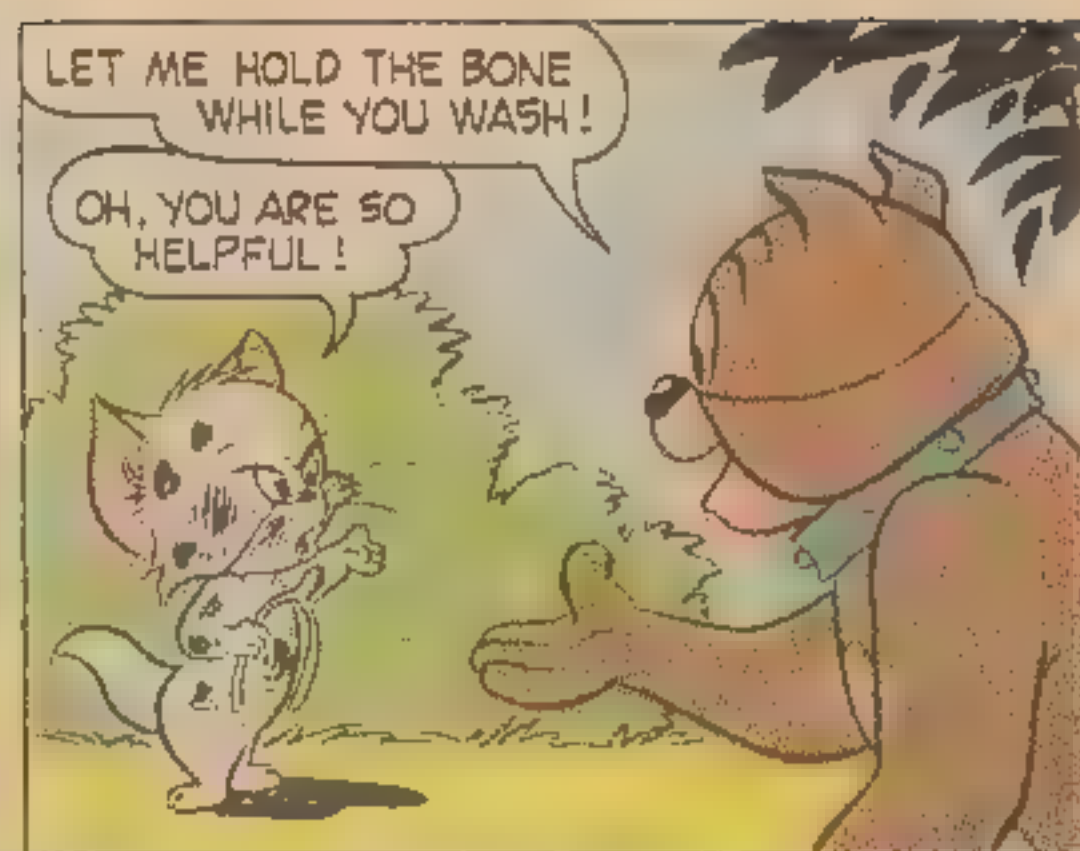
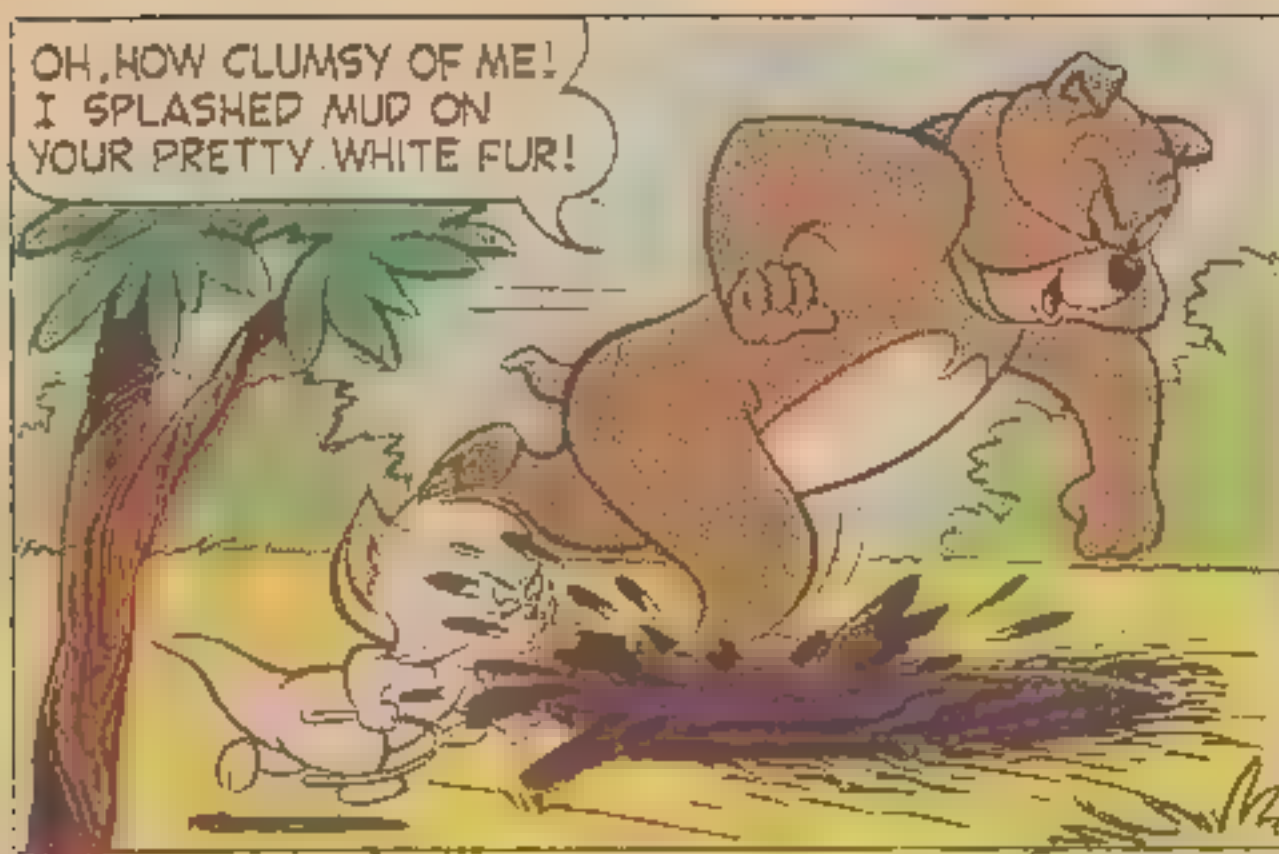
I EXPECTED A
TRICK LIKE THAT
FROM YOU!

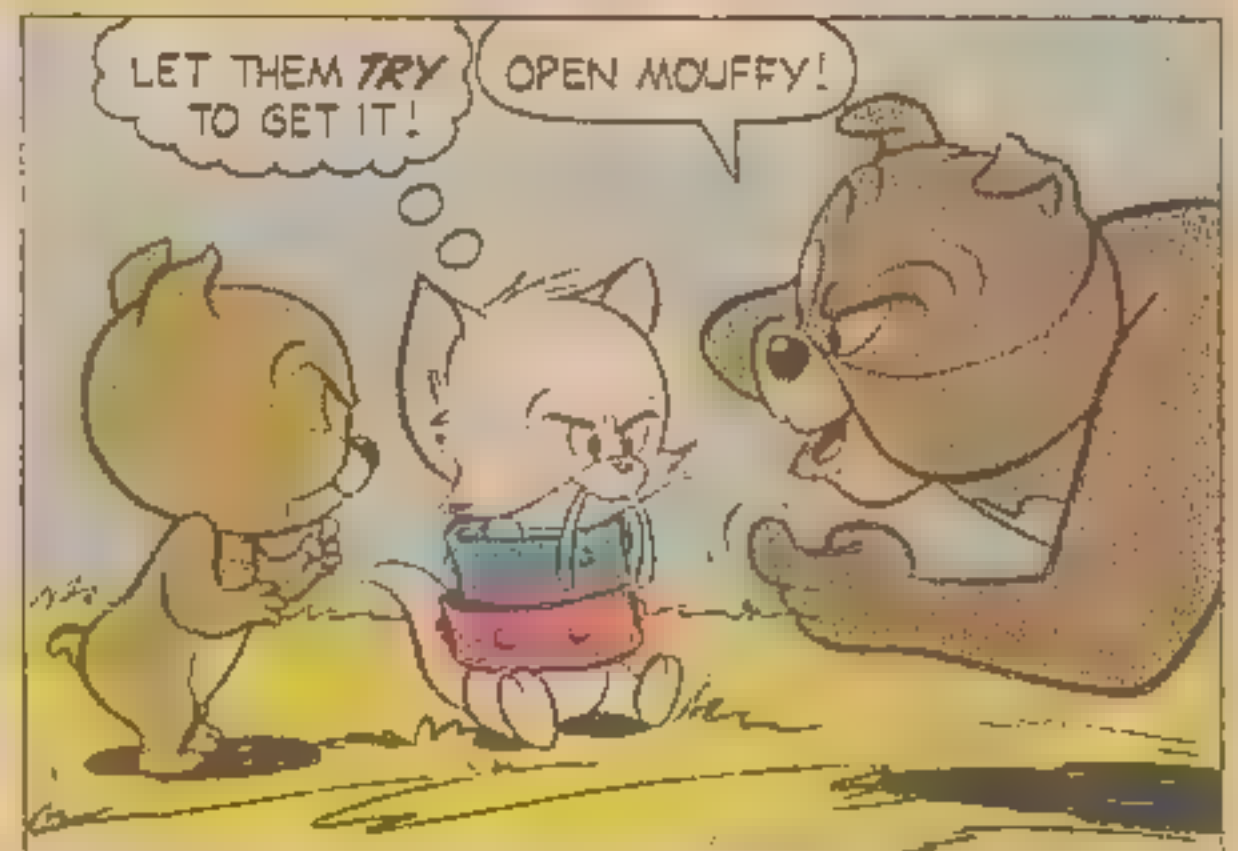
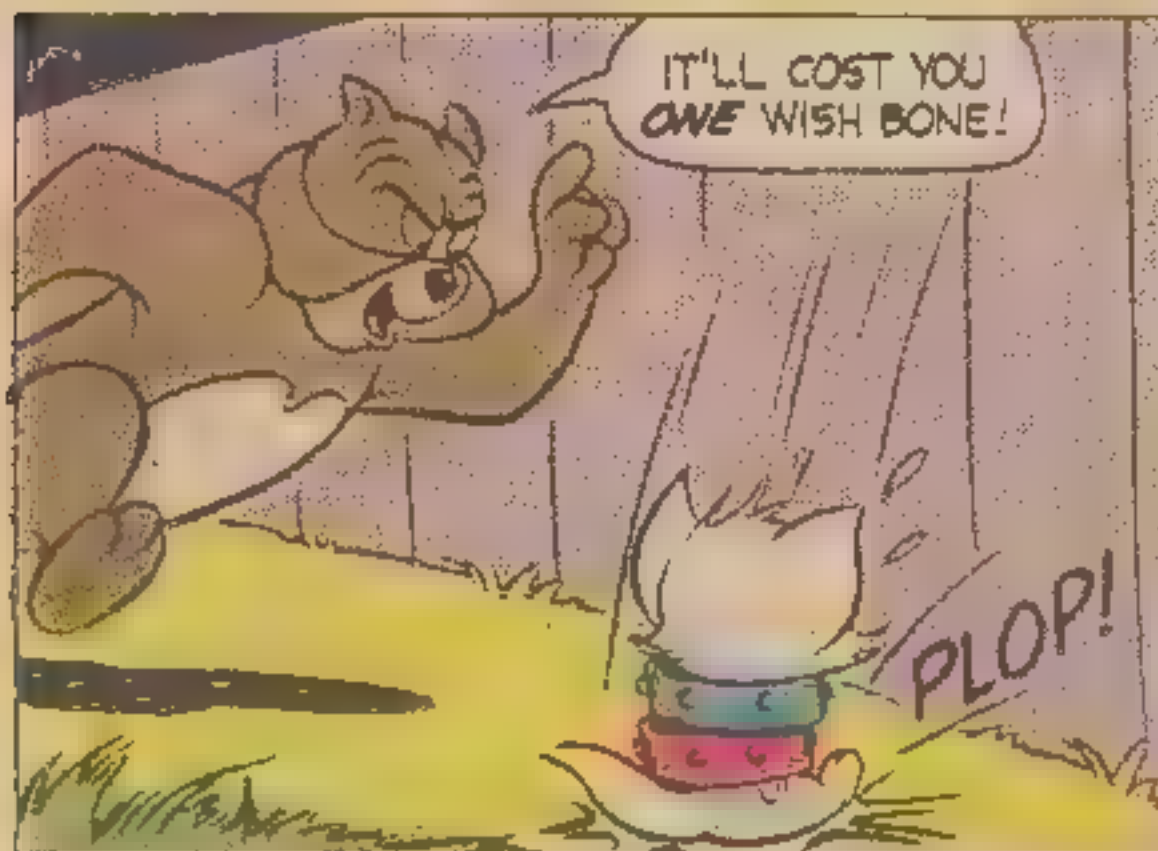
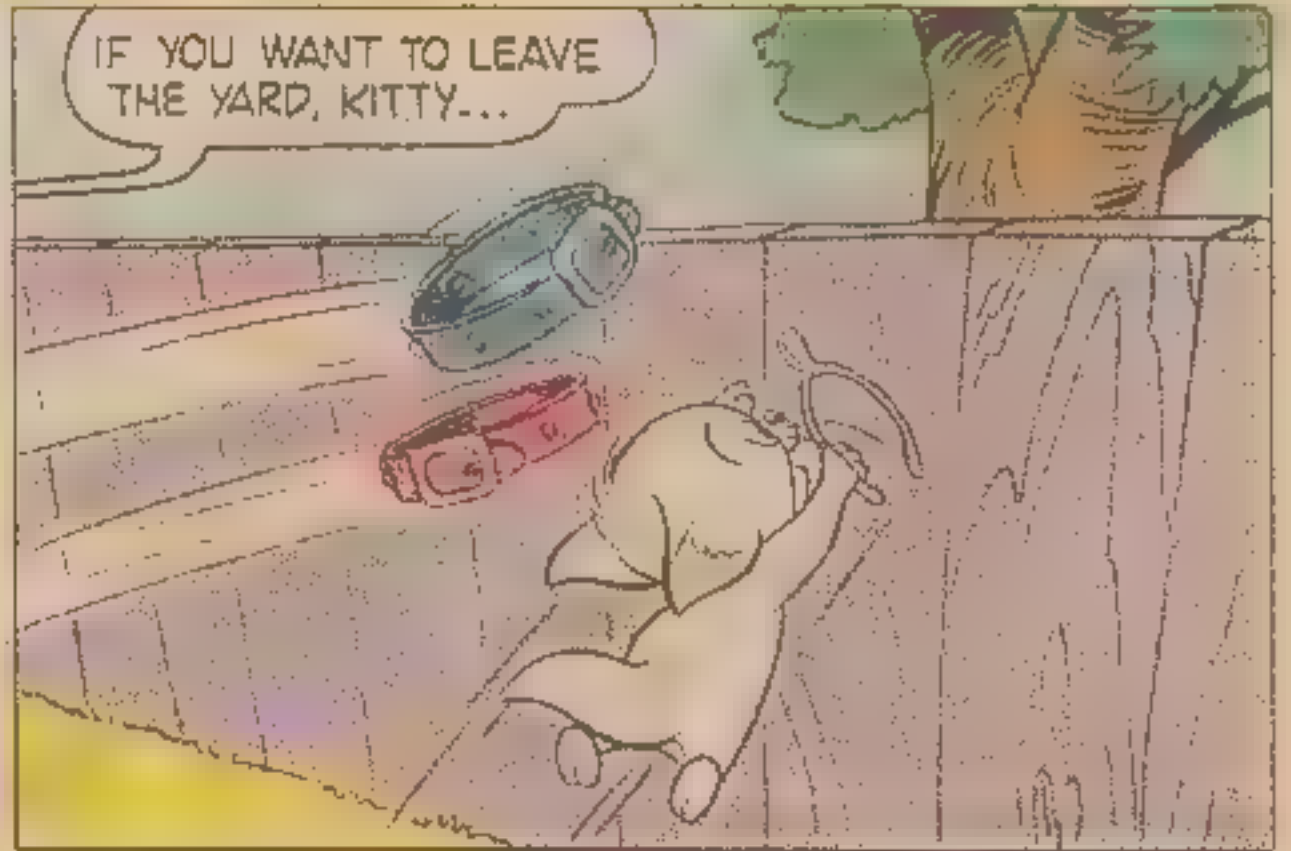
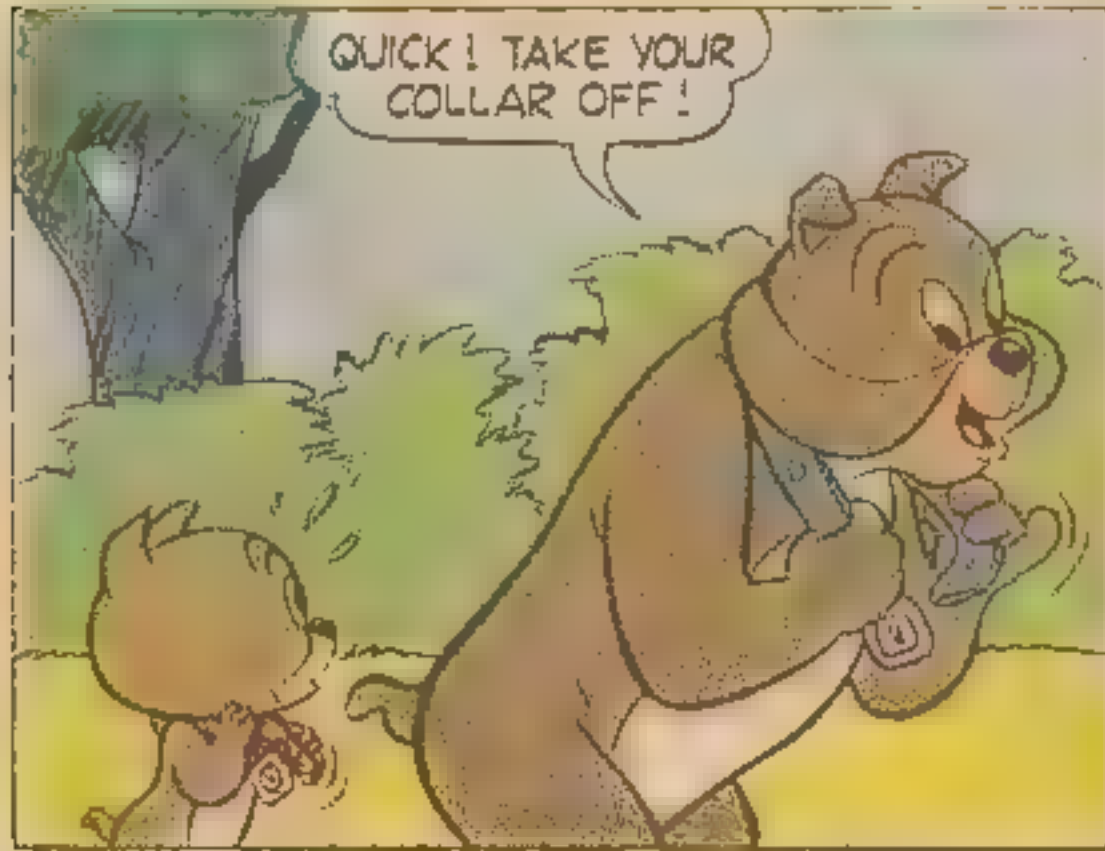
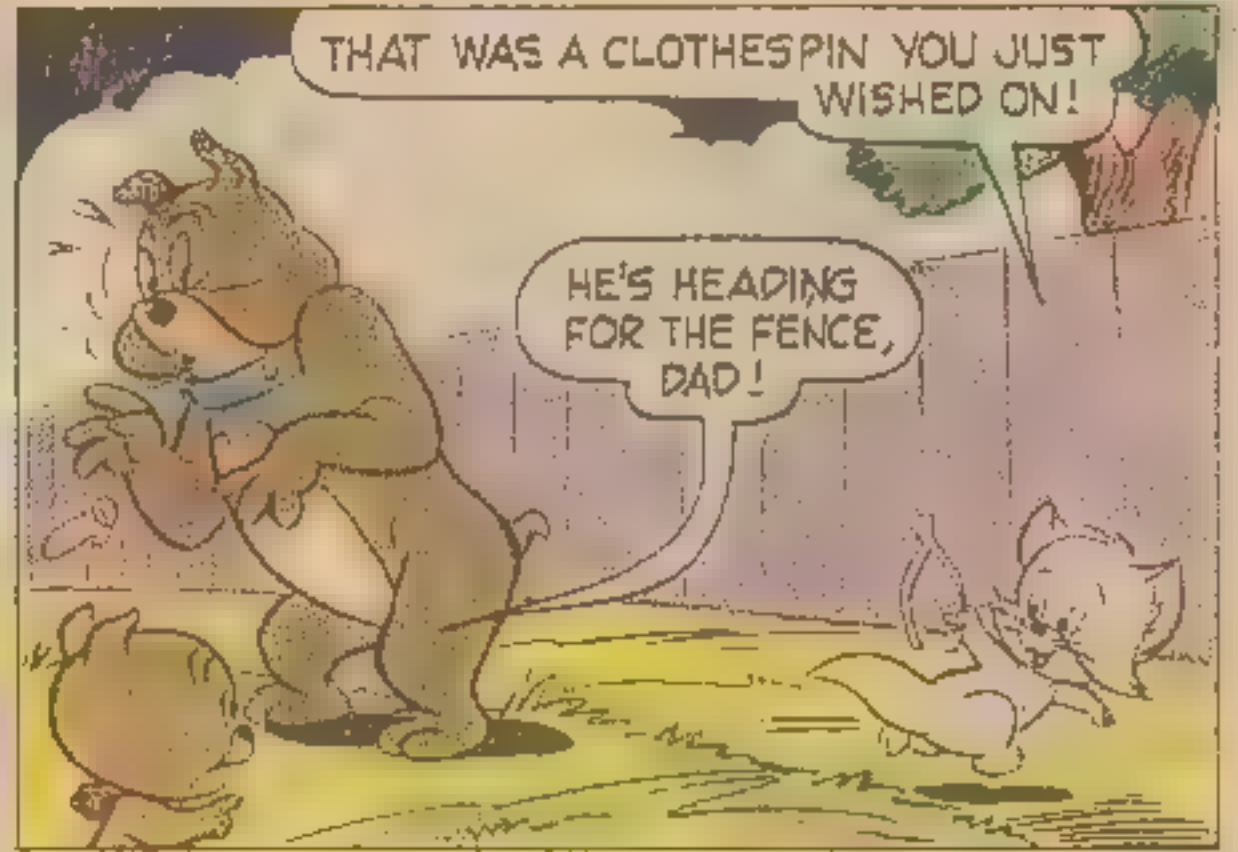
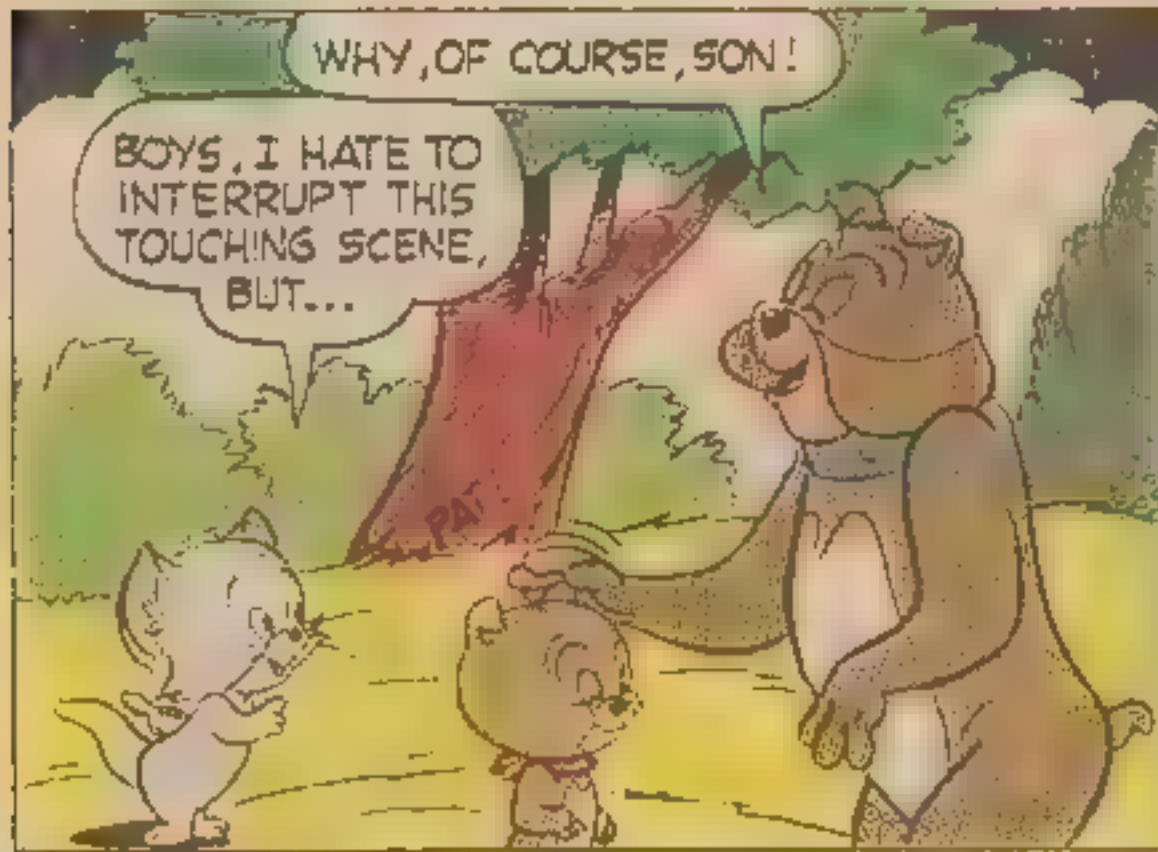
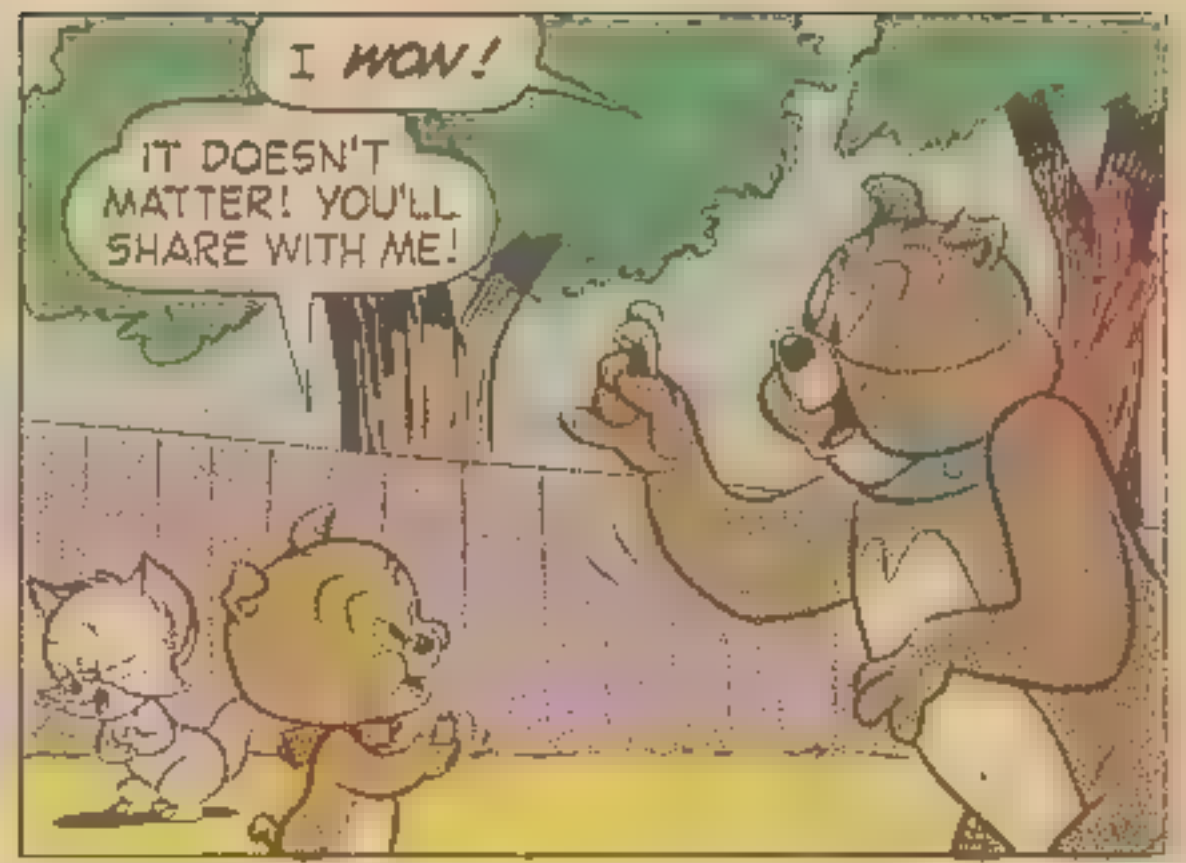
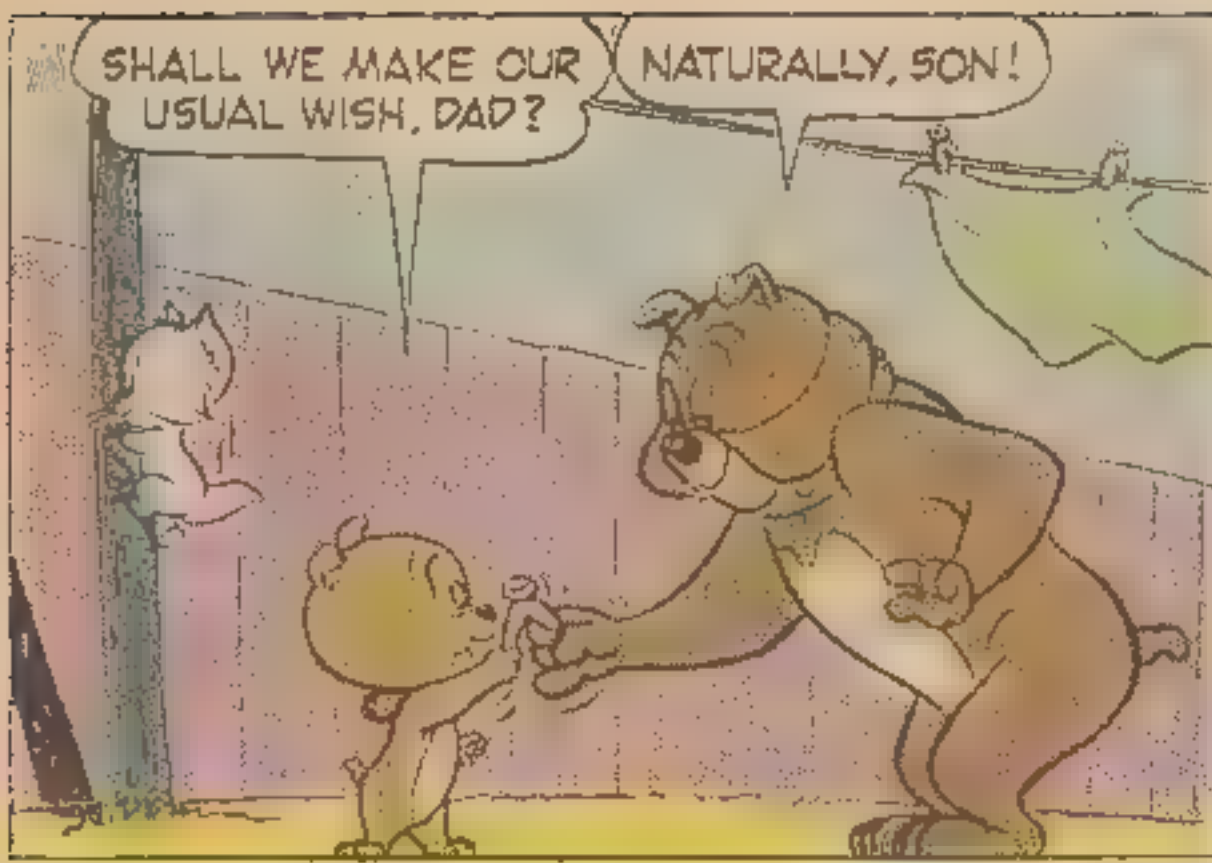
AW, YOU DIDN'T
GET IT!

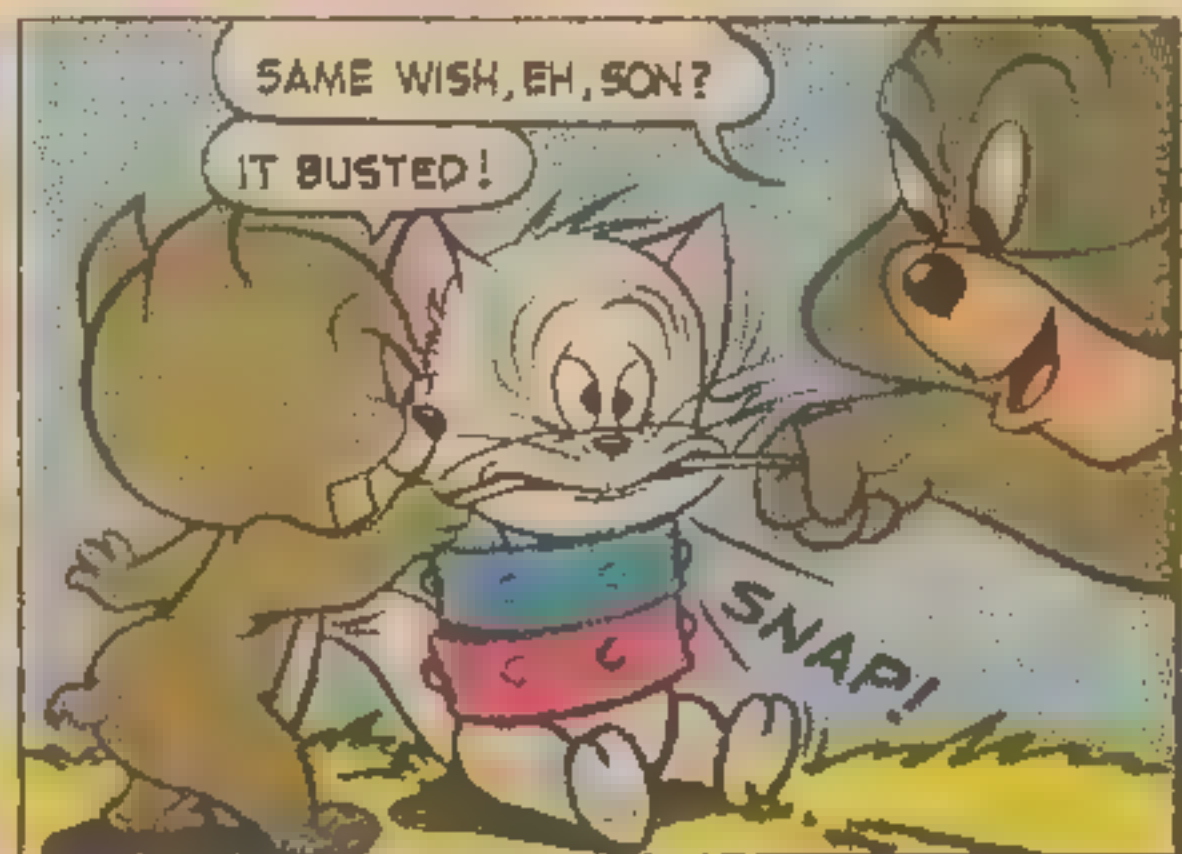
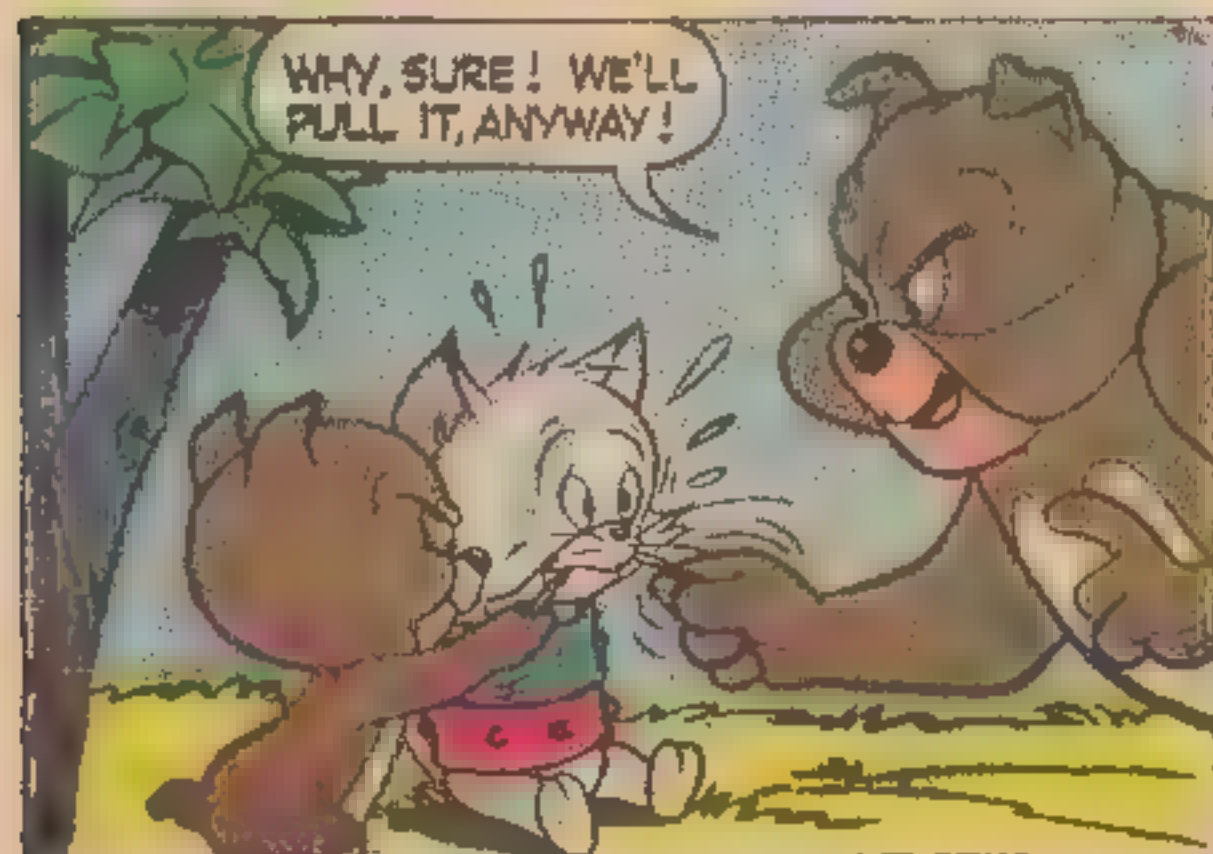
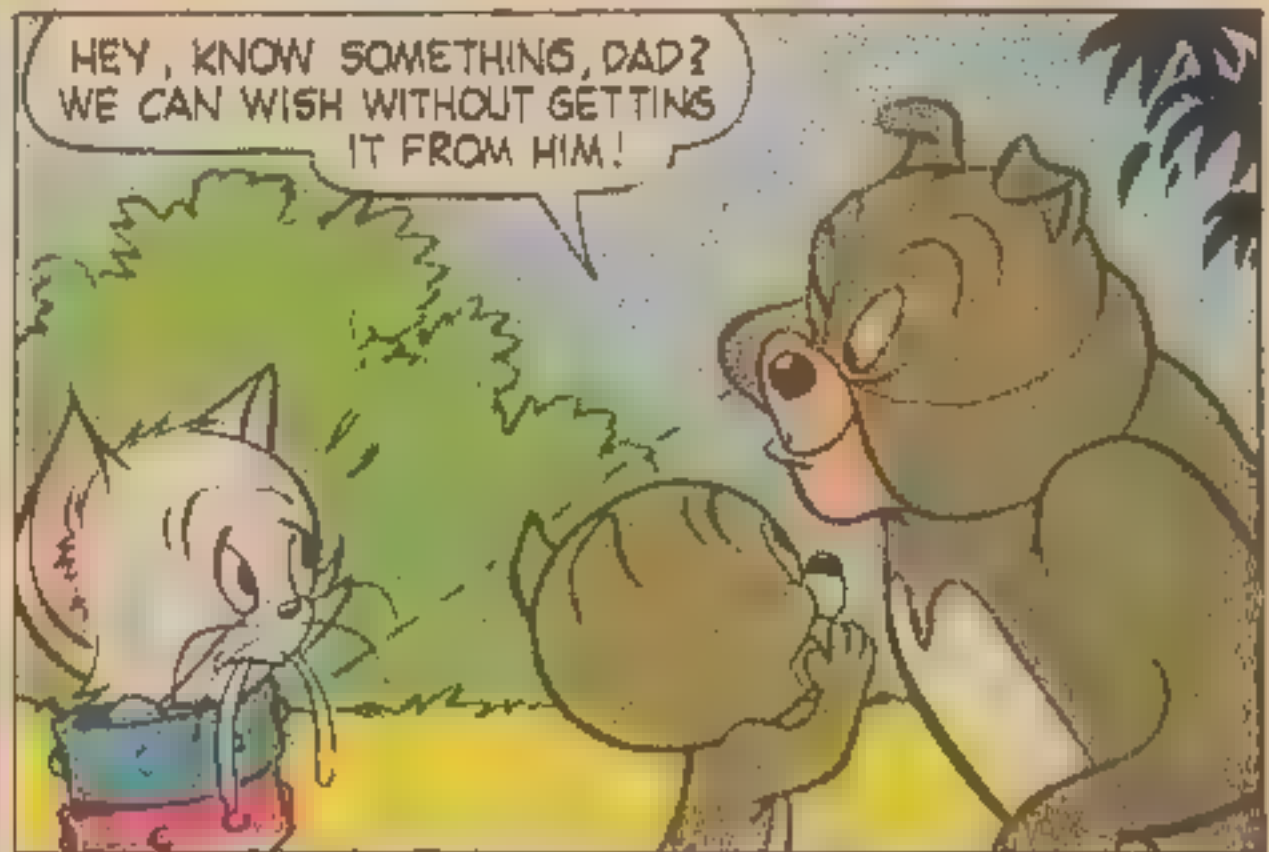
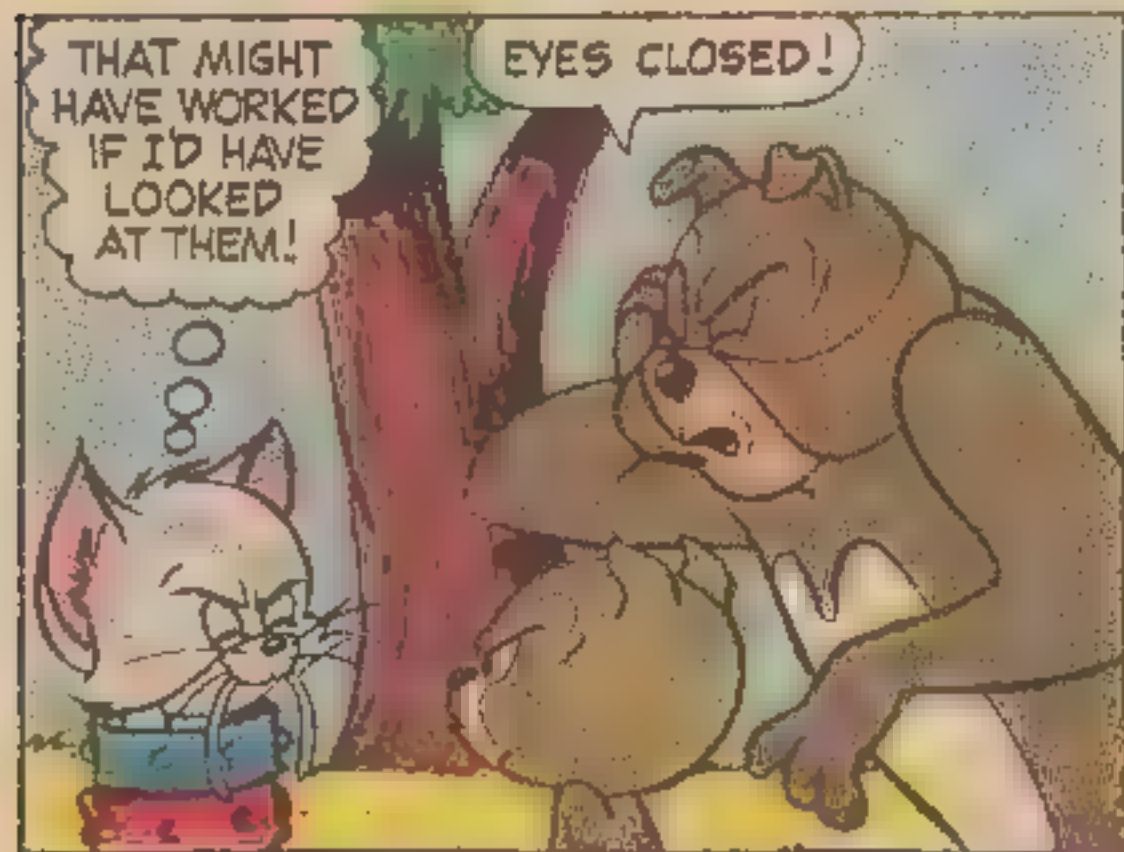
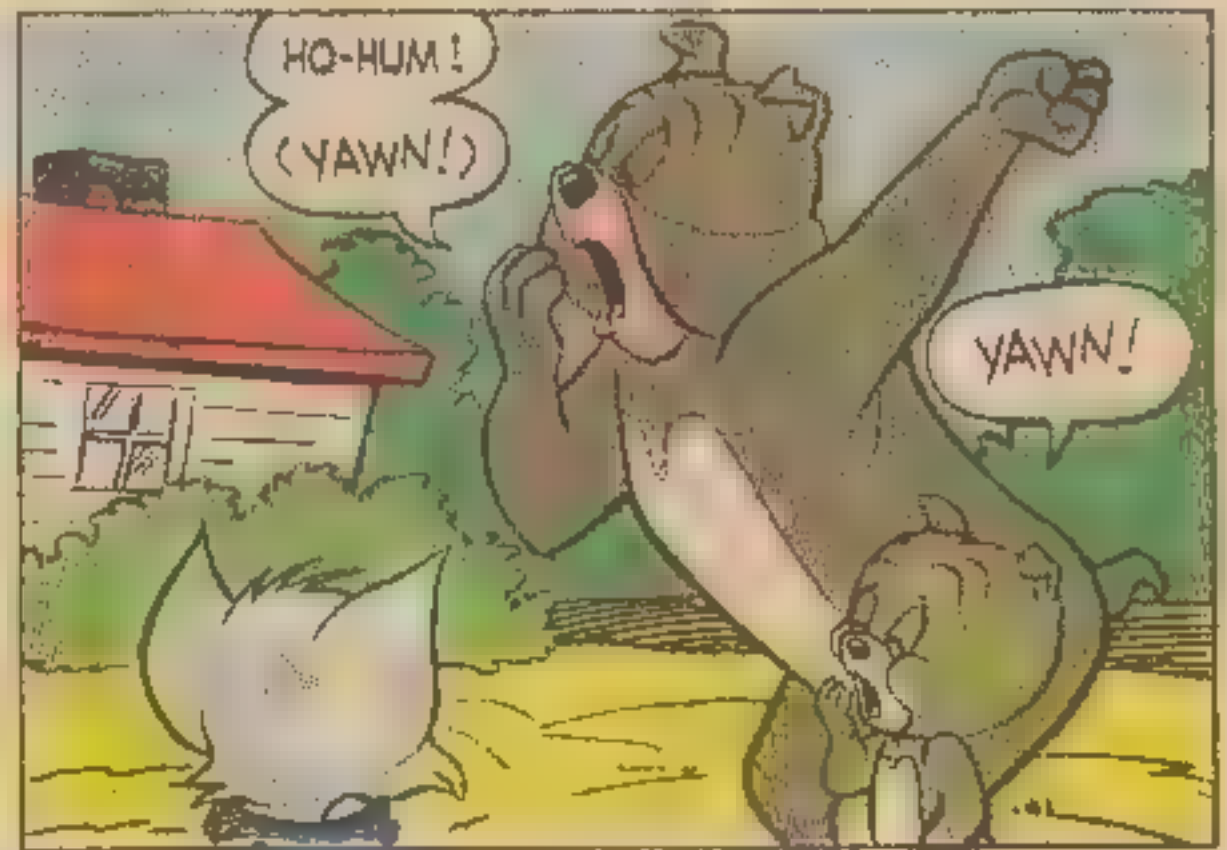
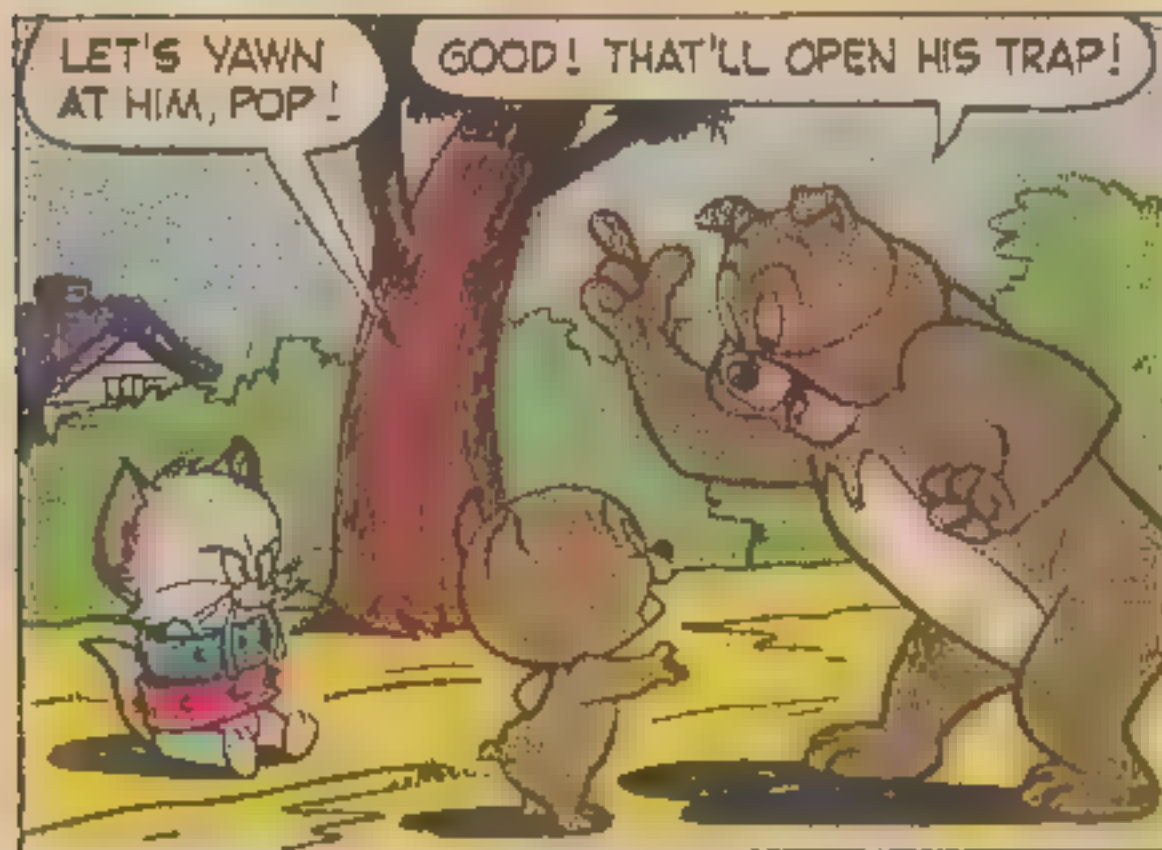
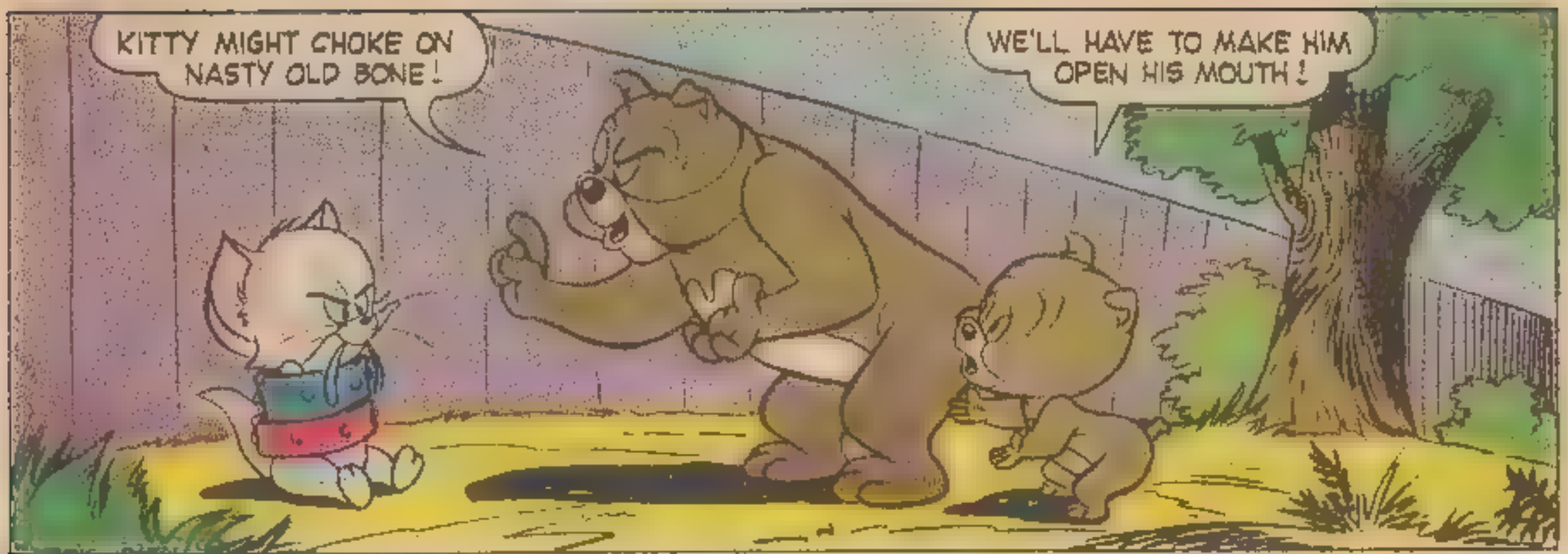
NO, BUT YOU KNOW
ME... I *WILL*!

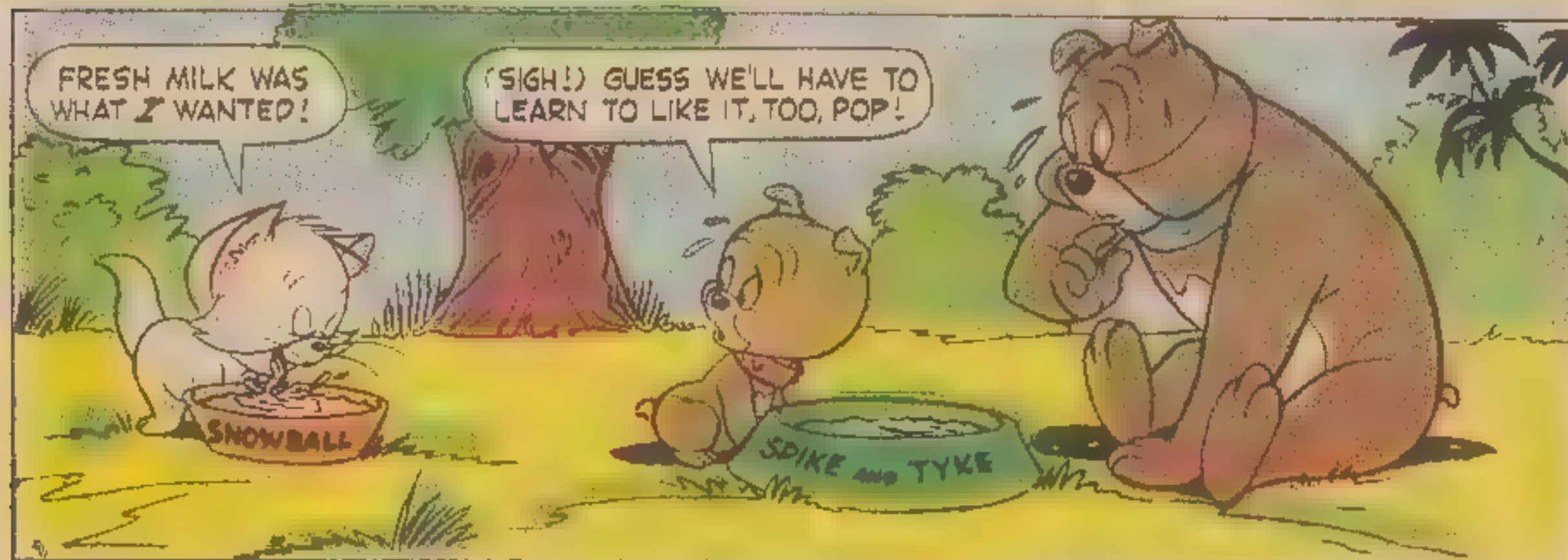
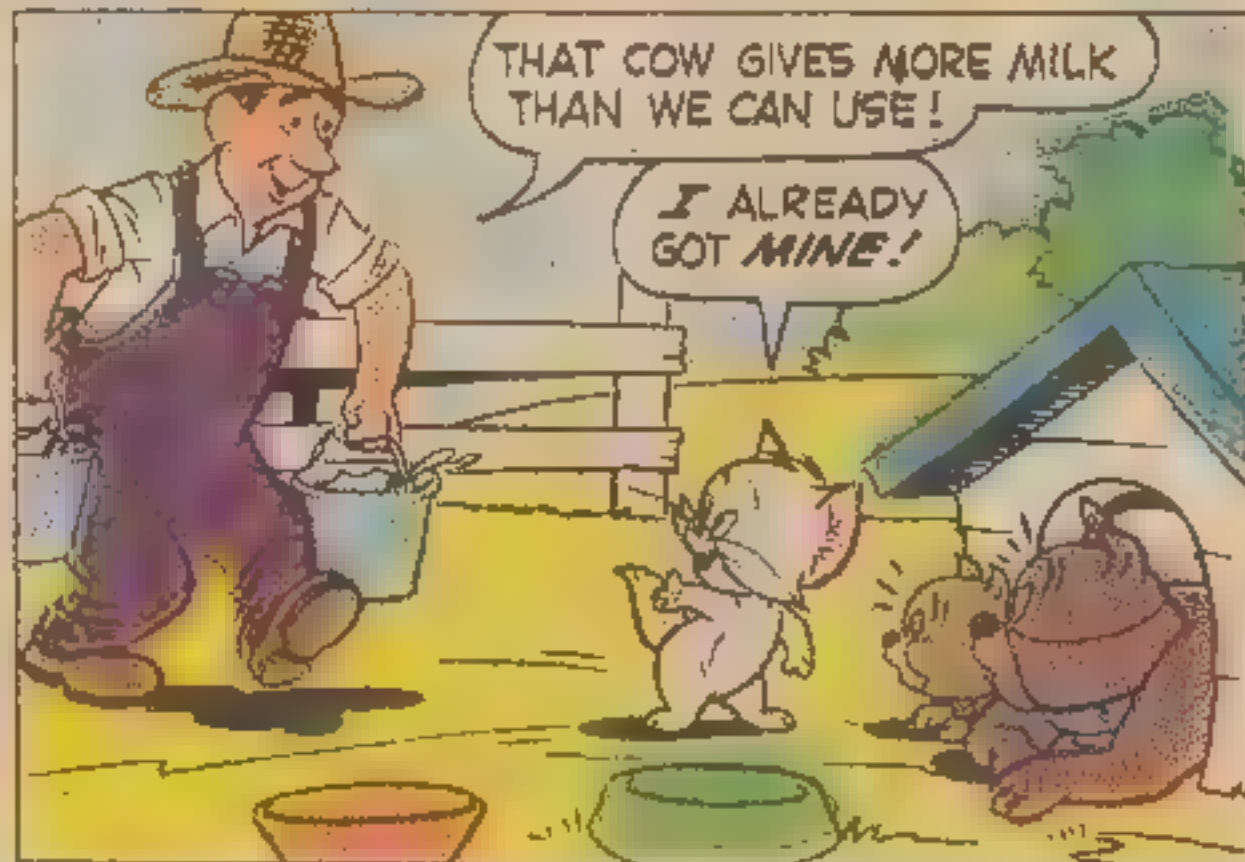
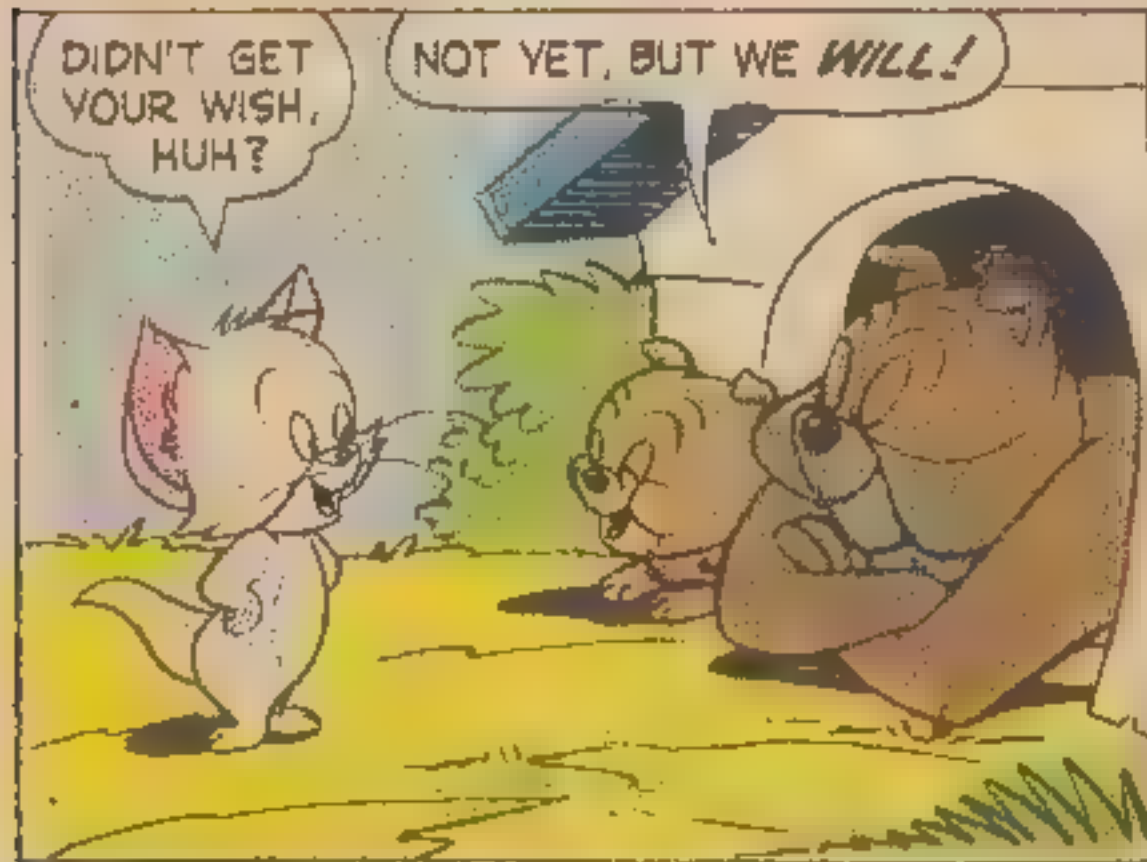
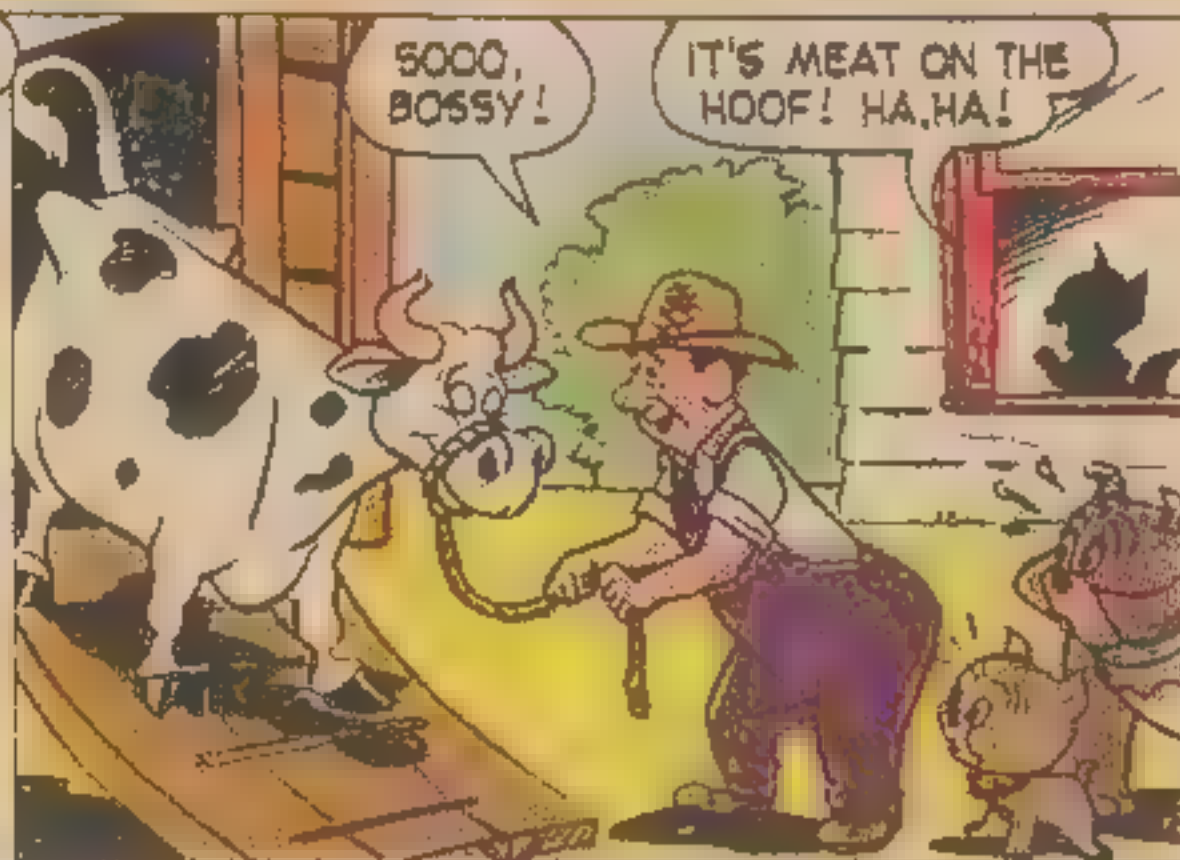
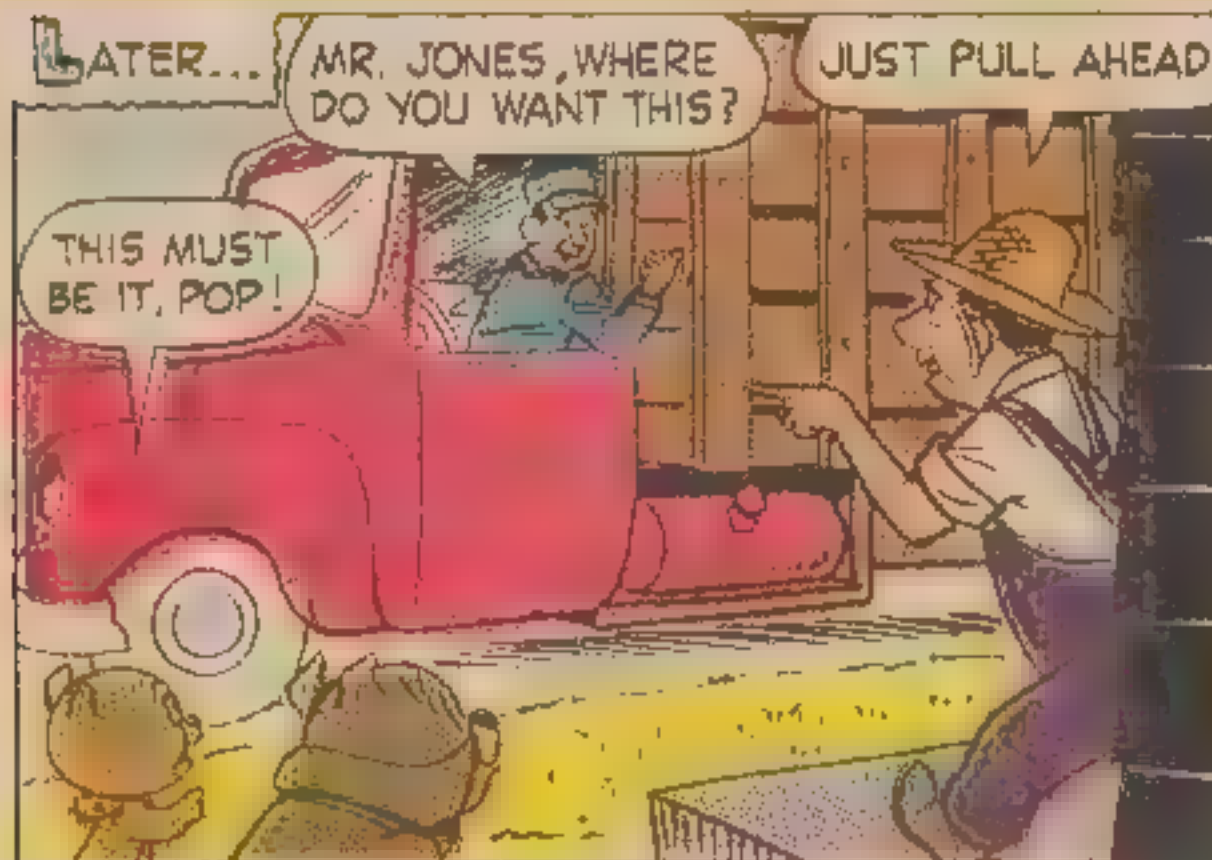
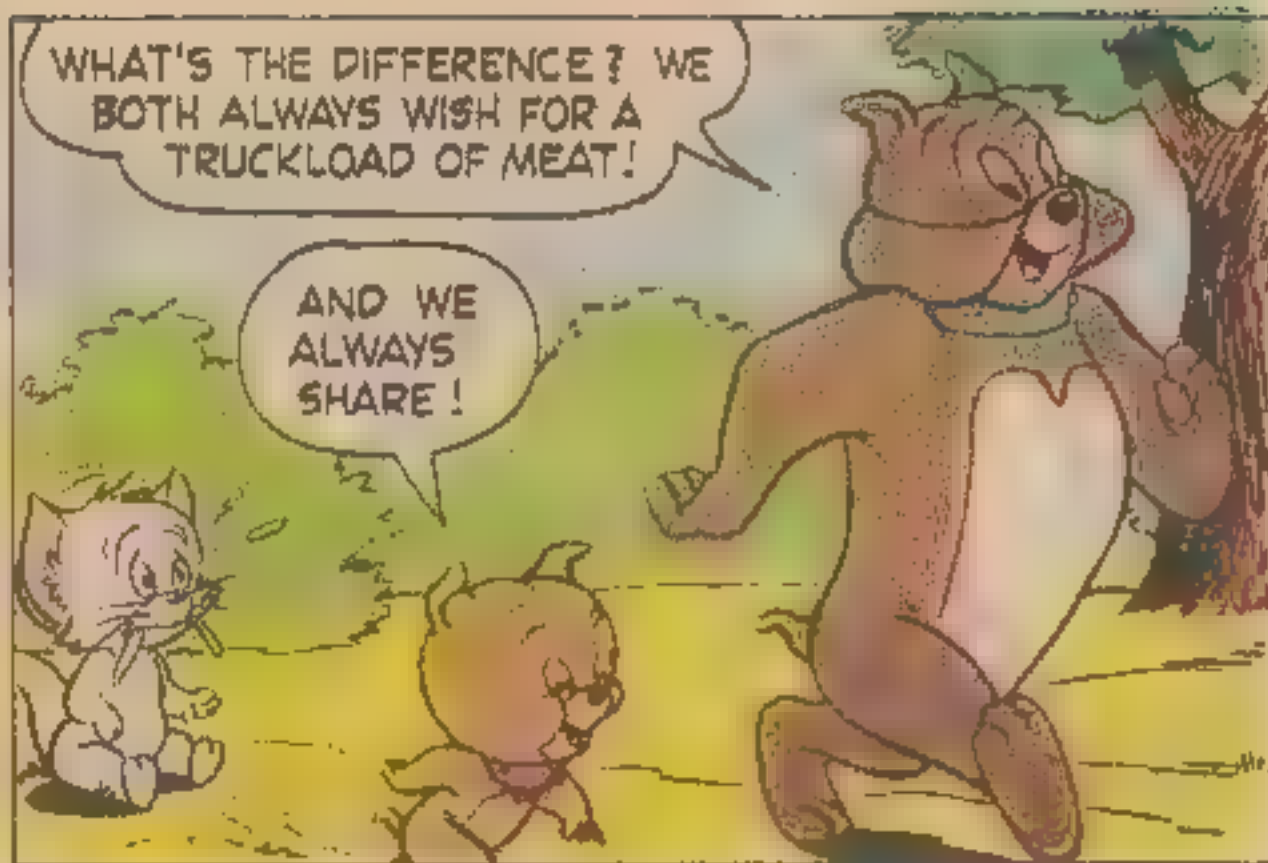
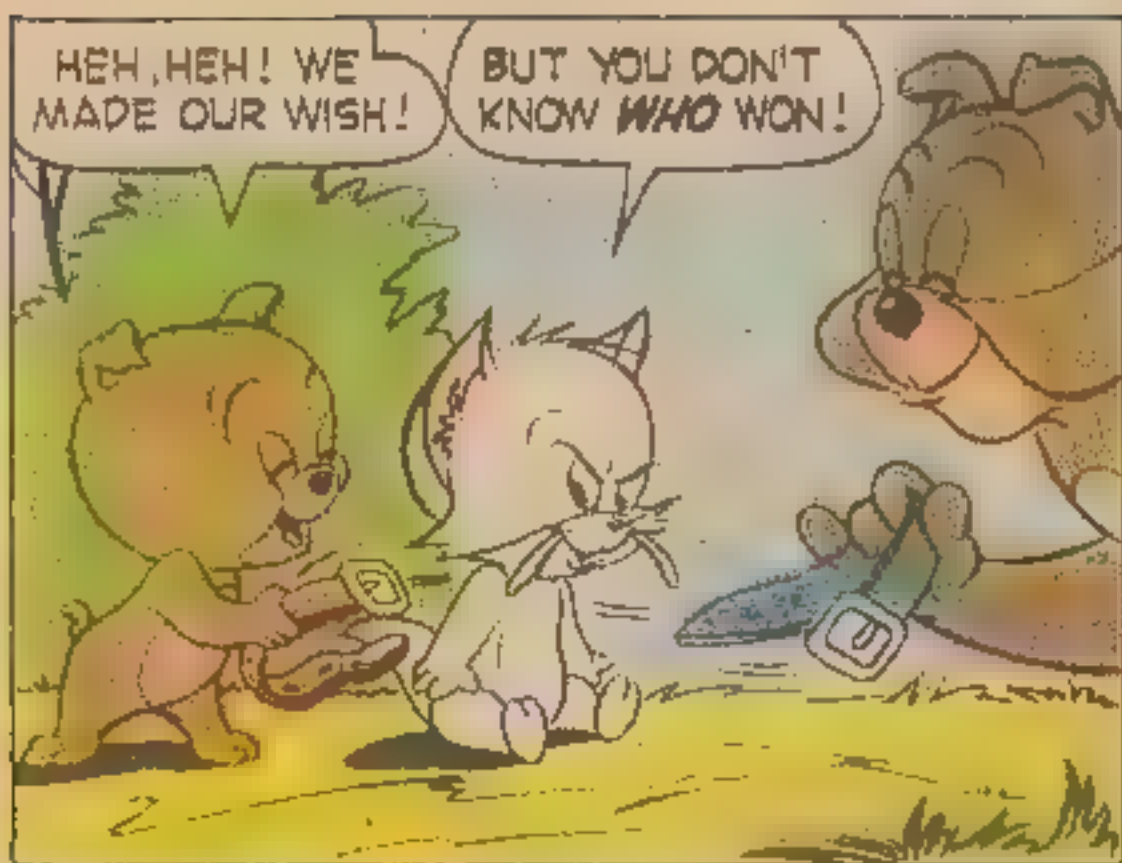
I'LL FIND ANOTHER
WISHING PARTNER!

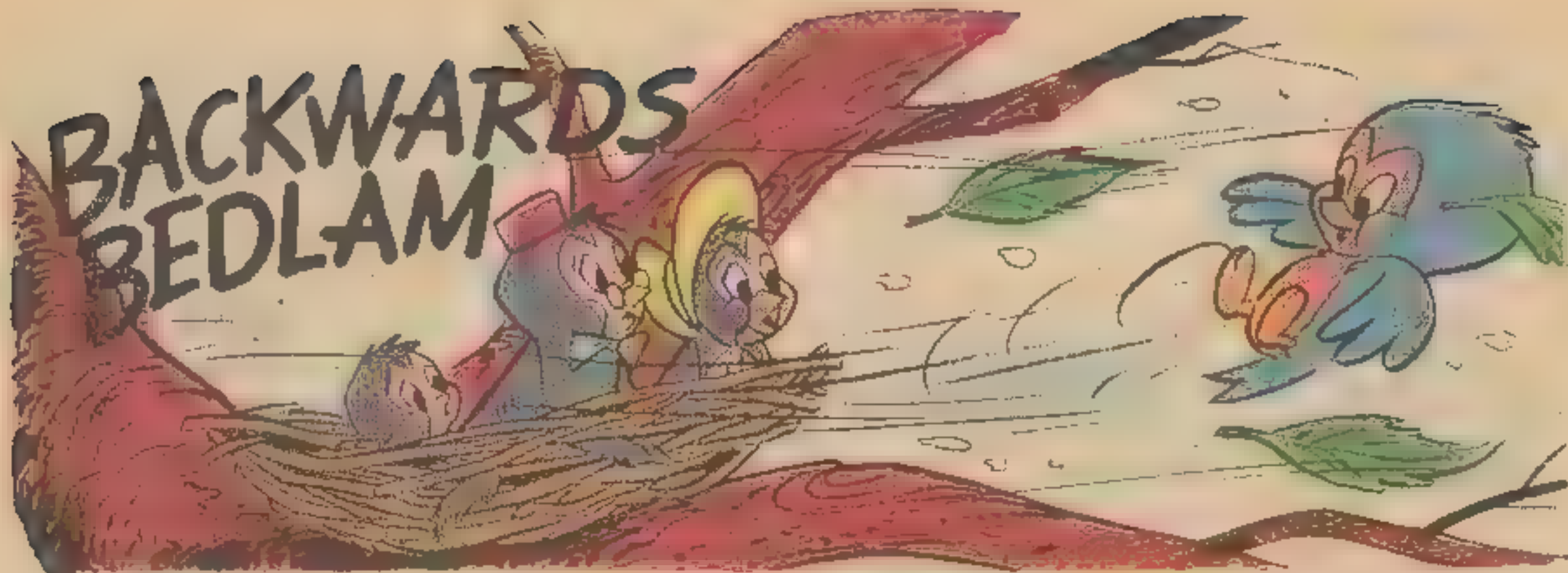












"Whisssshh! Hear that wind blow!" little Bertie Bird peeped to his mother one wintry day. "It's going to storm soon."

"Yes, I'm afraid so," Mother Bird said with a worried chirp, "and I only hope our nest will stand up under it!"

Later that night when the birds were fast asleep, the wind mounted in fury and was soon blowing with the force of a gale. Bertie woke up as he felt the nest tremble, and he cried out a warning.

"Our nest is breaking apart!" he shrilled.

Up popped Mother and Father and brother Billie, and the four of them flew out of the nest, ducking their heads against the sweeping force of the wind.

"Hey, look at me!" Bertie called with surprise. "I'm flying frontwards, but I'm moving backwards!"

"The wind's pushing you back!" Father Bird shouted in explanation. "Let's try to make our way to that house where we can get out of the wind under the eaves."

Father Bird's voice was swept away by the wind, but the others had heard him, and, with a mighty effort, they managed to reach the safety of the eaves.

"Hey, how about that?" Bertie twittered, his eyes bright with excitement. "We all flew over here backwards, only we were pointed frontwards, if you know what I mean."

"Well, backwards or frontwards, we're safe for the moment," Father Bird chirped. "But now we'd better start thinking about building a new nest. The old one's gone for good now. I'm afraid."

Mother Bird flapped her wings to settle her feathers and peeped, "Building a nest at this time of year is going about things backwards too, isn't it?"

"This isn't exactly the nest building season," Father Bird trilled. "But we didn't know we'd be building a new nest, either. We'll first have to find a likely spot."

"Say," Bertie chirped, "why don't we build the new nest right here on top of this bend in the eaves trough? It's out of the wind, and has a good sturdy foundation."

Father Bird glanced around the place and nodded in agreement. "That's an excellent idea, son," he peeped. "Let's do it."

So, when morning came and the wind had died down, the Bird family set out in search of twigs and bits of grass and mud with which to construct their new nest.

Bertie found a dripping water faucet and poked through the grass under it to dig up some mud. He made several trips back and forth to the eaves trough until he'd accumulated a small pile of mud there.

"Hey!" Father Bird twittered as he dropped a twig on the trough. "We can't use the mud until we have more twigs, unless you want us to build this nest backwards."

Bertie flew off to help gather more twigs, and the nest took shape with amazing speed. By late afternoon the task was completed and the mud had dried quite firmly in place.

"There we are!" Father Bird said with a satisfied chirp. "Home Sweet Home."

Bertie cocked his head to one side and repeated his father's words. "Home Sweet Home," he peeped. "Why, that name is just perfect for the new nest."

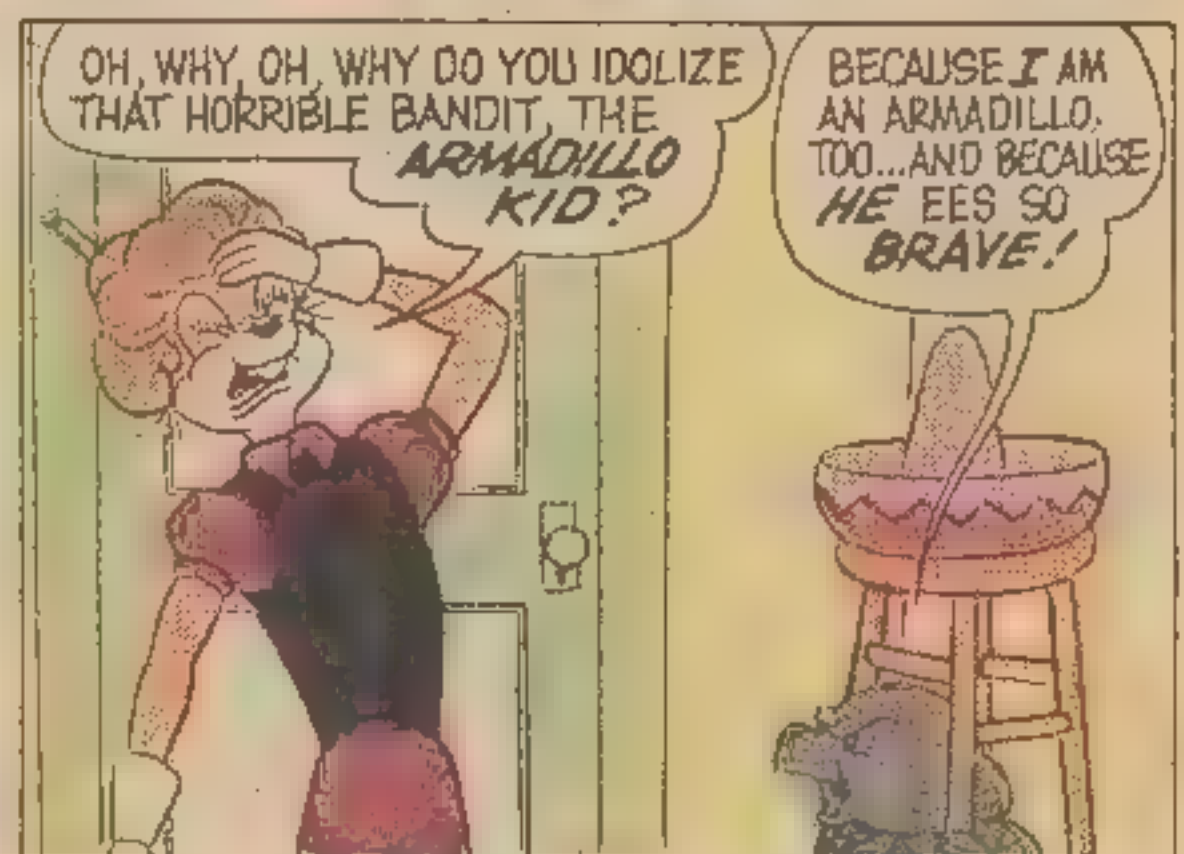
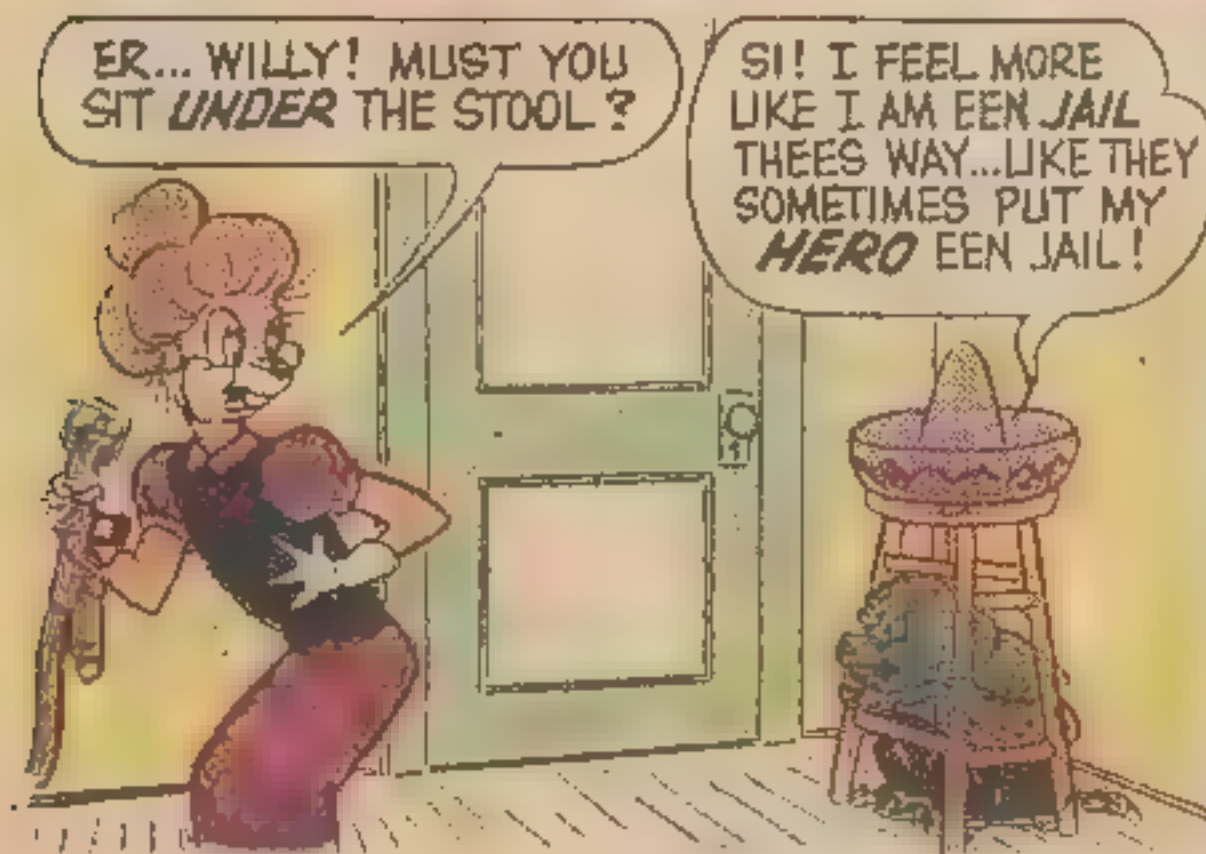
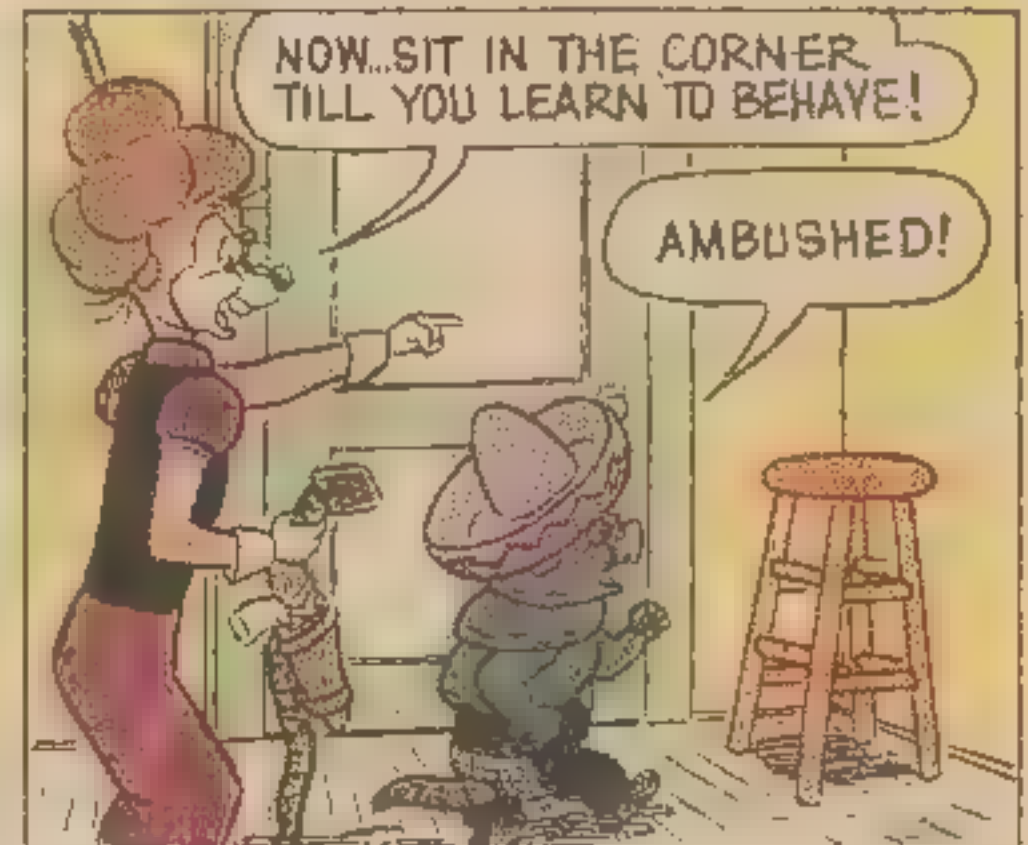
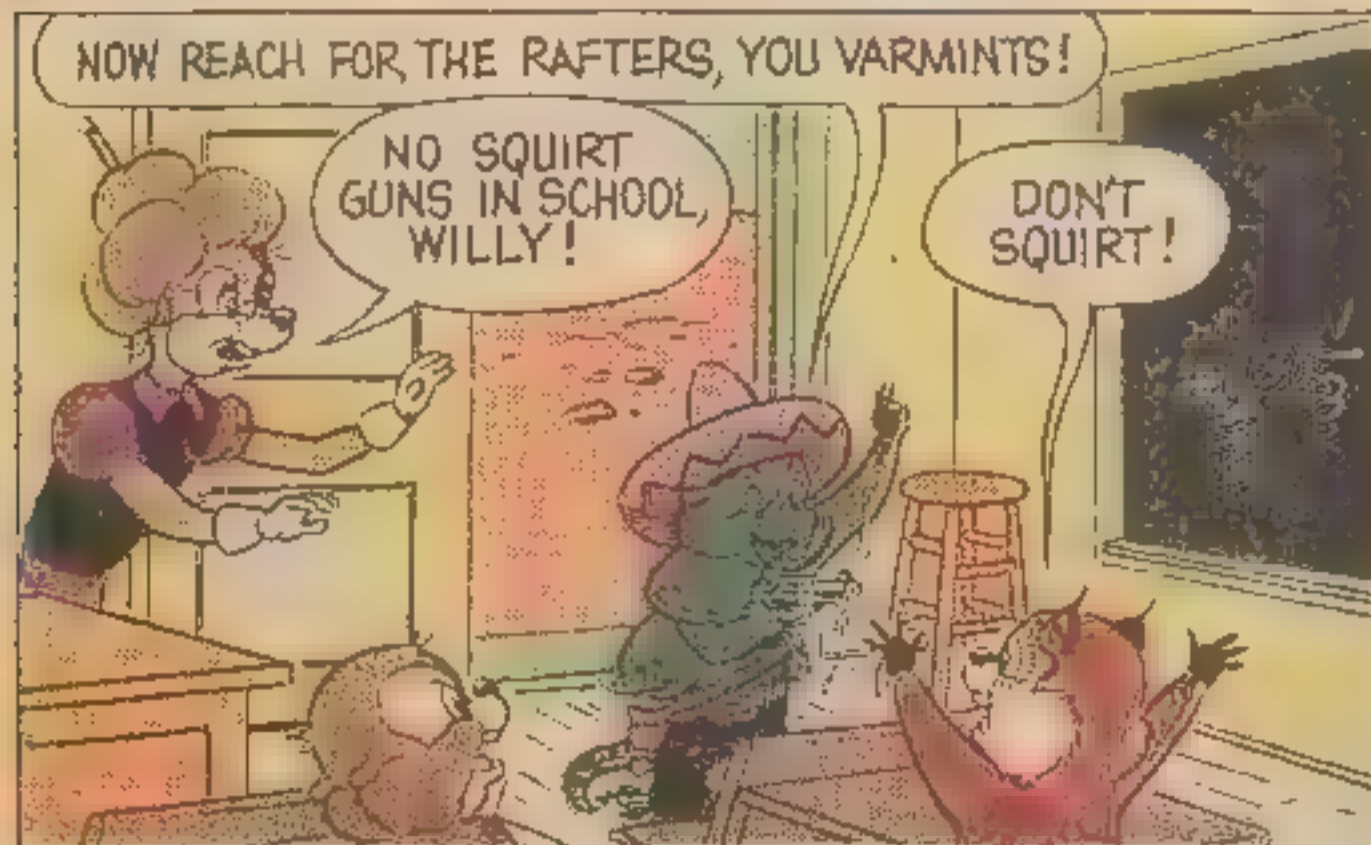
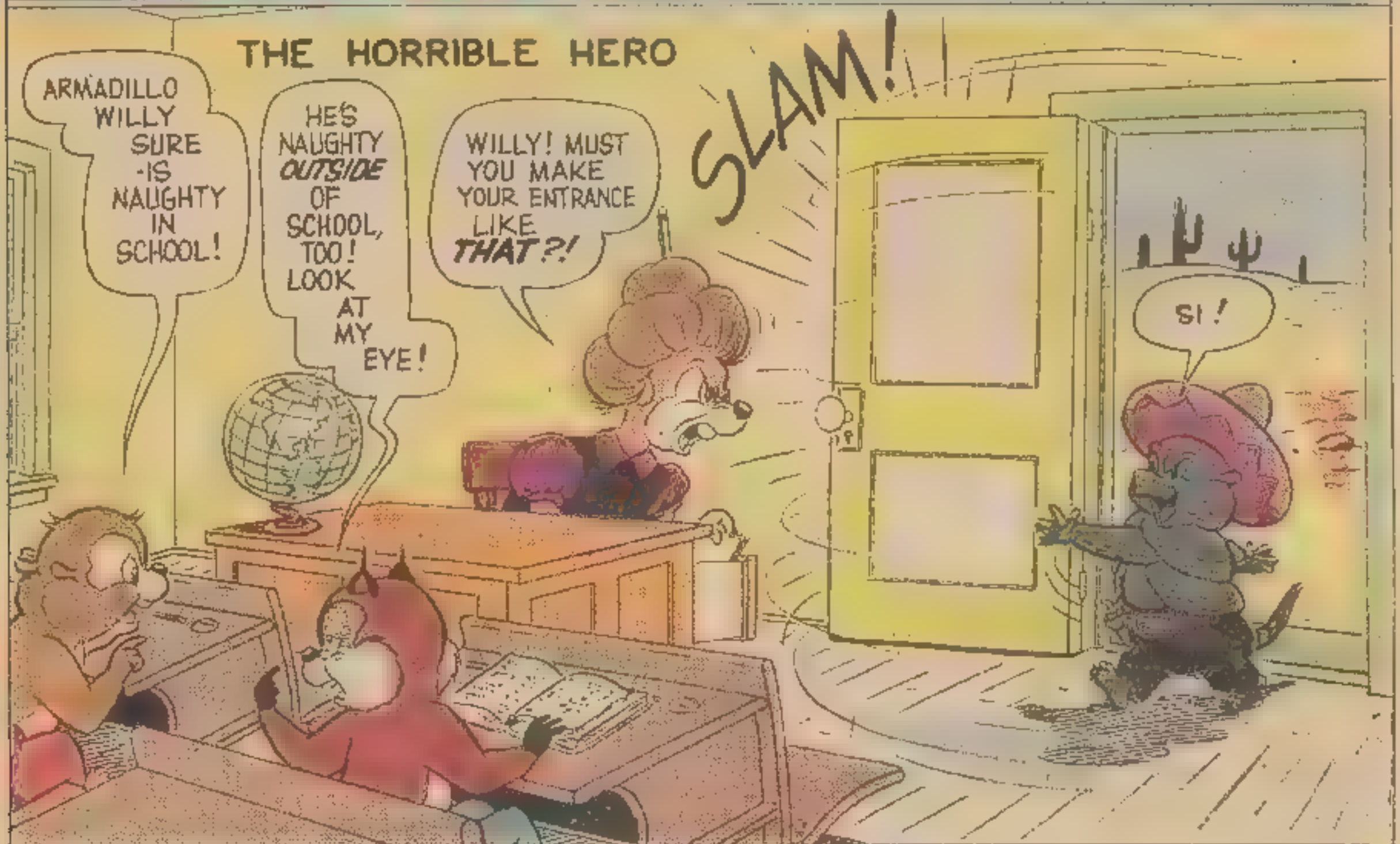
"Oh? How come?" Father asked.

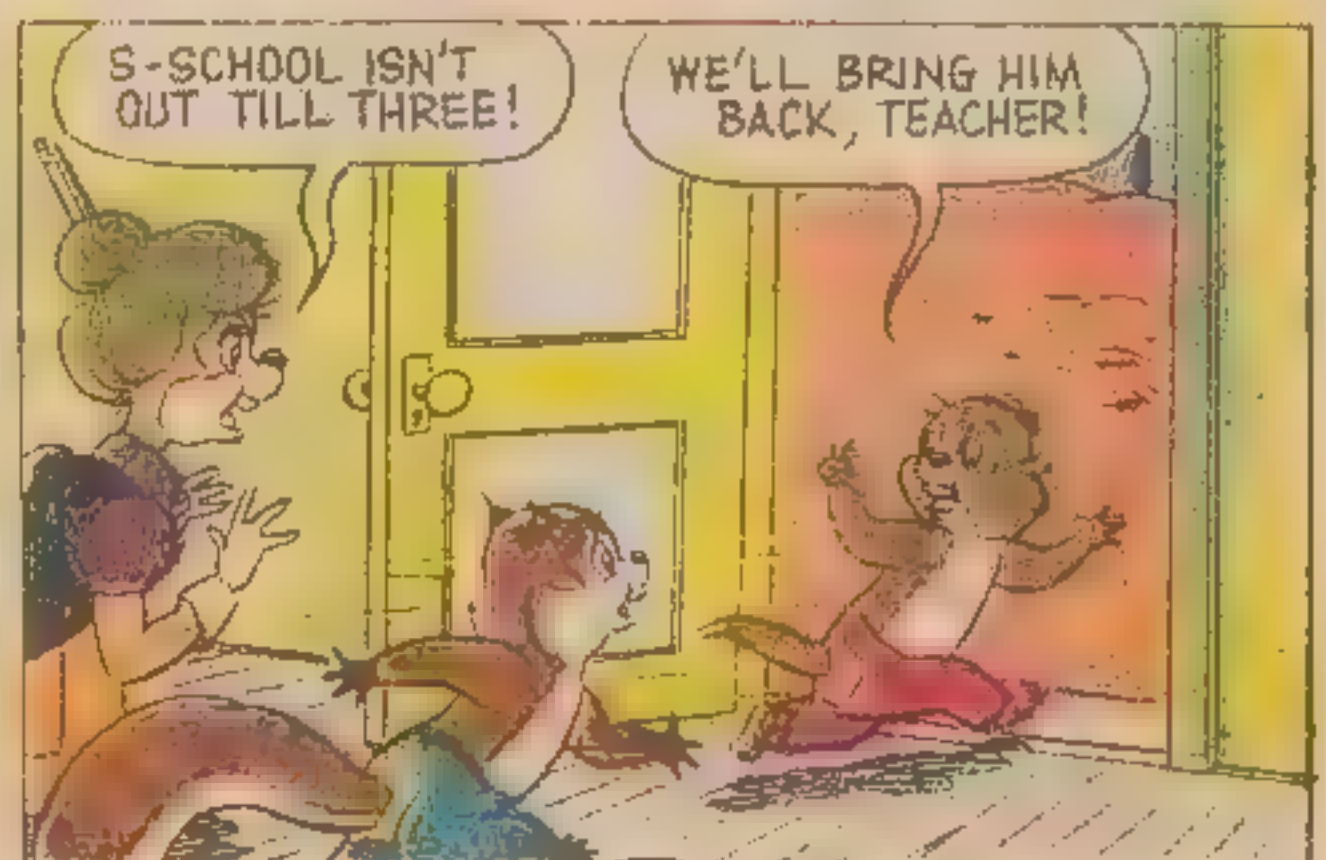
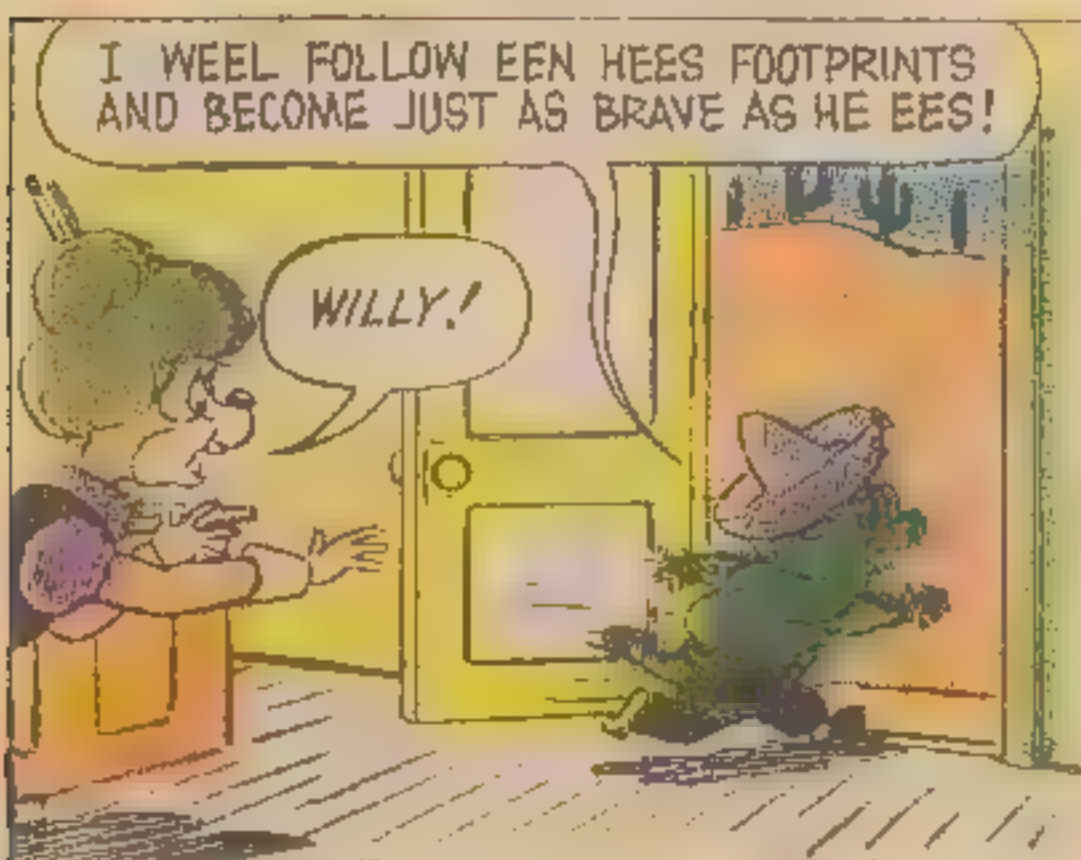
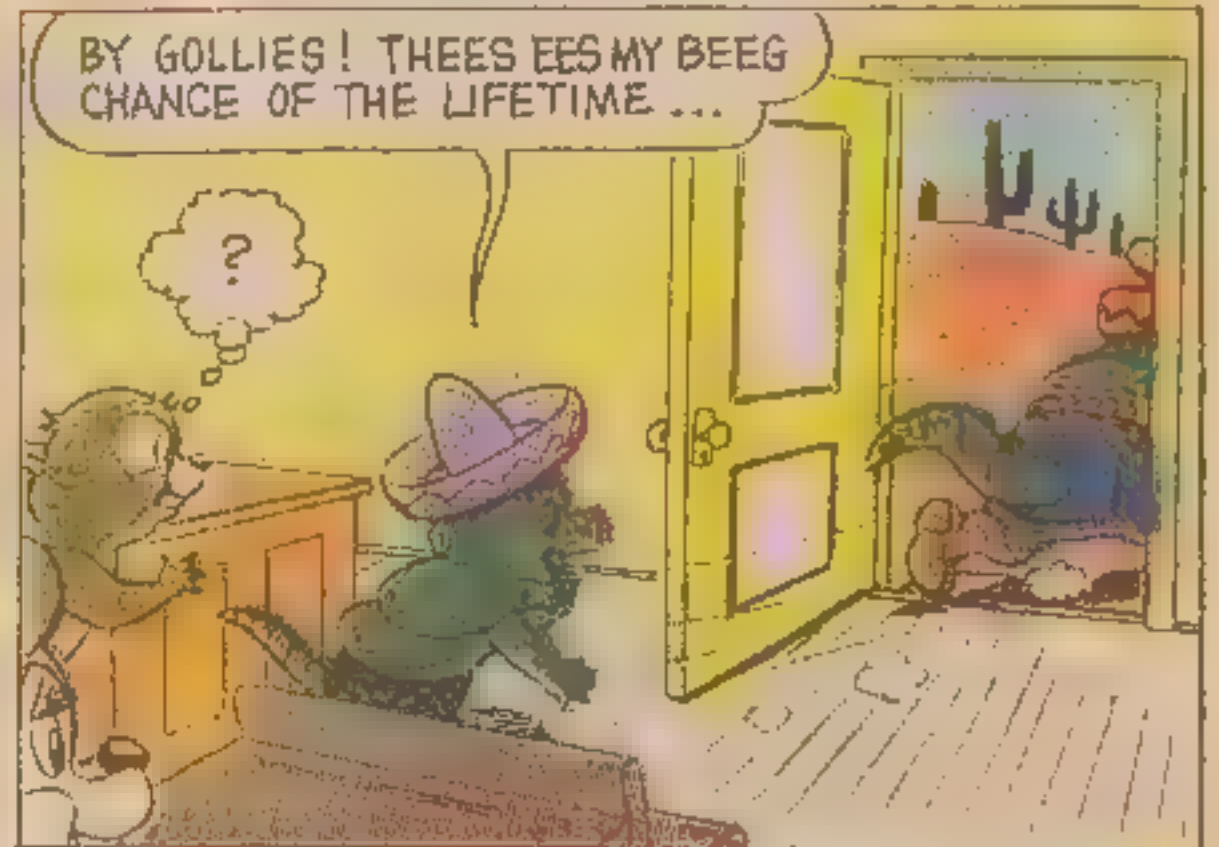
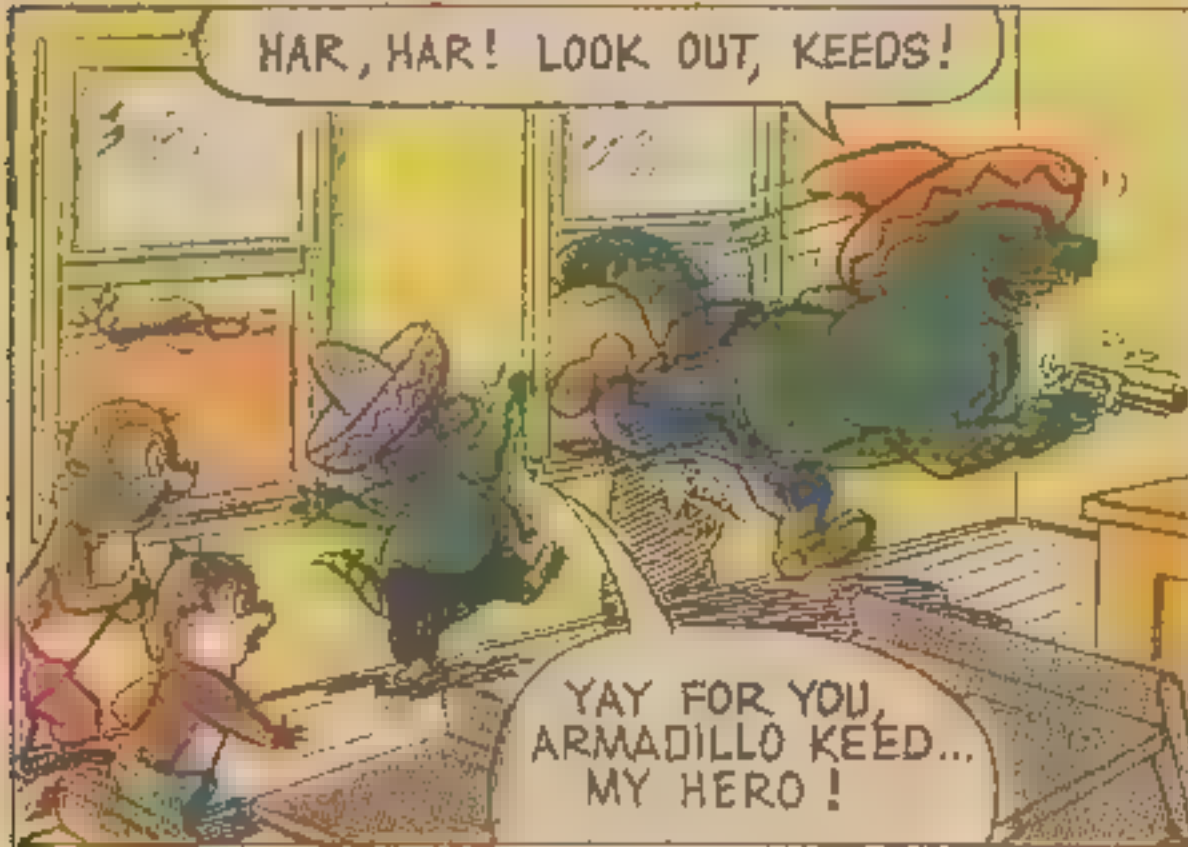
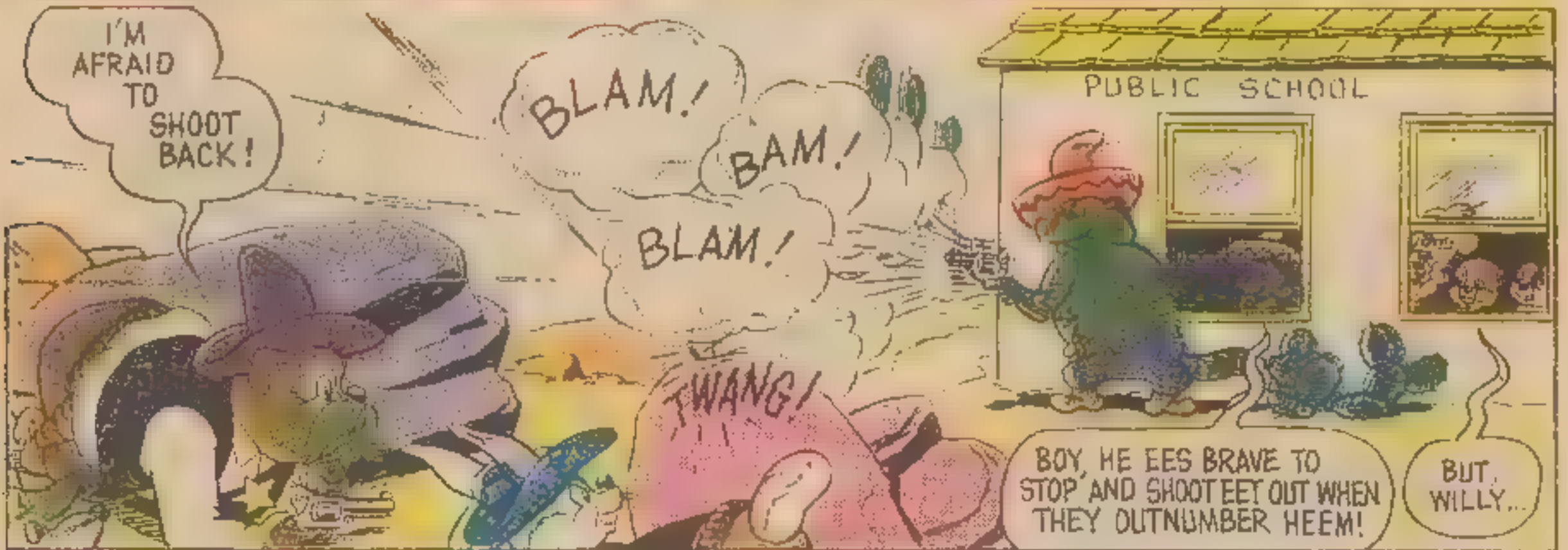
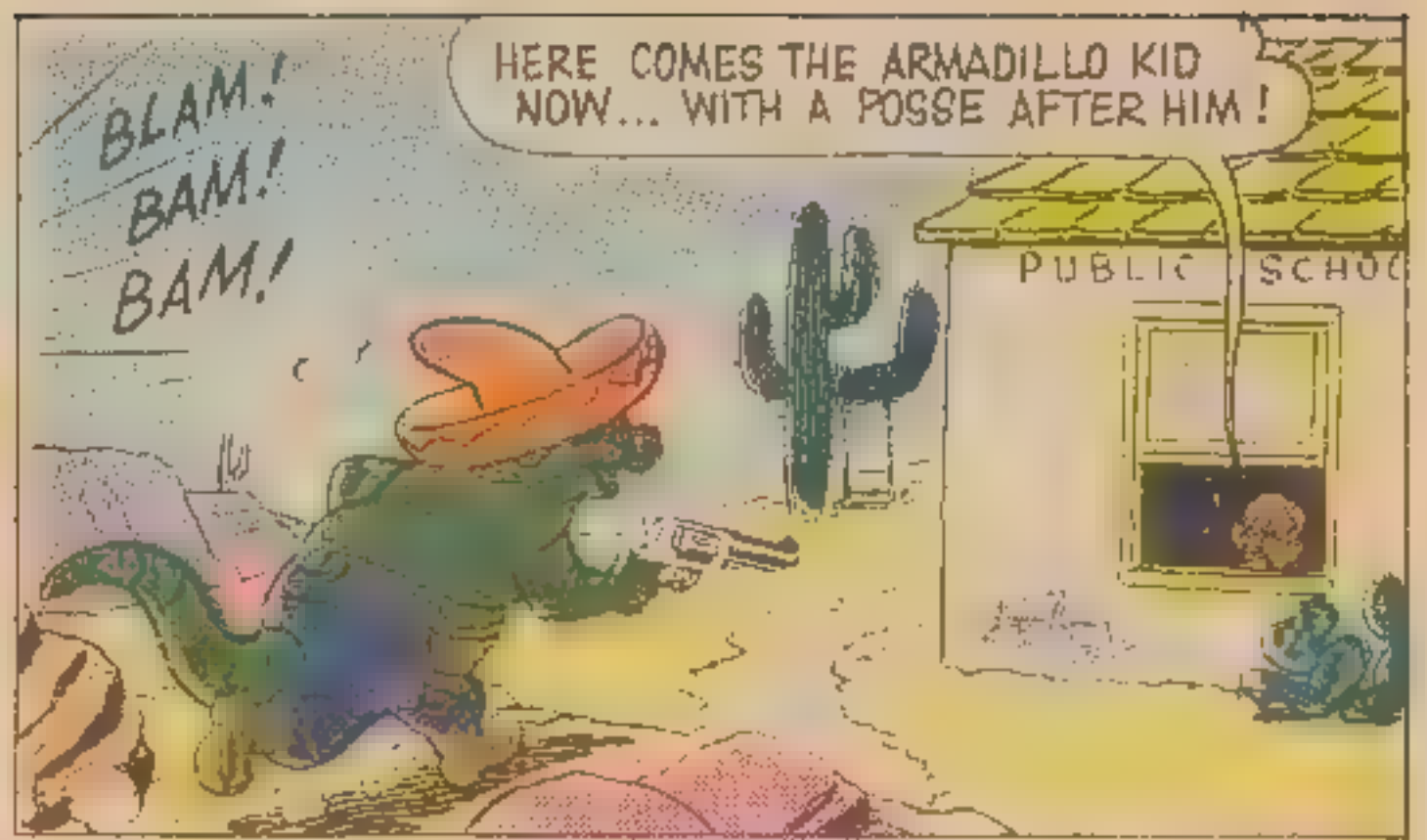
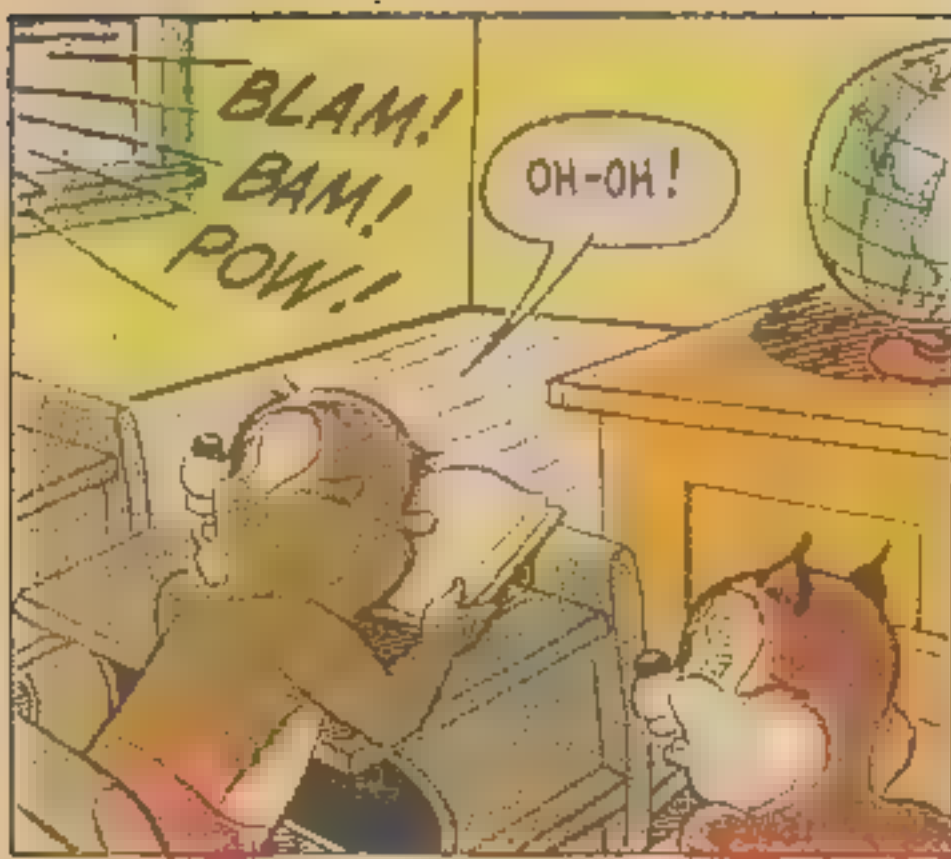
"Well," Bertie trilled impishly, "since everything about this nest has been done backwards, it's only fitting that it should have a name you can say backwards too! Try it and see!"

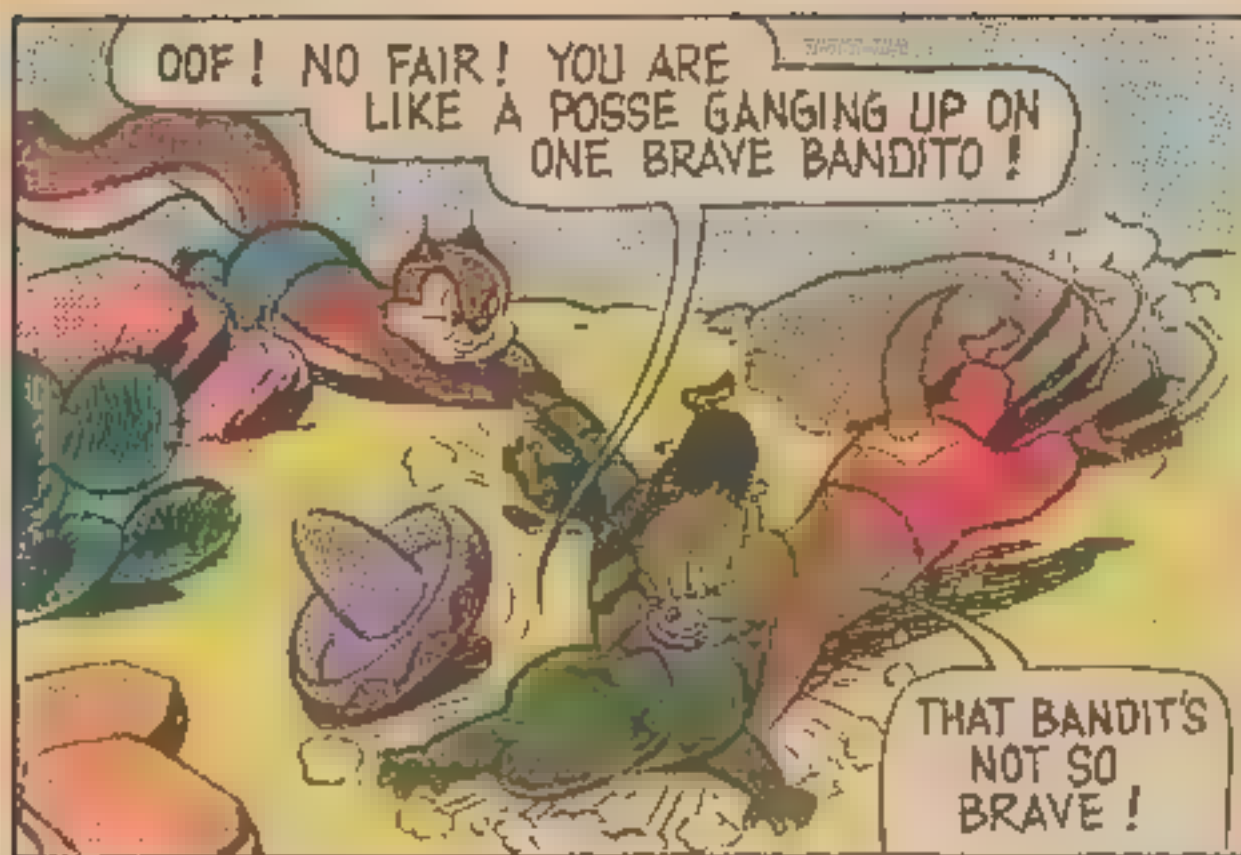
M-G-M
CARTOONS
present

WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG

THE HORRIBLE HERO

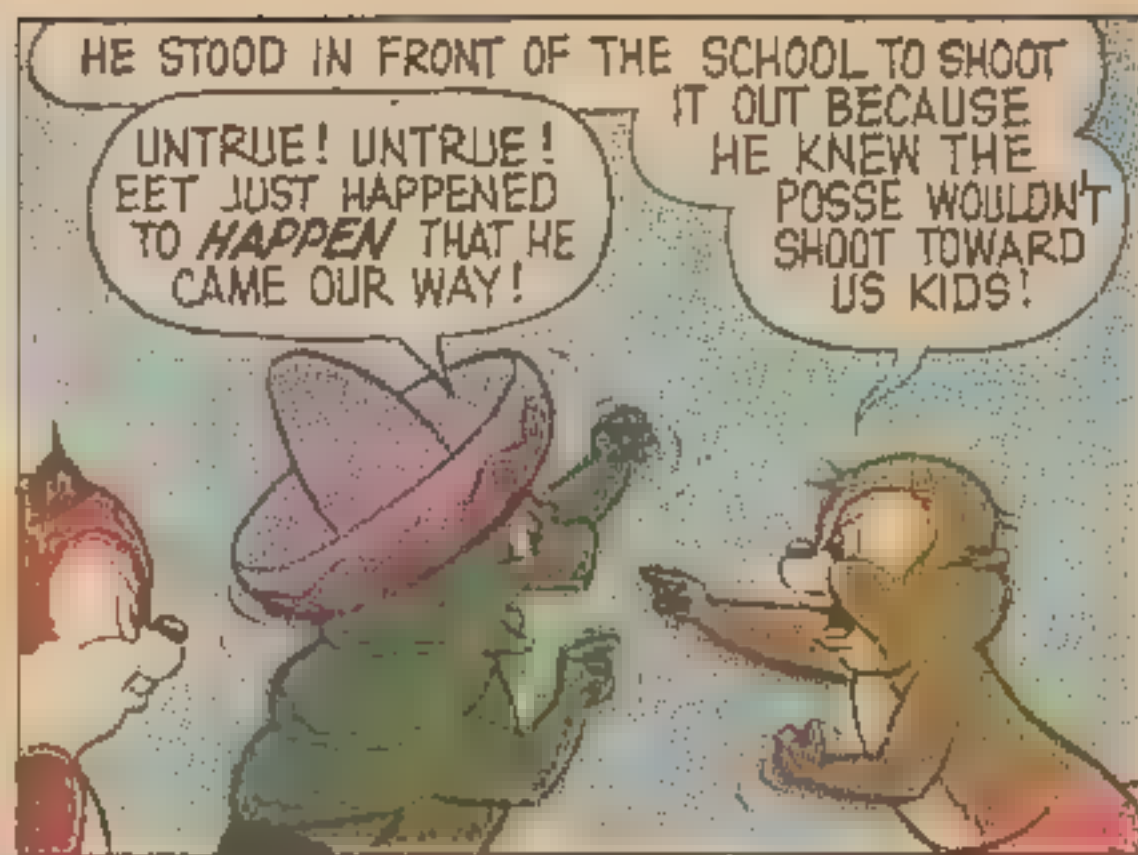






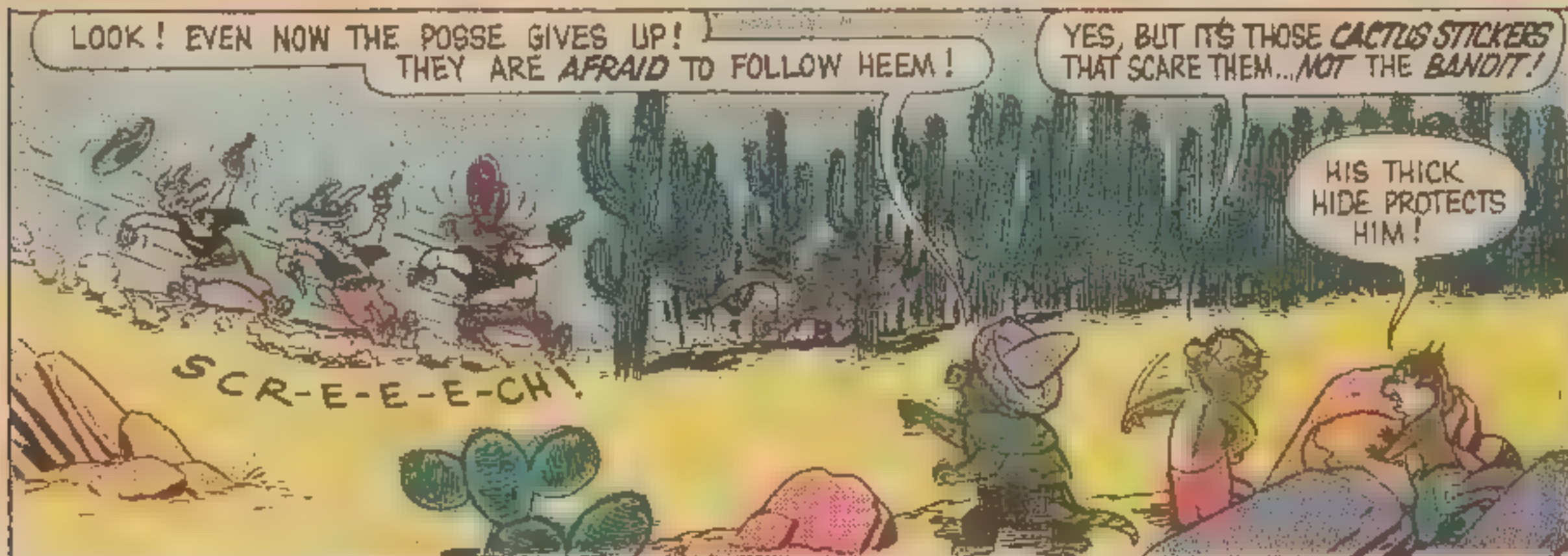
OOF! NO FAIR! YOU ARE LIKE A POSSE GANGING UP ON ONE BRAVE BANDITO!

THAT BANDIT'S NOT SO BRAVE!



UNTRUE! UNTRUE! EET JUST HAPPENED TO *HAPPEN* THAT HE CAME OUR WAY!

HE STOOD IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL TO SHOOT IT OUT BECAUSE HE KNEW THE POSSE WOULDN'T SHOOT TOWARD US KIDS!

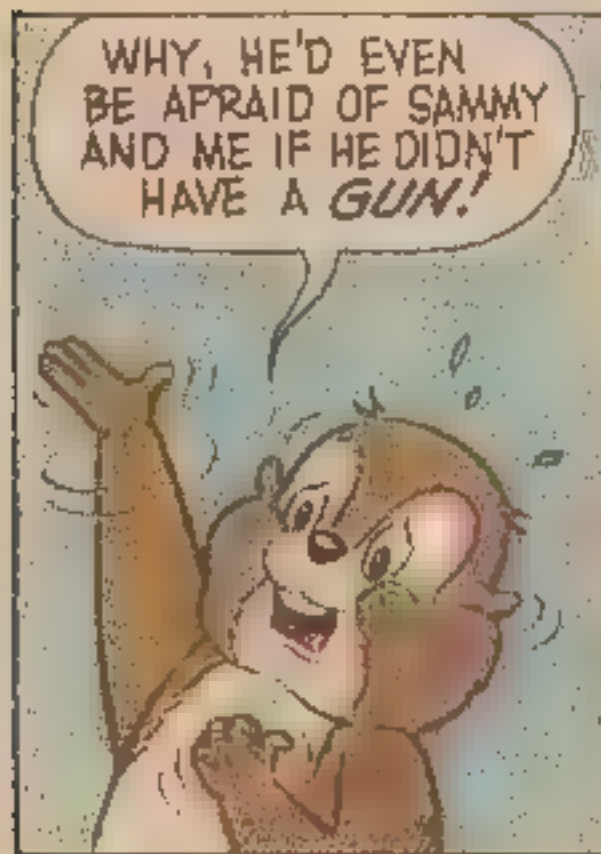


LOOK! EVEN NOW THE POSSE GIVES UP! THEY ARE *AFRAID* TO FOLLOW HEEM!

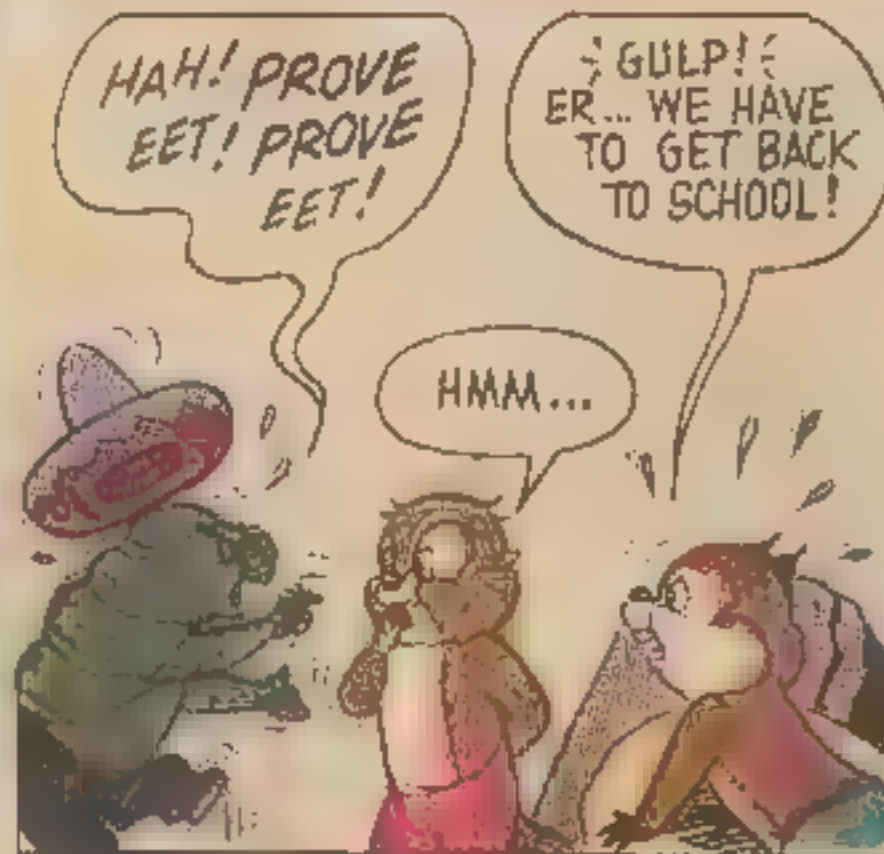
YES, BUT IT'S THOSE *CACTUS STICKERS* THAT SCARE THEM... *NOT* THE *BANDIT*!

HIS THICK HIDE PROTECTS HIM!

SCR-E-E-E-CH!



WHY, HE'D EVEN BE AFRAID OF SAMMY AND ME IF HE DIDN'T HAVE A *GUN*!



HAH! PROVE EET! PROVE EET!

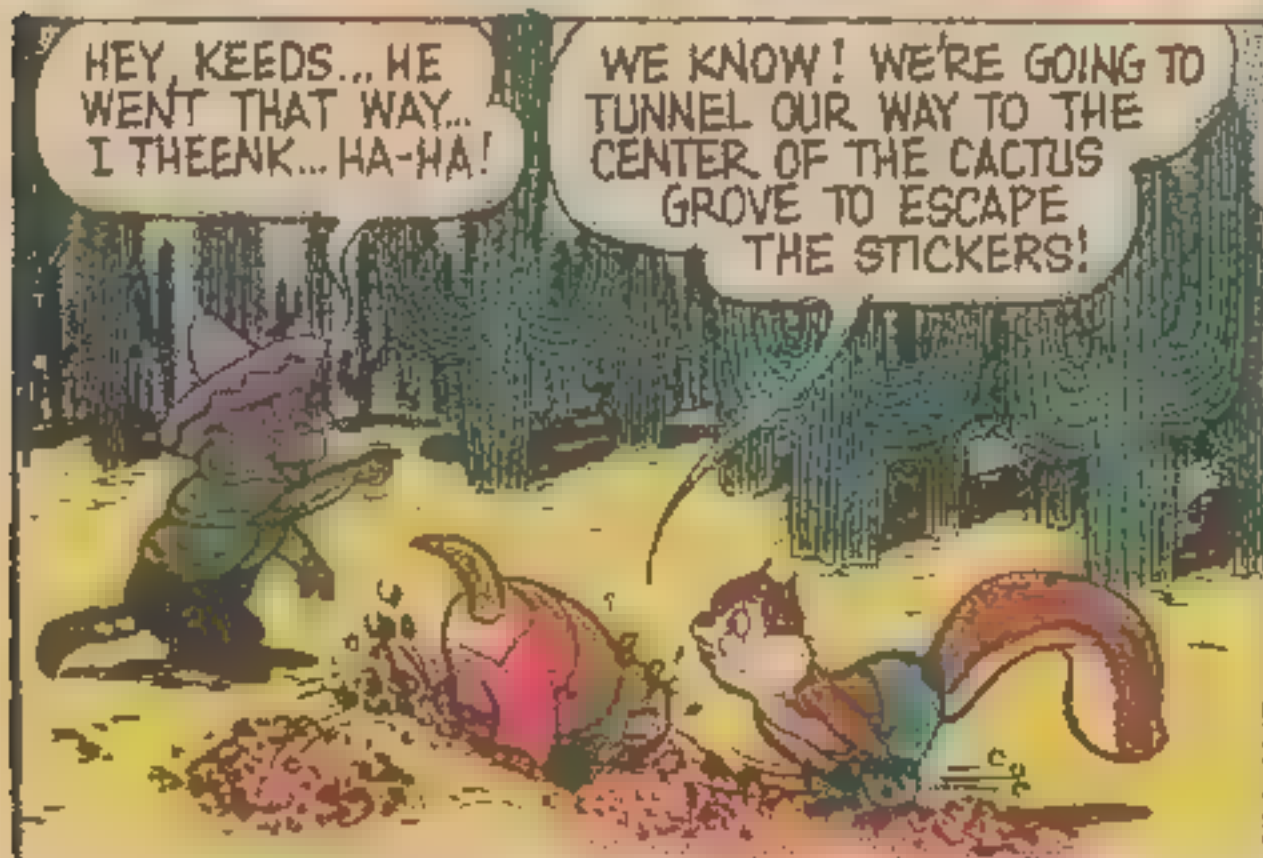
GULP! ER... WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL!

HMM...



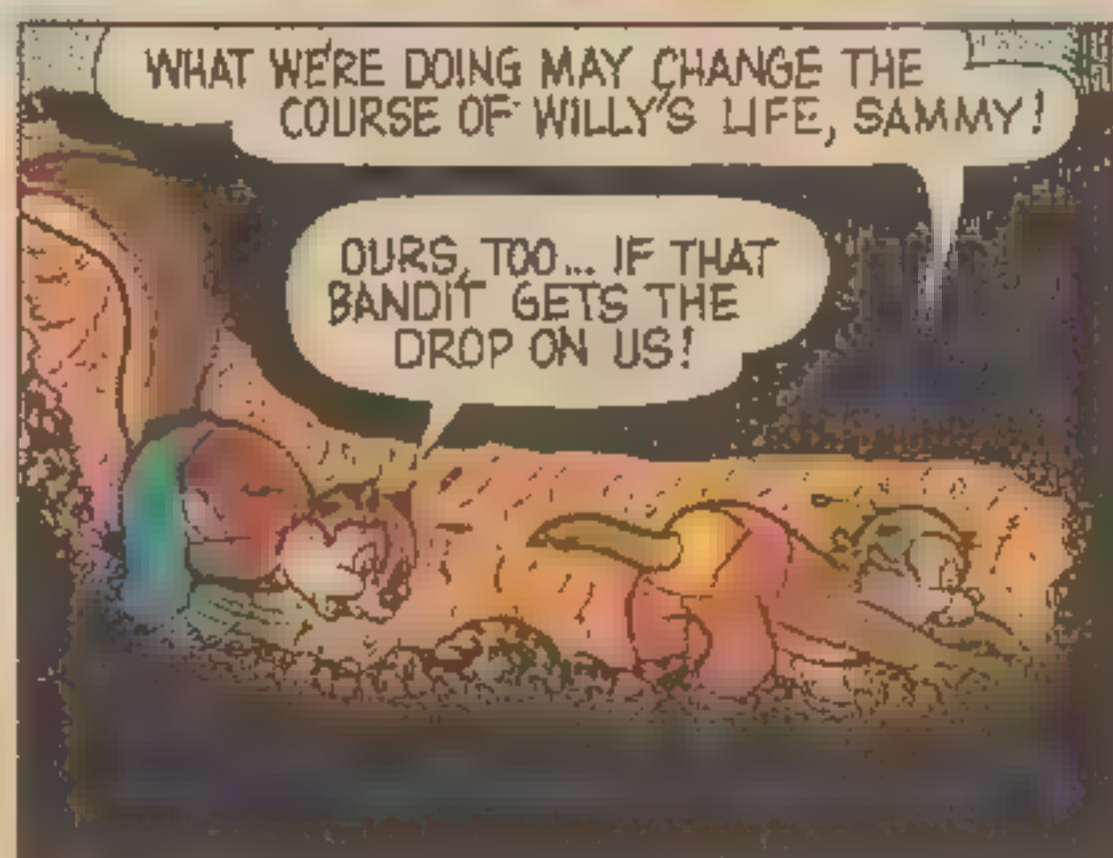
NO, SAMMY! WE'VE GOT TO SHOW WILLY THAT HIS HERO ■ NO GOOD!

SHOW-OFF!



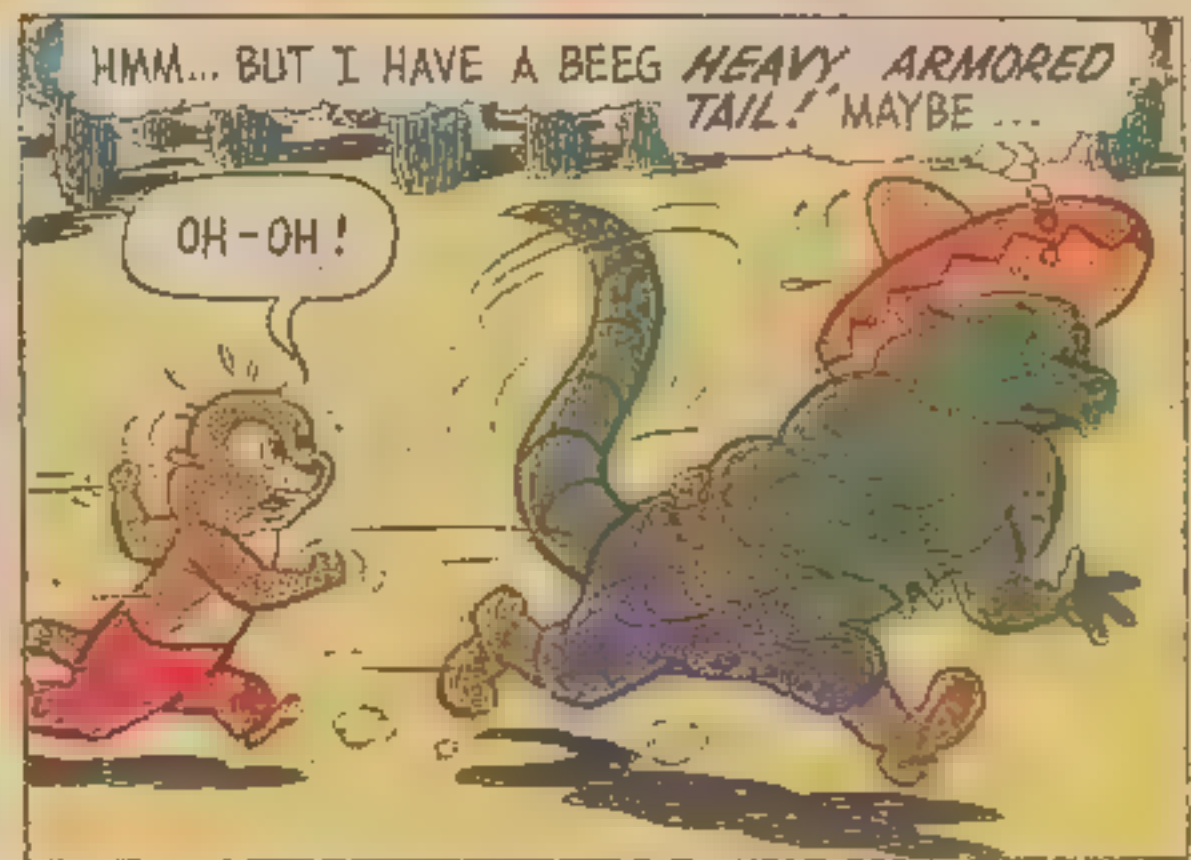
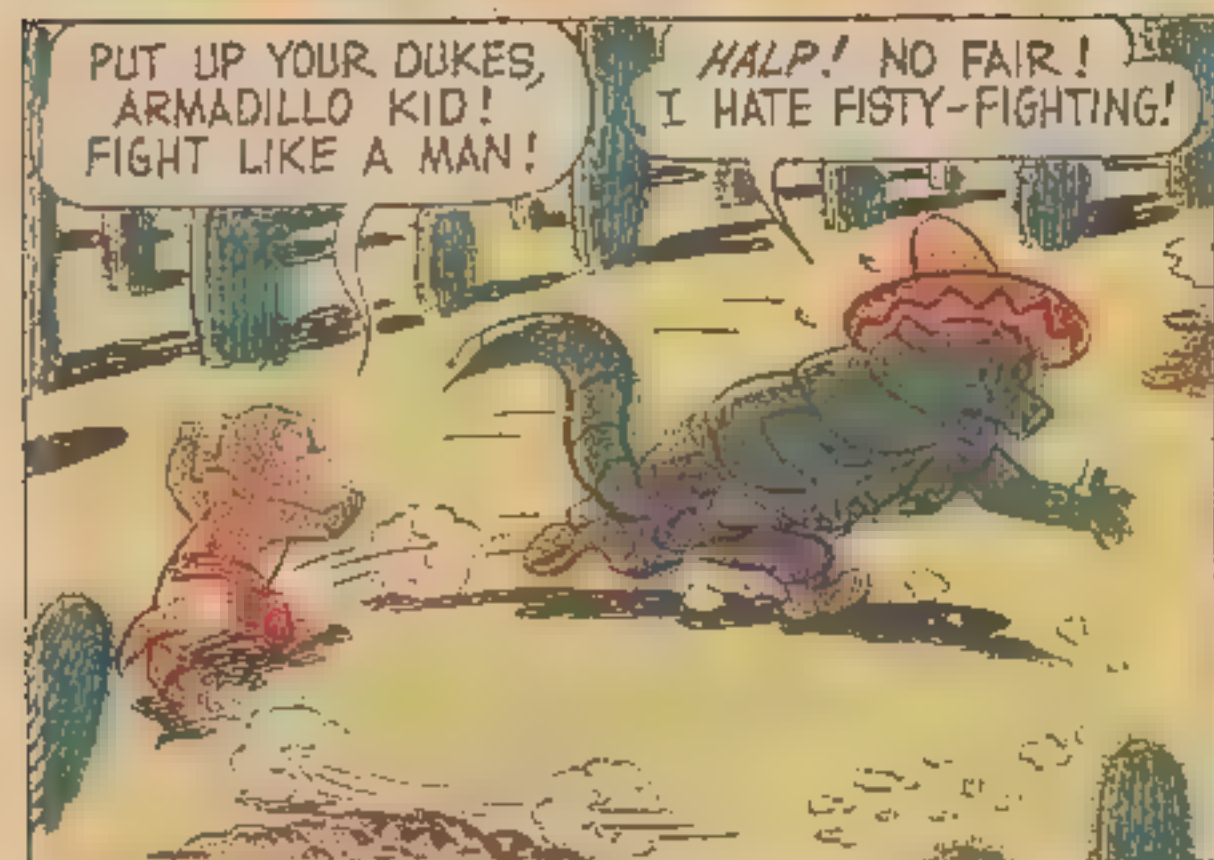
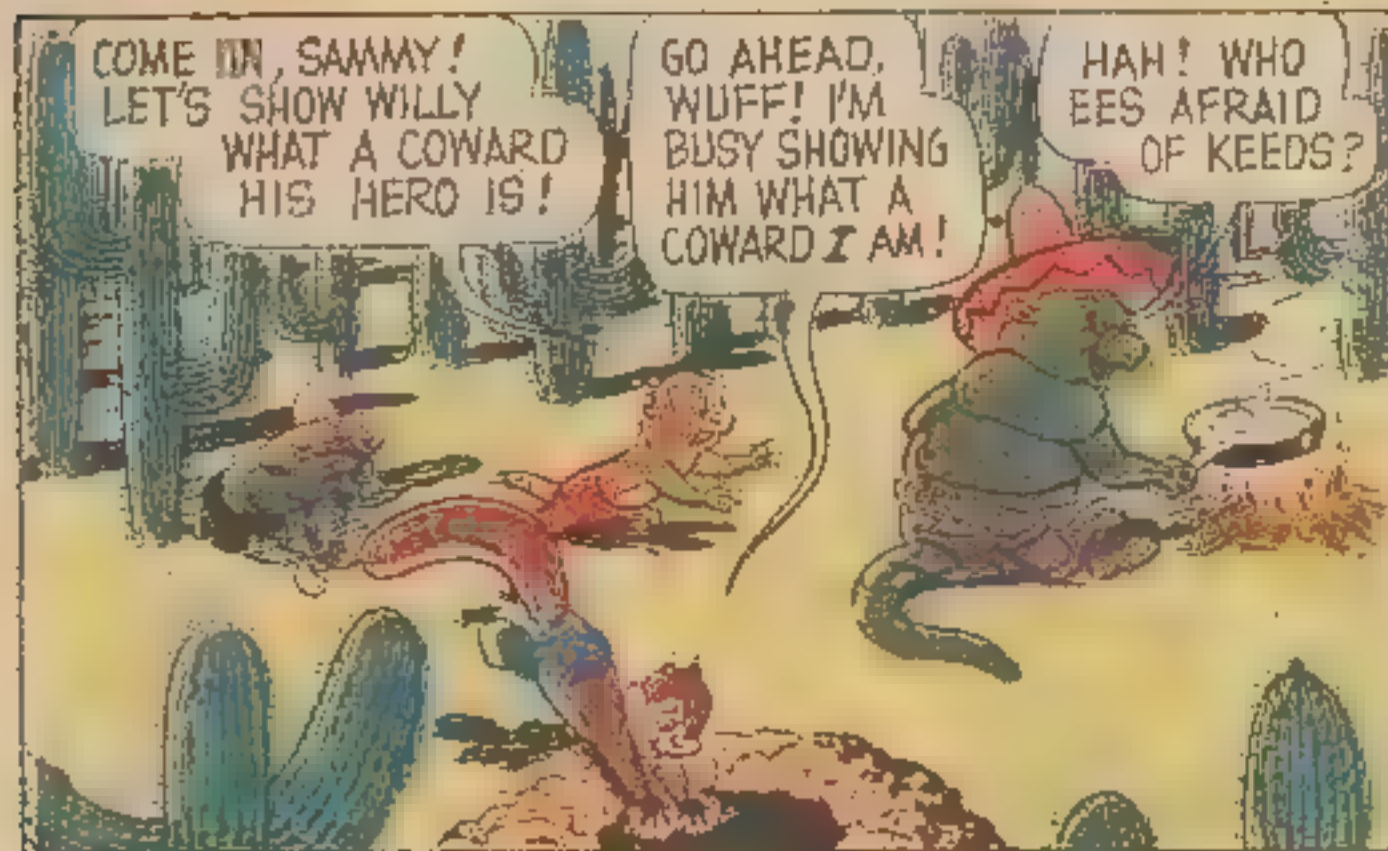
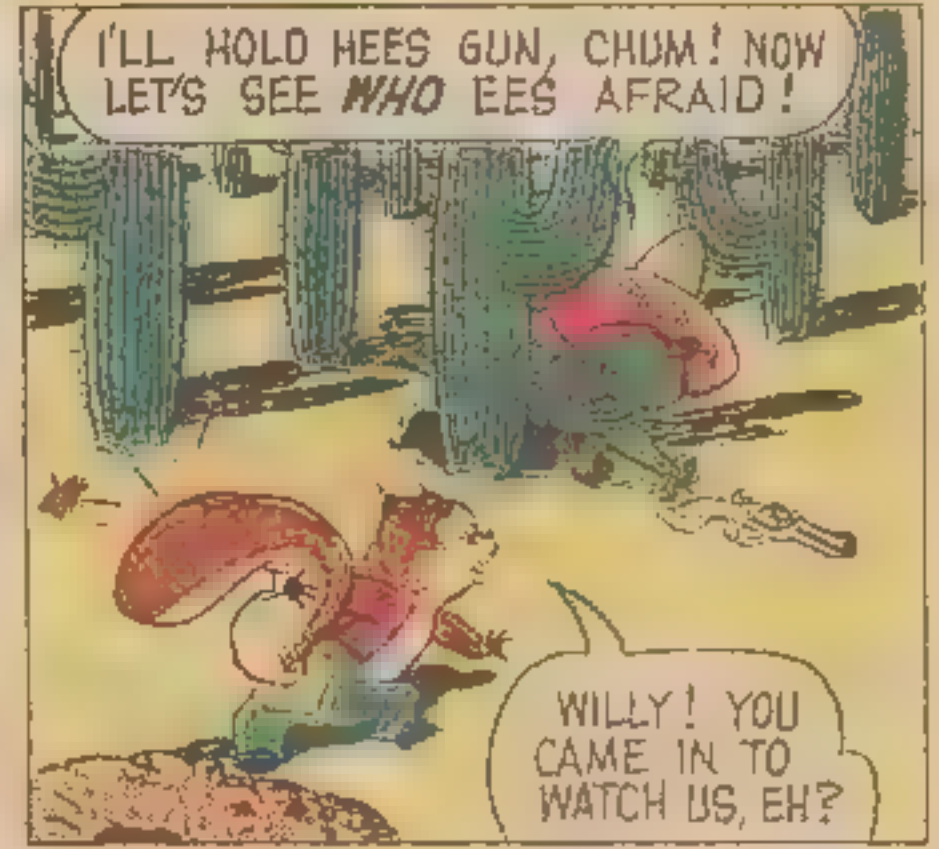
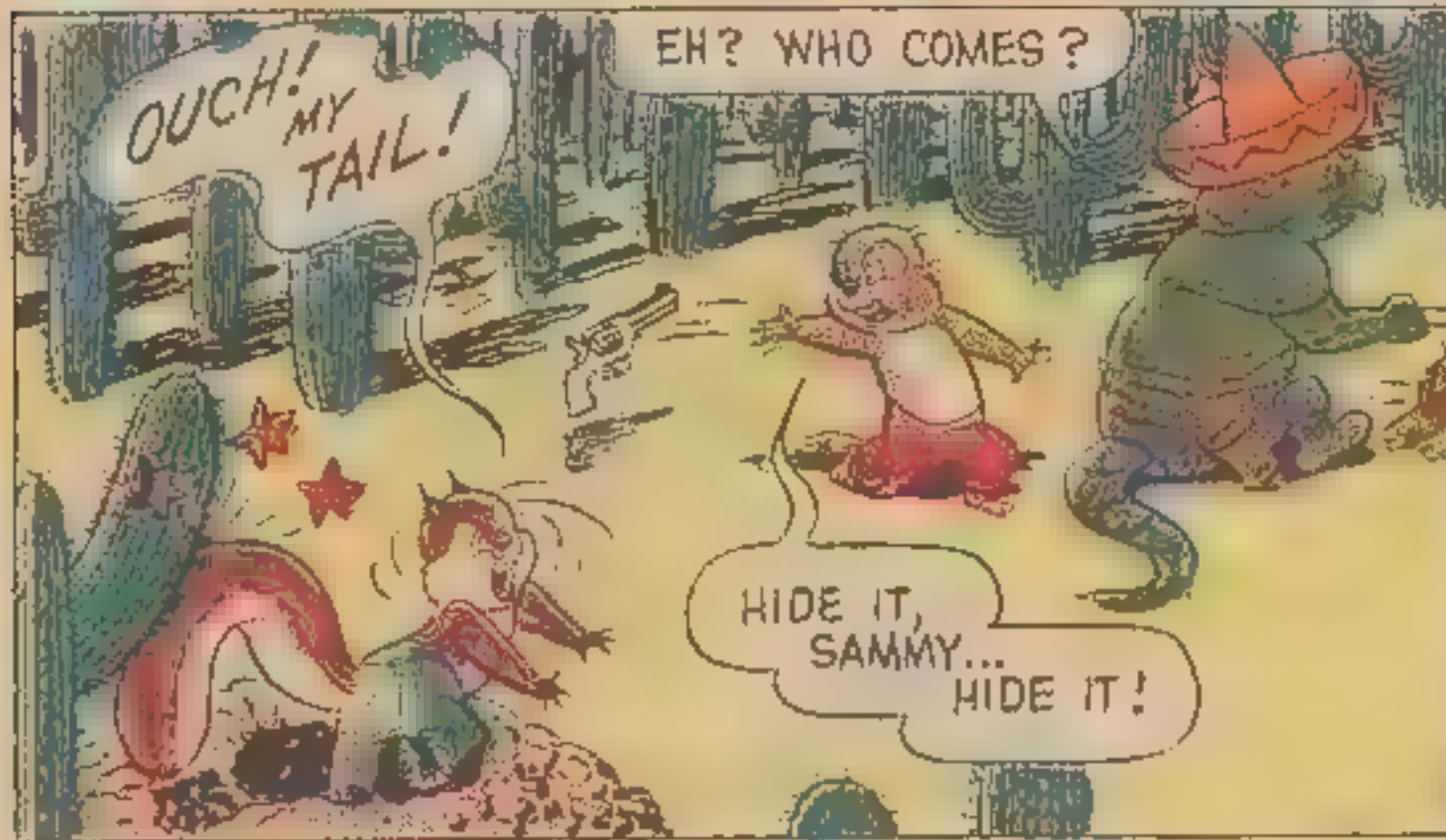
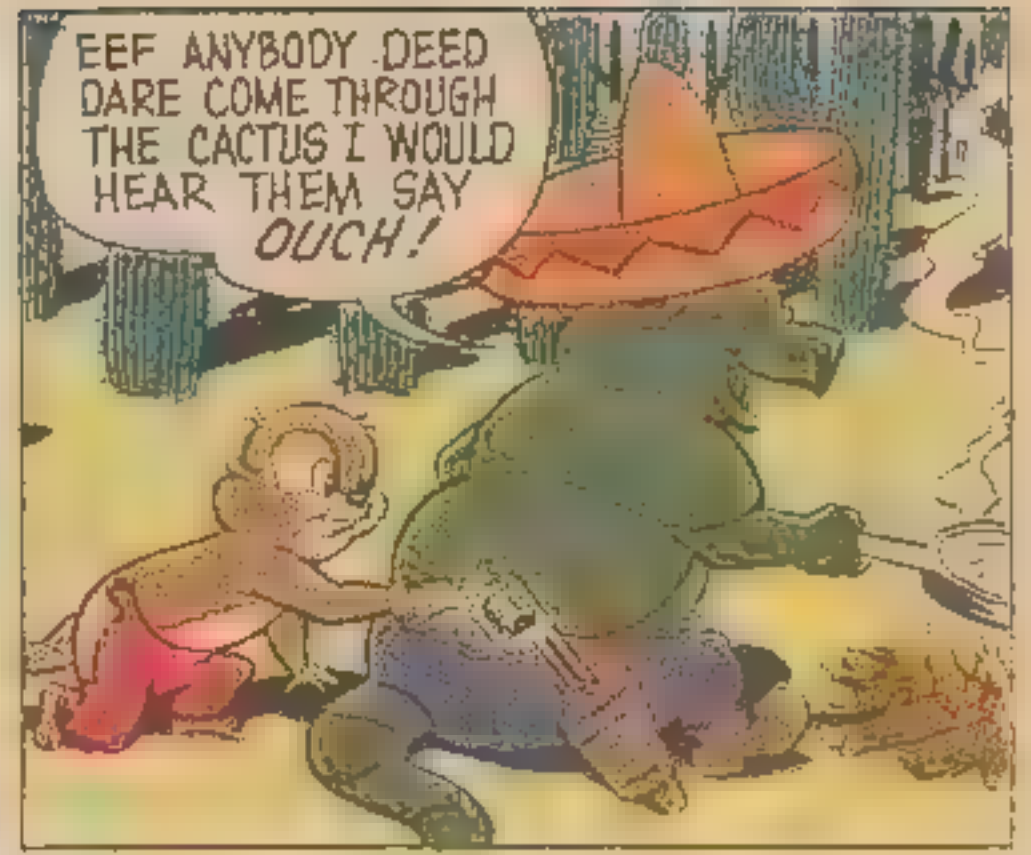
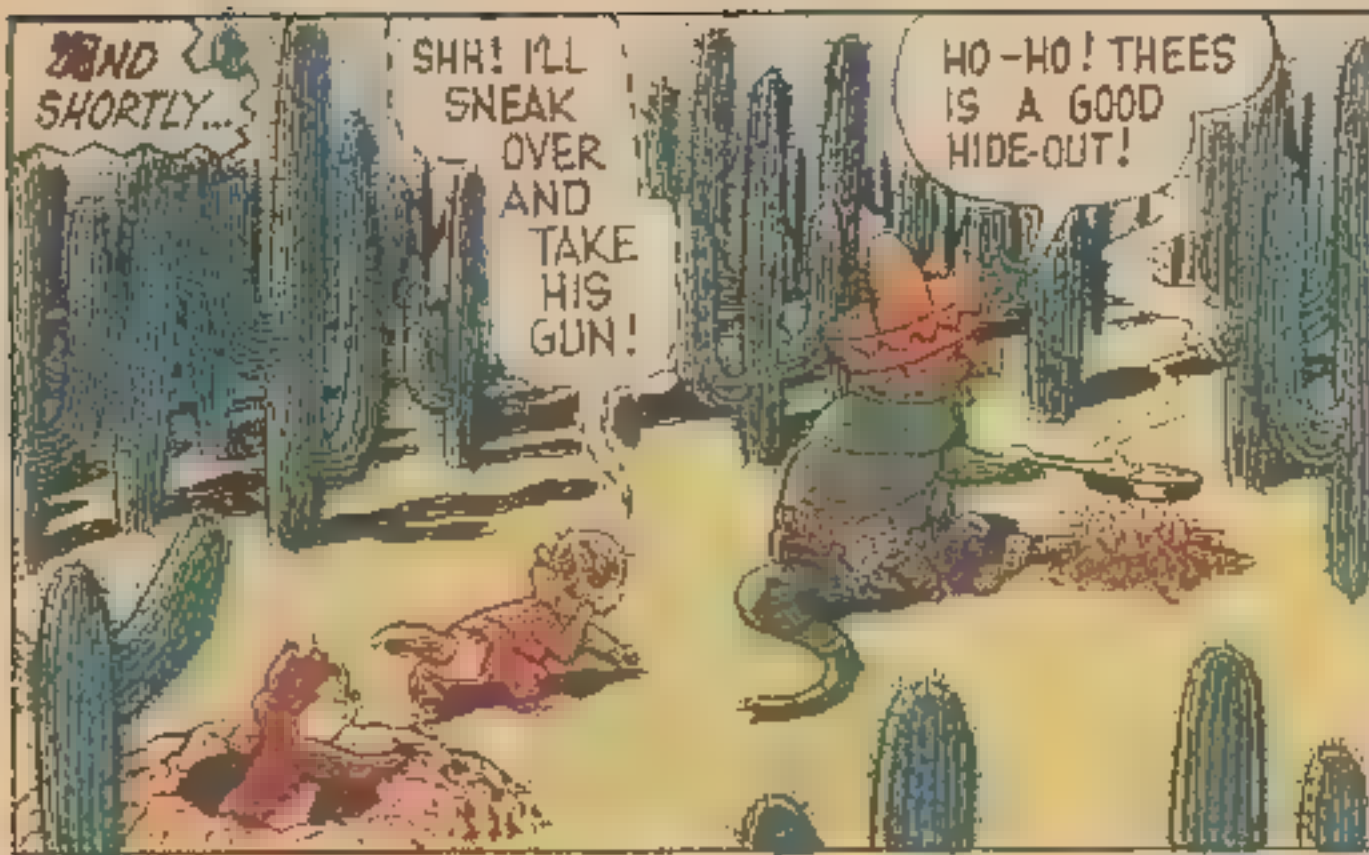
HEY, KEEDS... WE WENT THAT WAY... I THEENK... HA-HA!

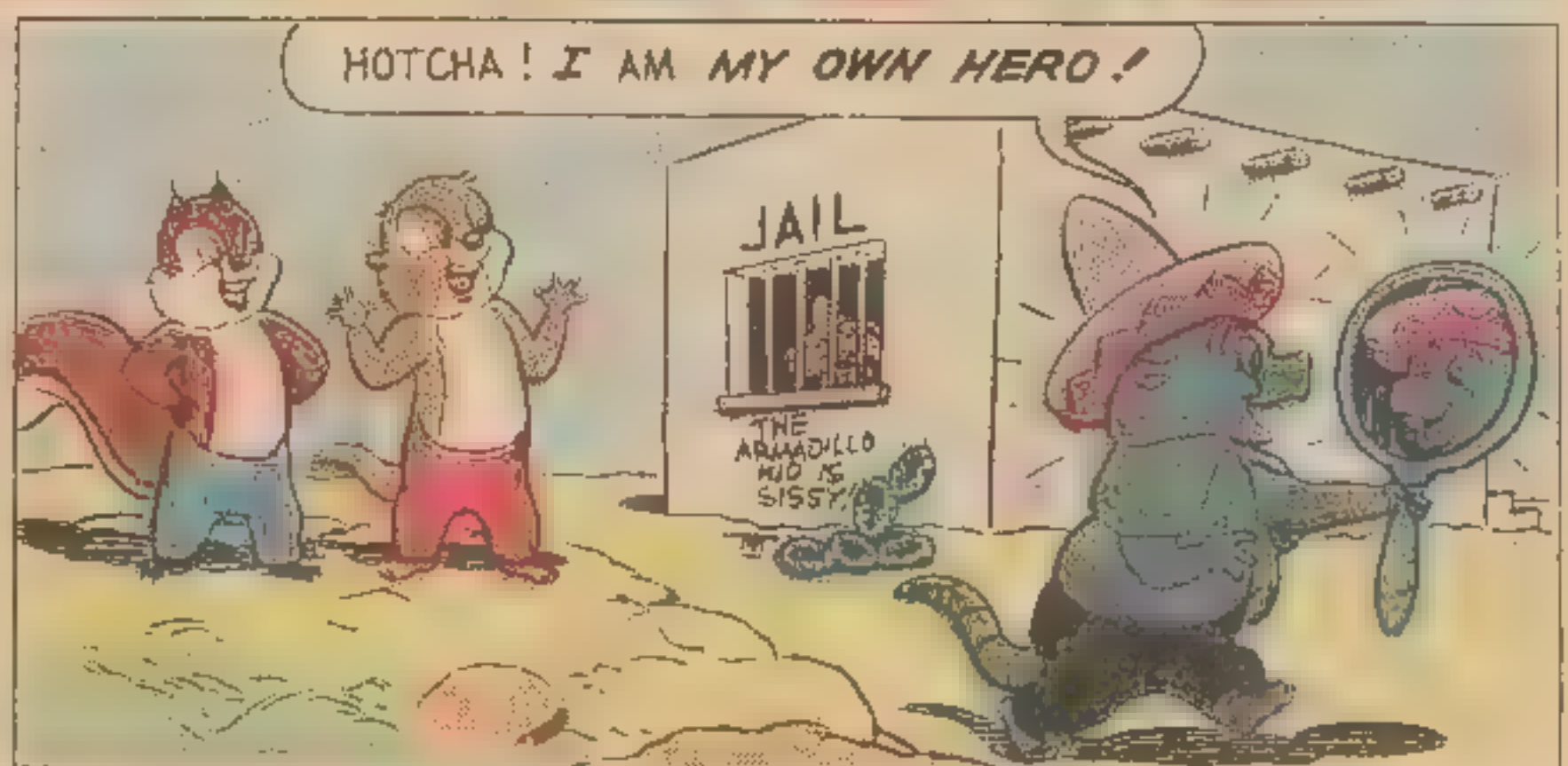
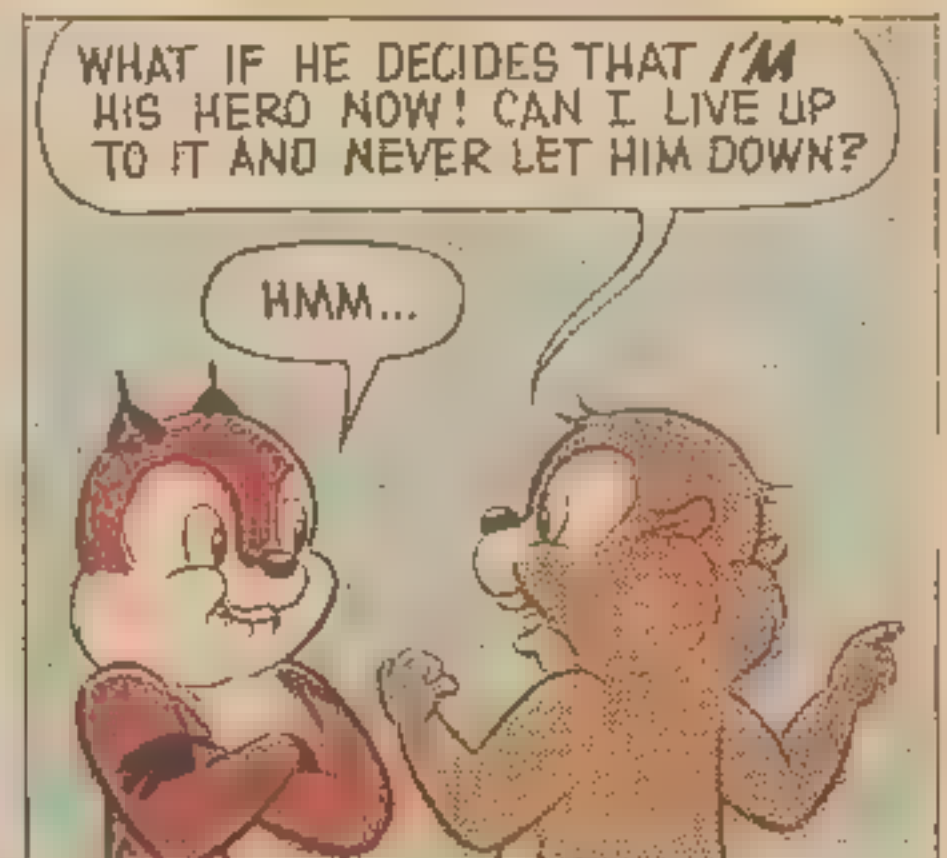
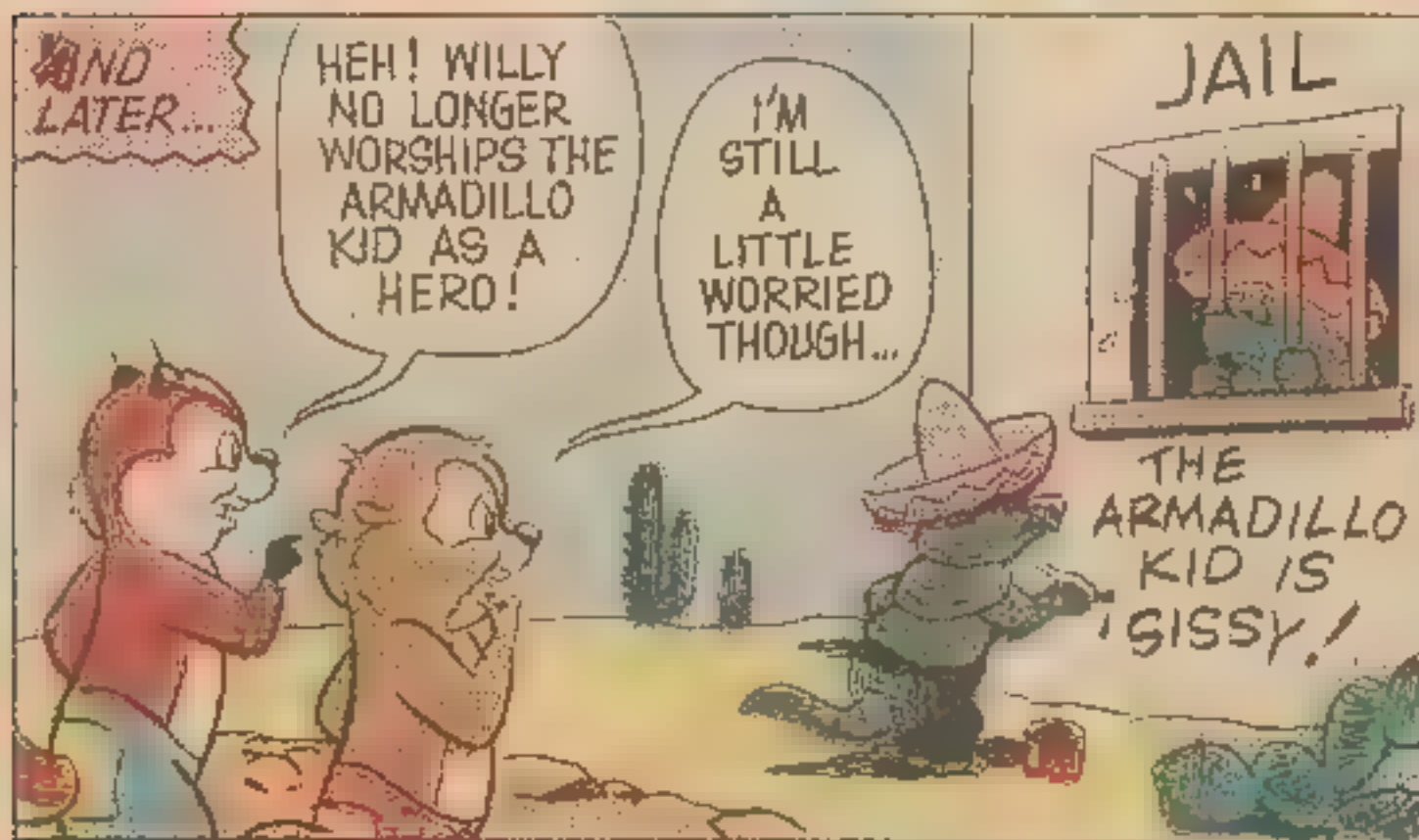
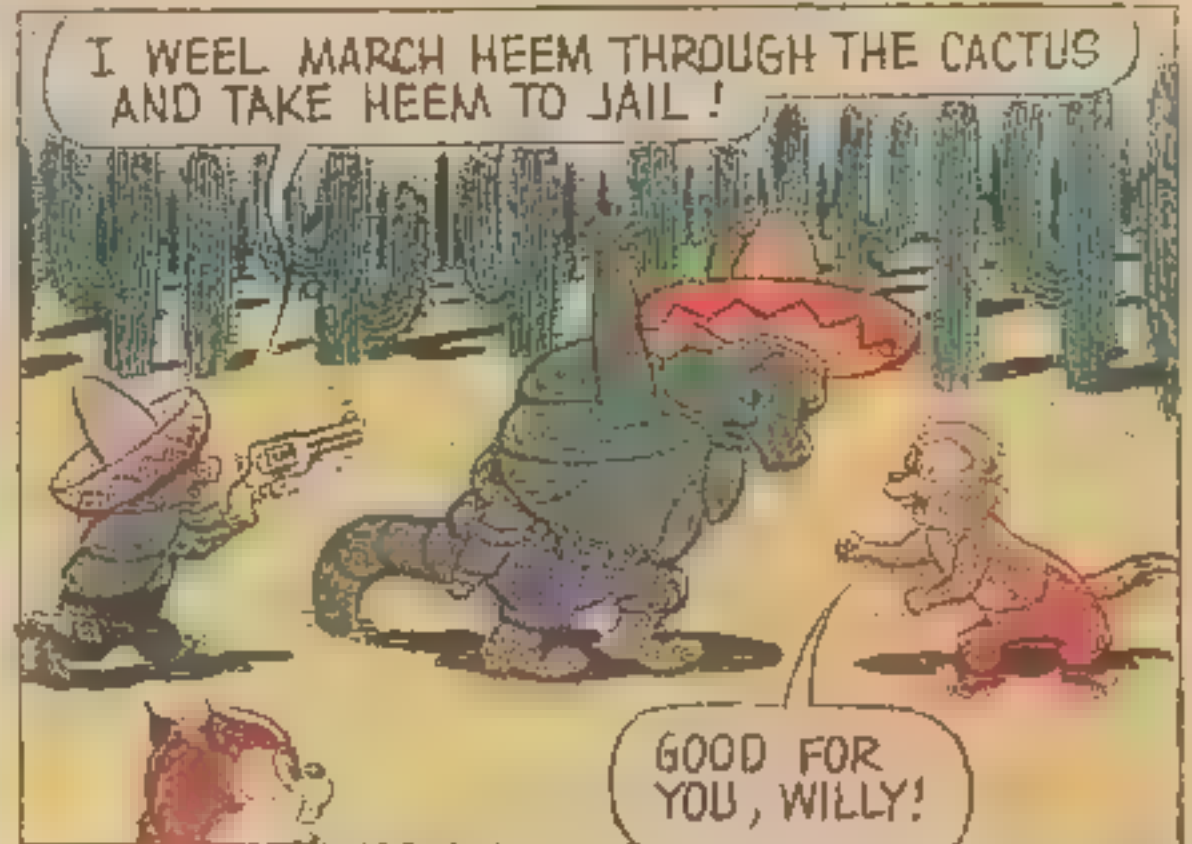
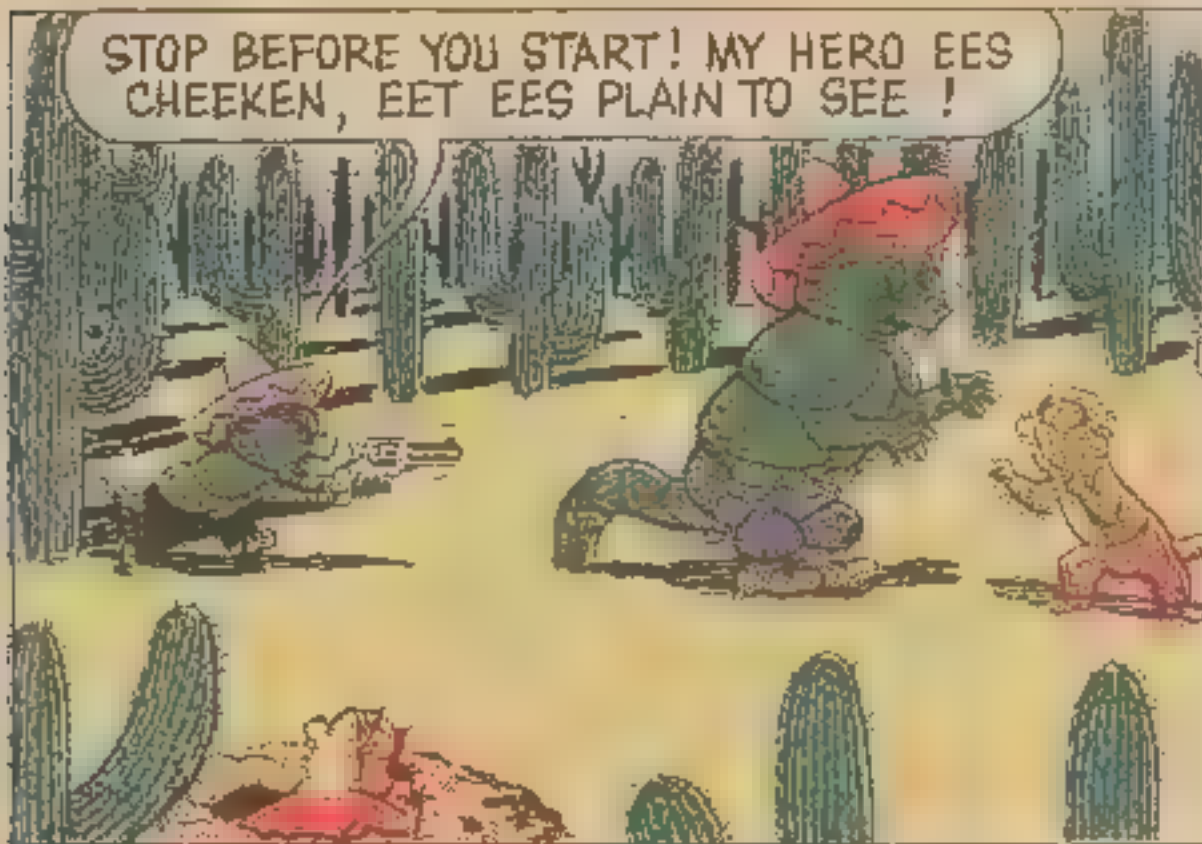
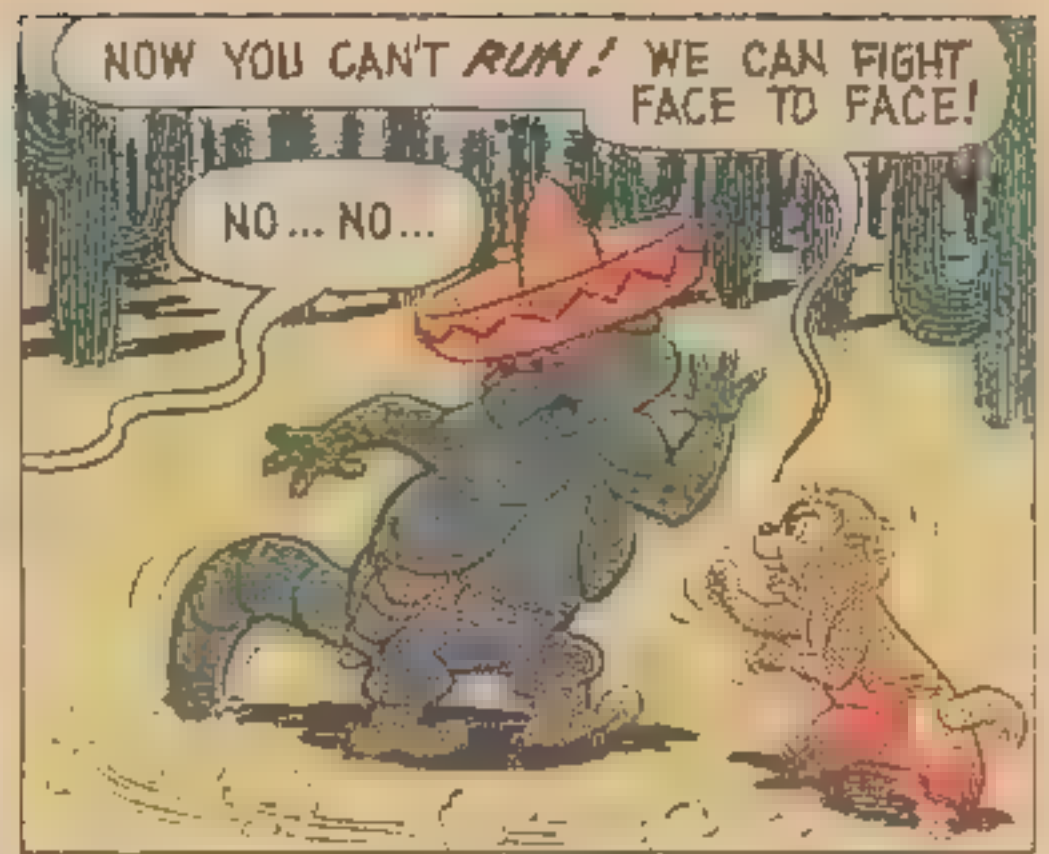
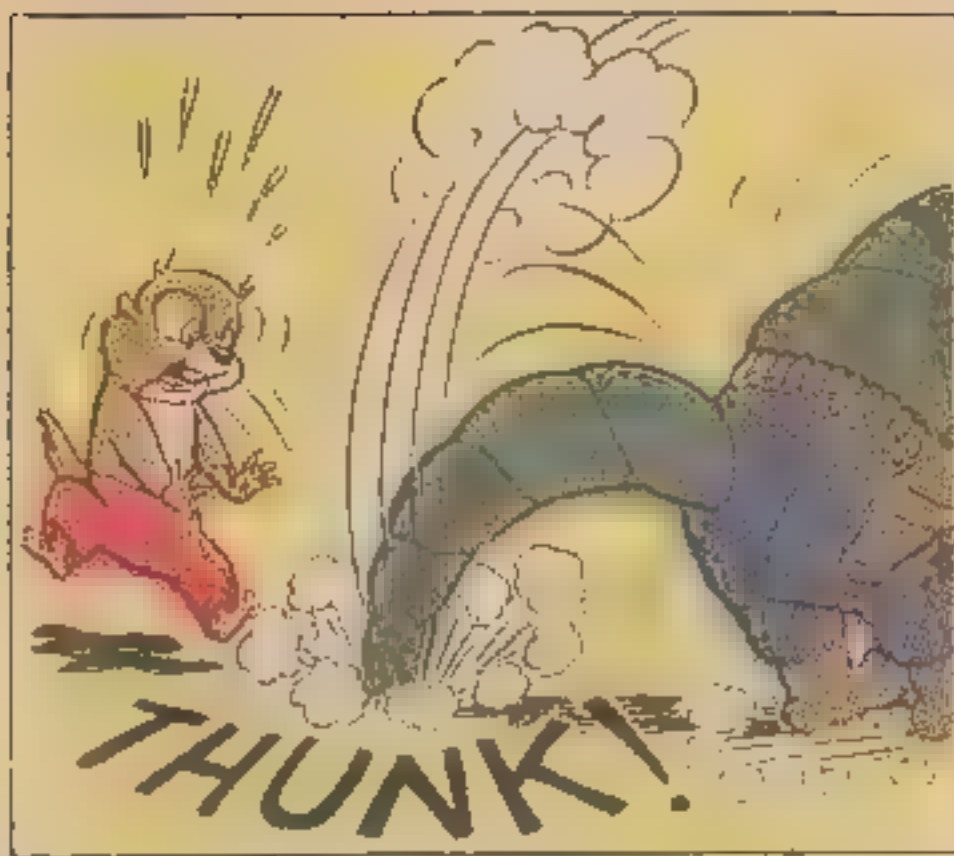
WE KNOW! WE'RE GOING TO TUNNEL OUR WAY TO THE CENTER OF THE CACTUS GROVE TO ESCAPE THE STICKERS!



WHAT WE'RE DOING MAY CHANGE THE COURSE OF WILLY'S LIFE, SAMMY!

OURS, TOO... IF THAT BANDIT GETS THE DROP ON US!





M-G-M CARTOONS
Present

Mouse Musketeers

THE MUD TRACKS

ON RAINY DAYS THE KING
ALWAYS LOOKS FOR MUD
TRACKS...WHICH GIVES ME
A DASTARDLY IDEA,
OF COURSE!

LET US GO IN
OUT OF THE RAIN,
MON AMI!

OUI,
LITTLE
ONE!

WE MUST BE CAREFUL
NOT TO TRACK IN
ANY MUD!

IT DOESN'T MATTER
HOW CLEAN THEY
GET THEIR
TOOTSIES...

THEY'LL *STILL* TRACK MUD
WHEN THEY COME IN!

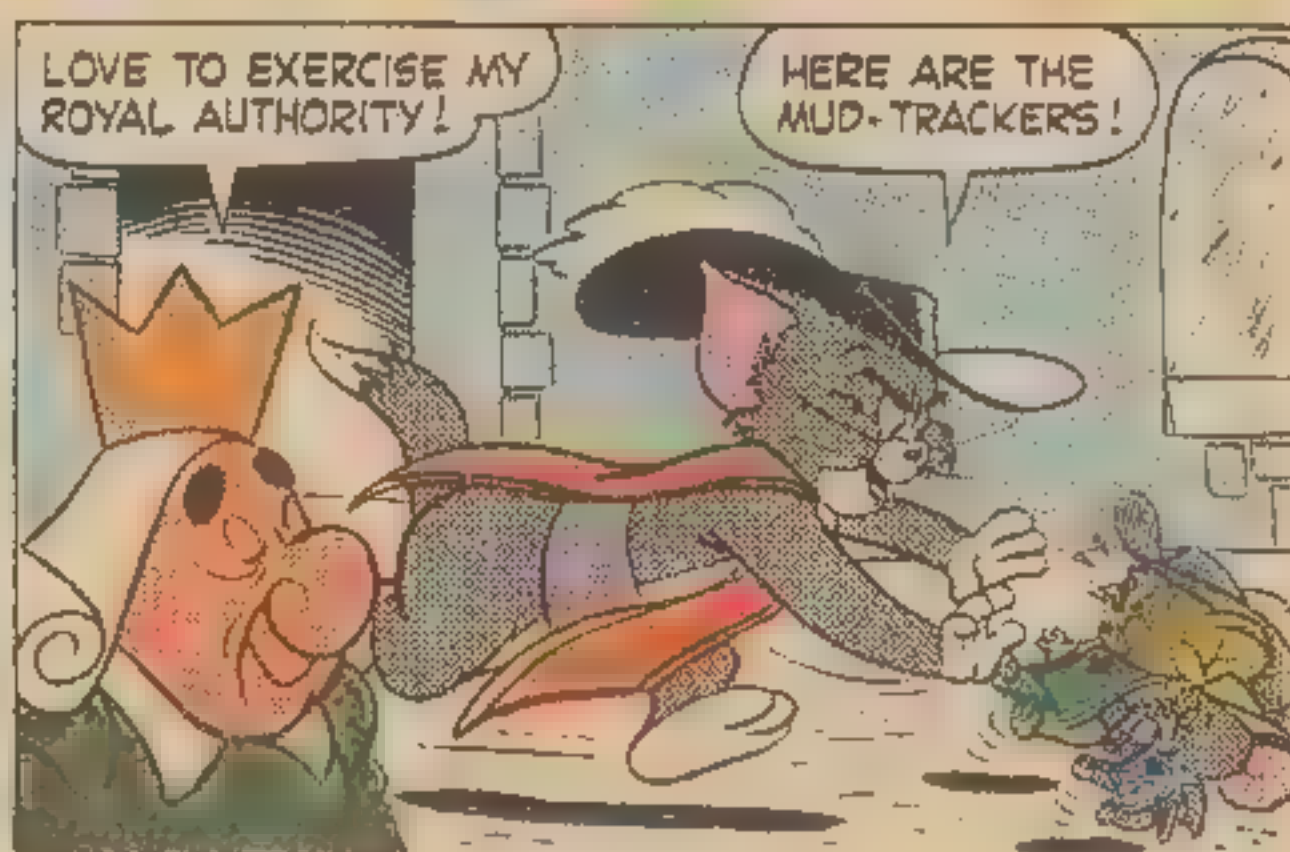
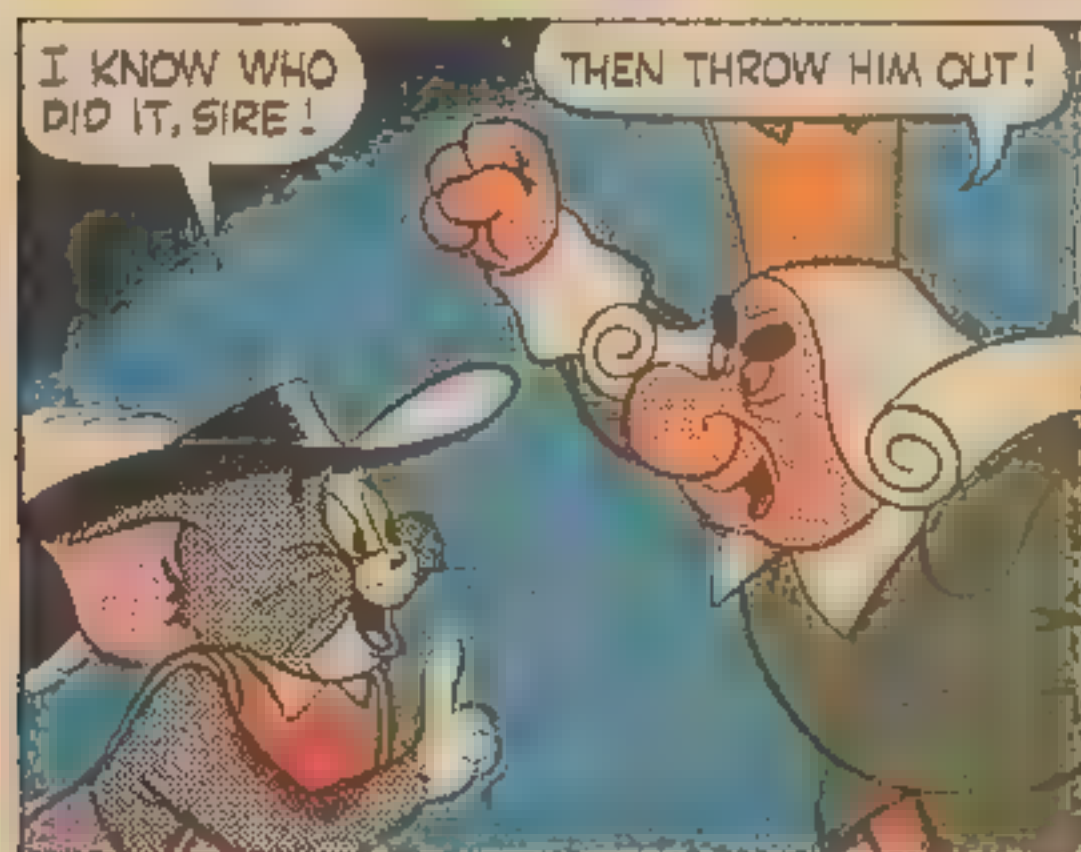
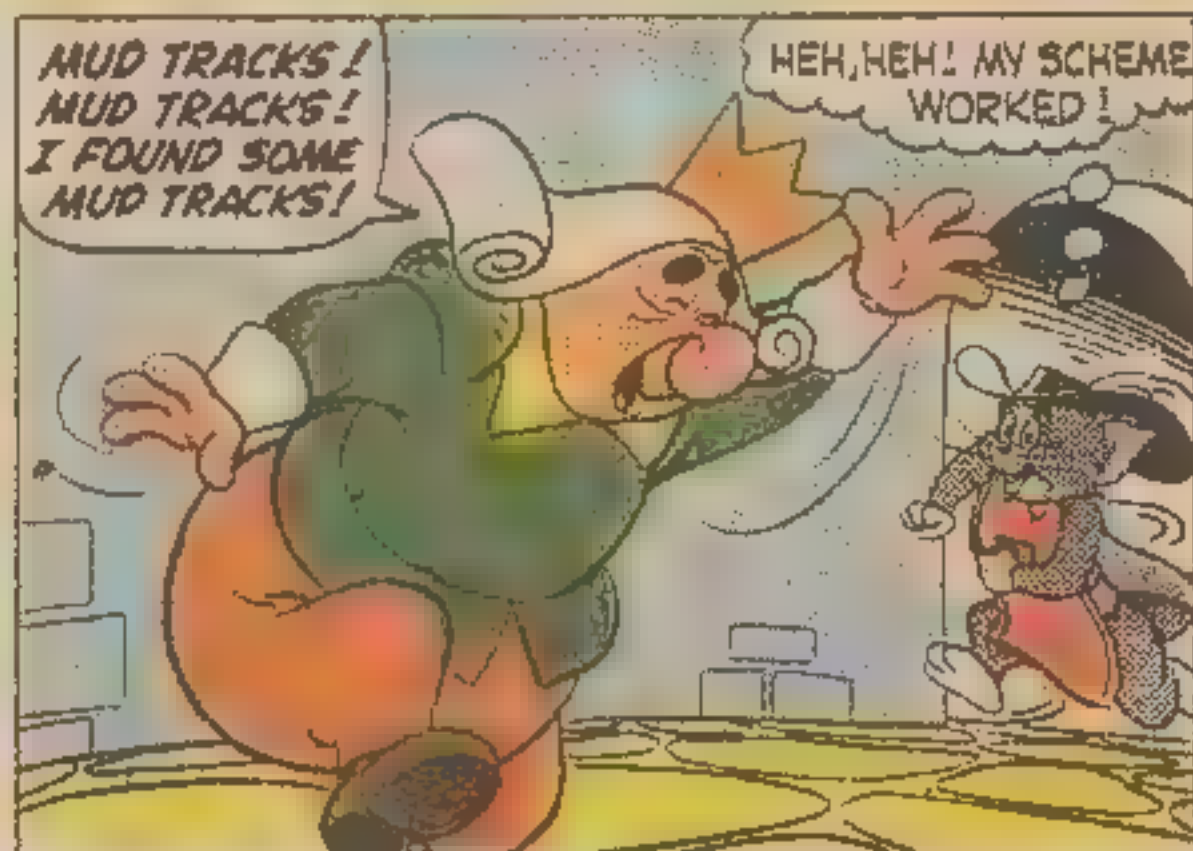
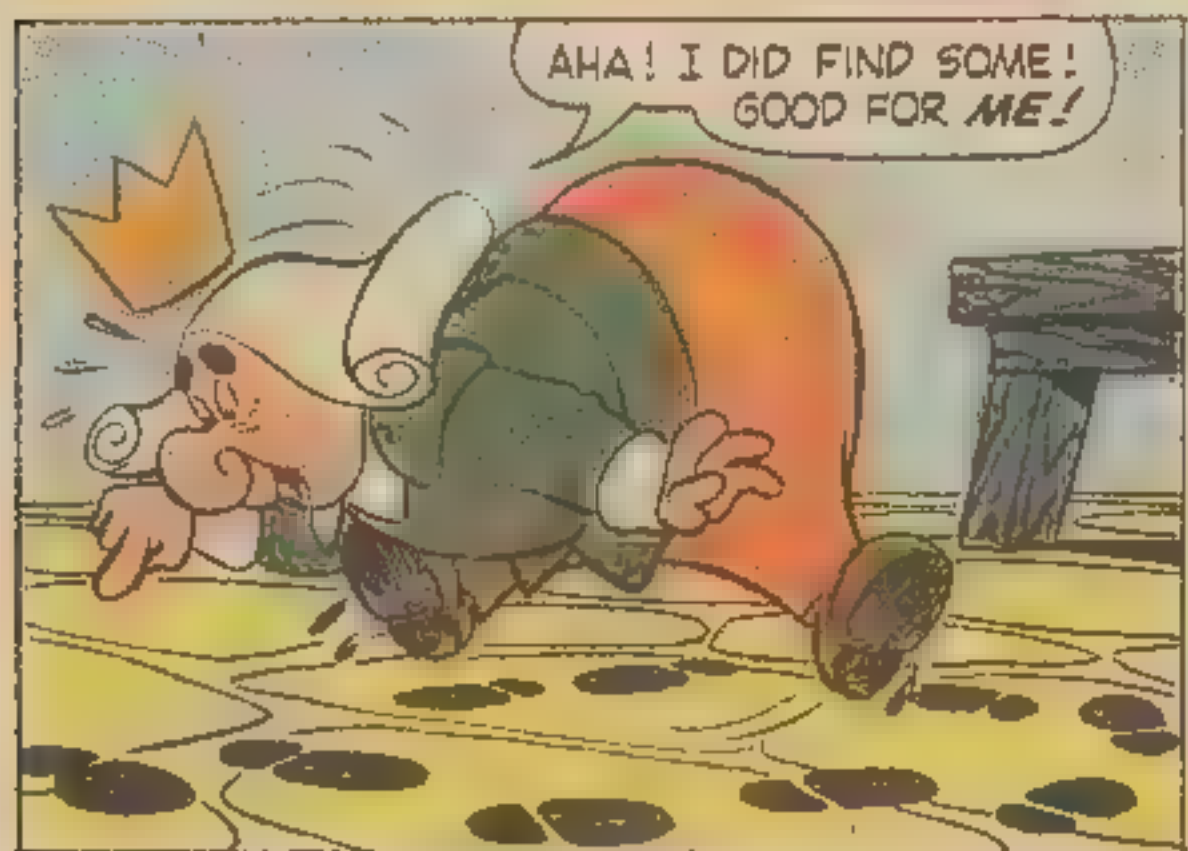
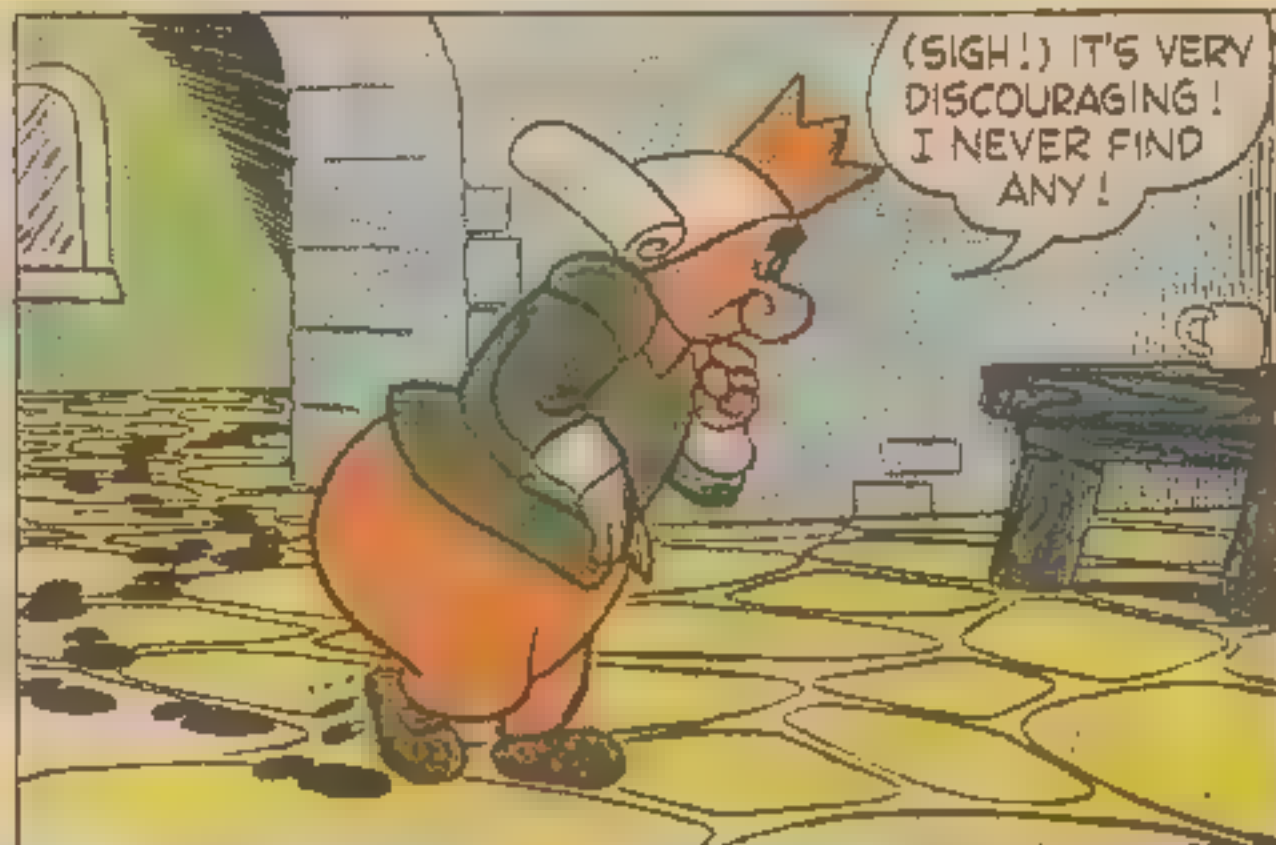
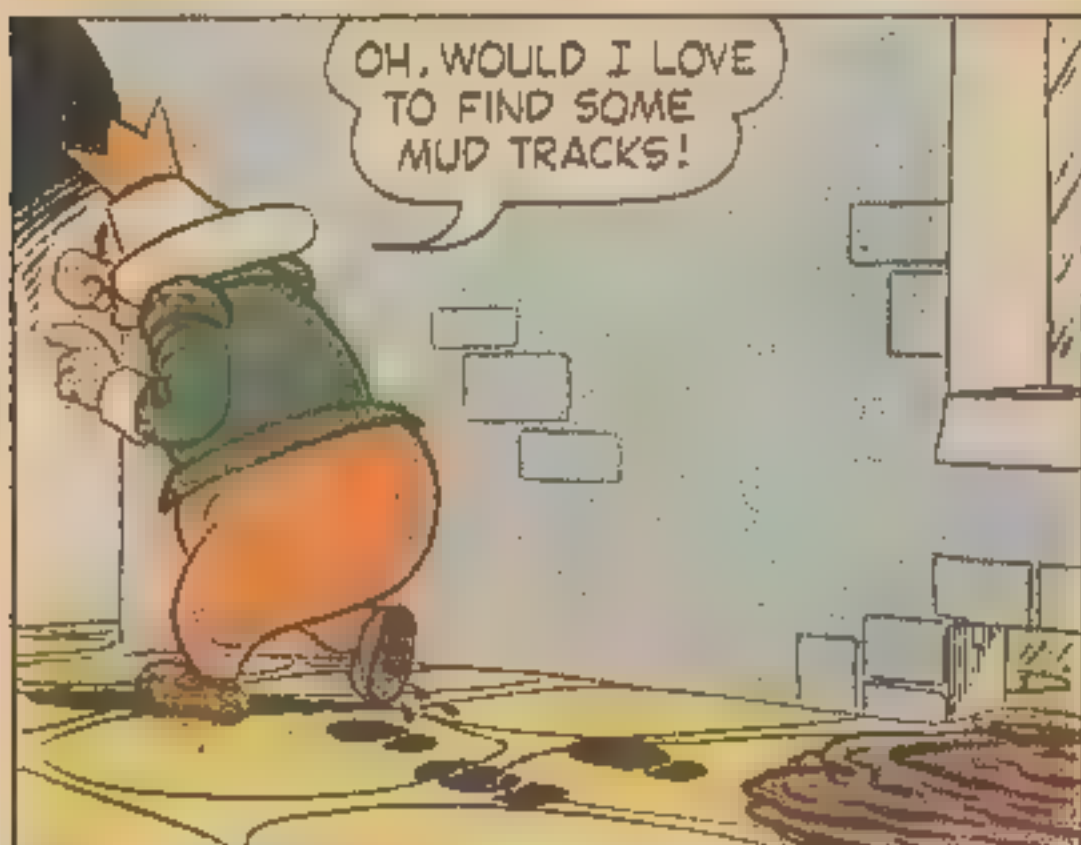
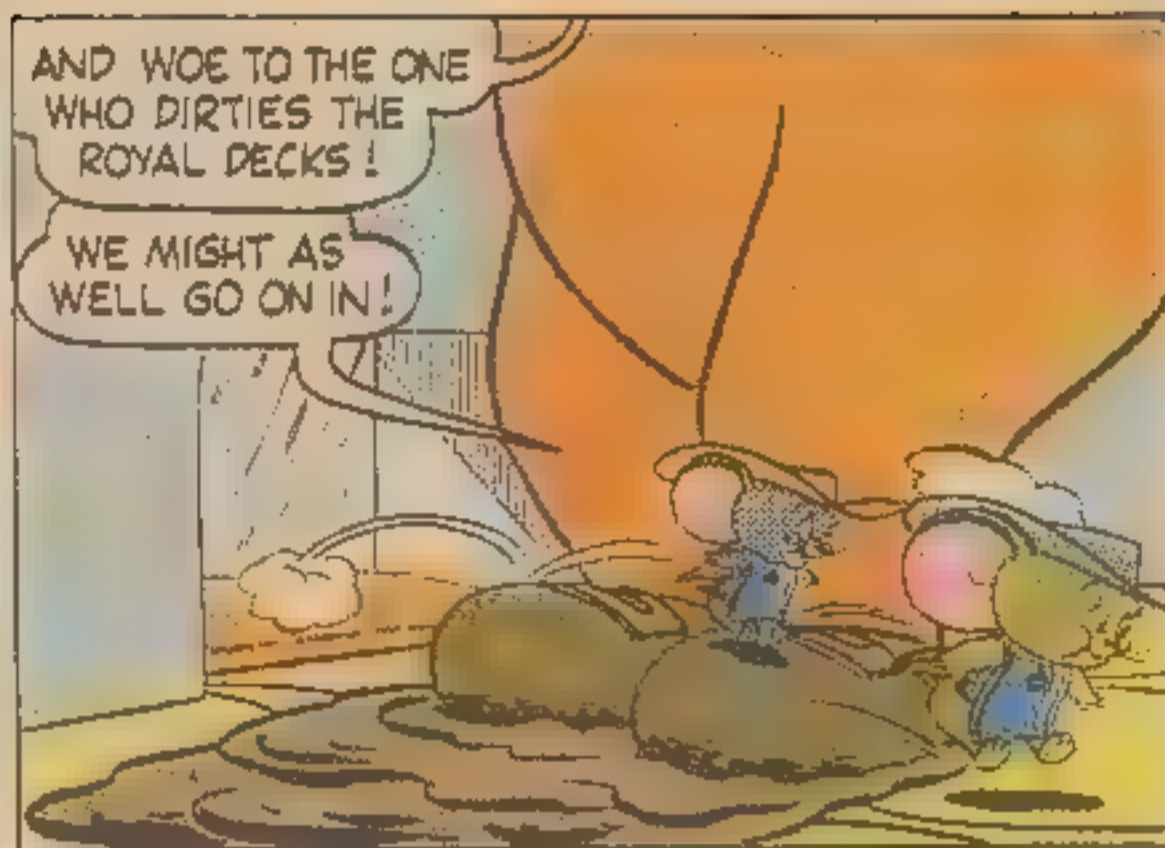
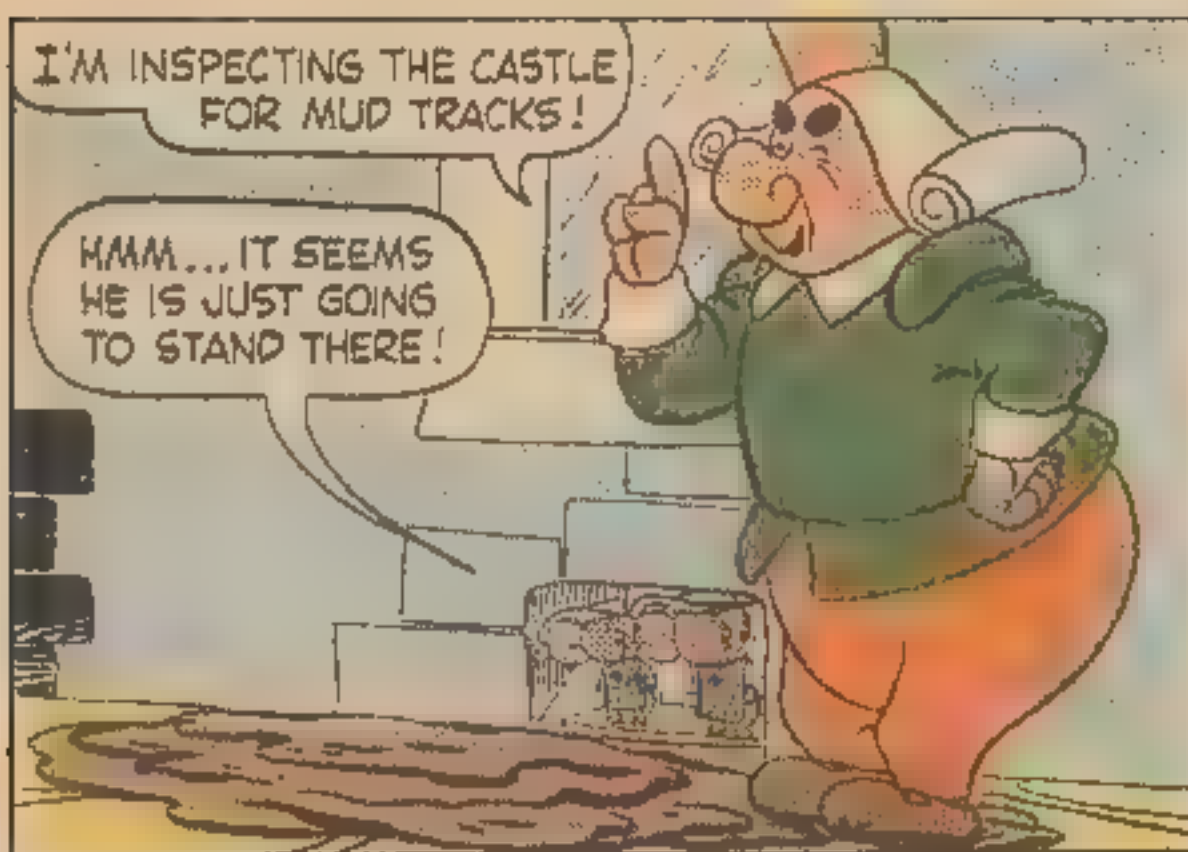
WE ALWAYS REMEMBER
TO WIPE OUR FEET!

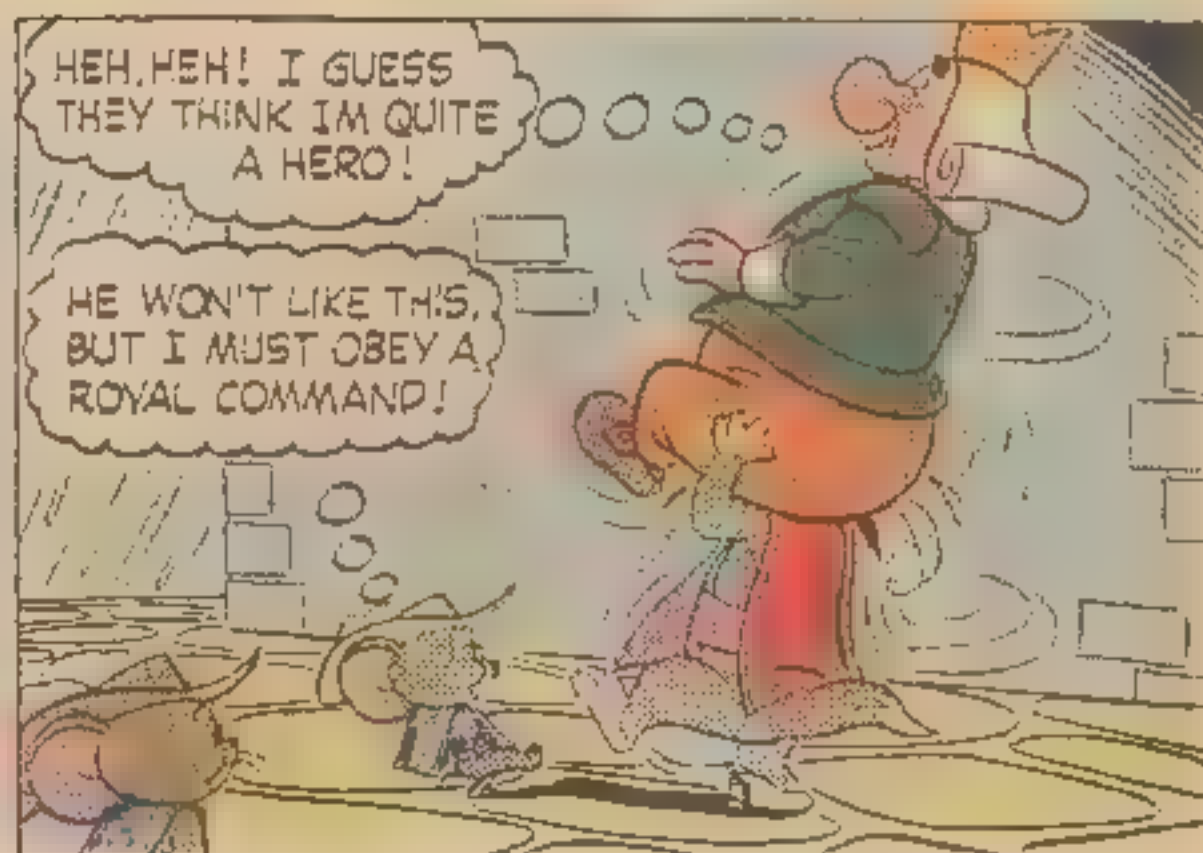
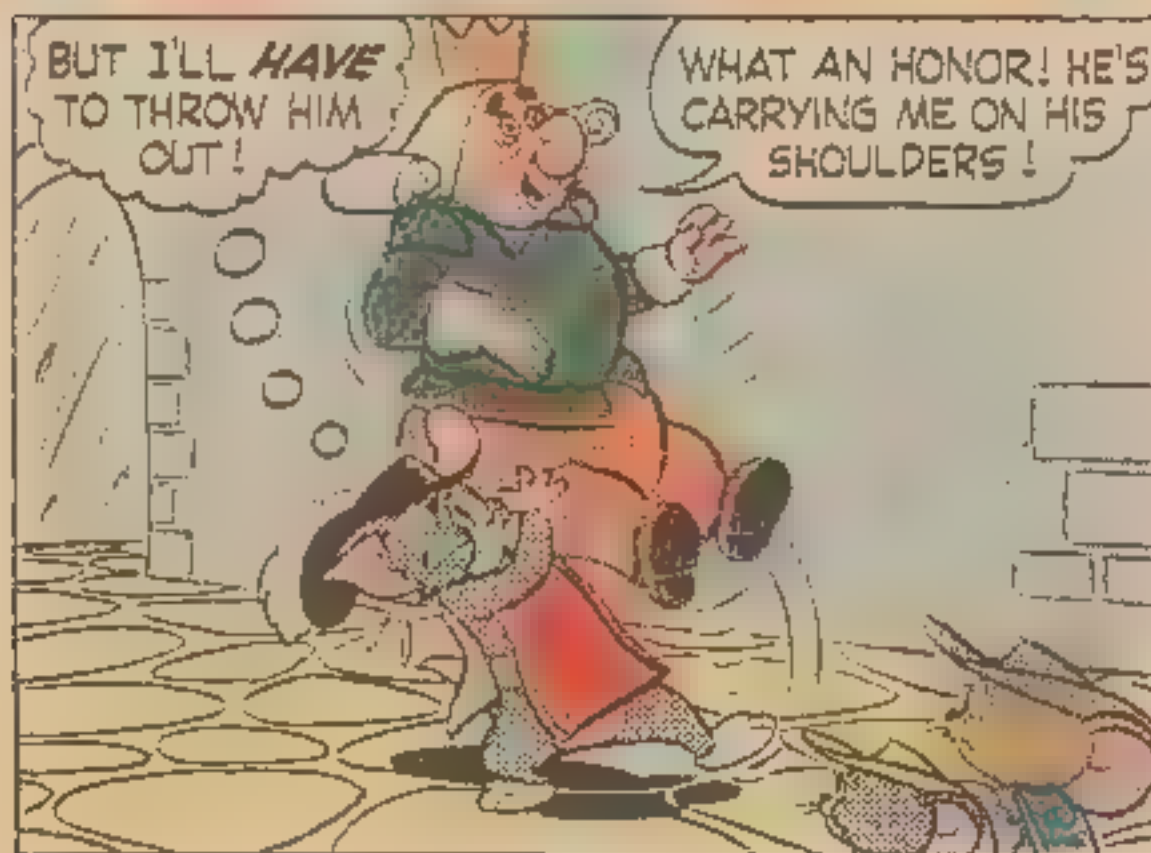
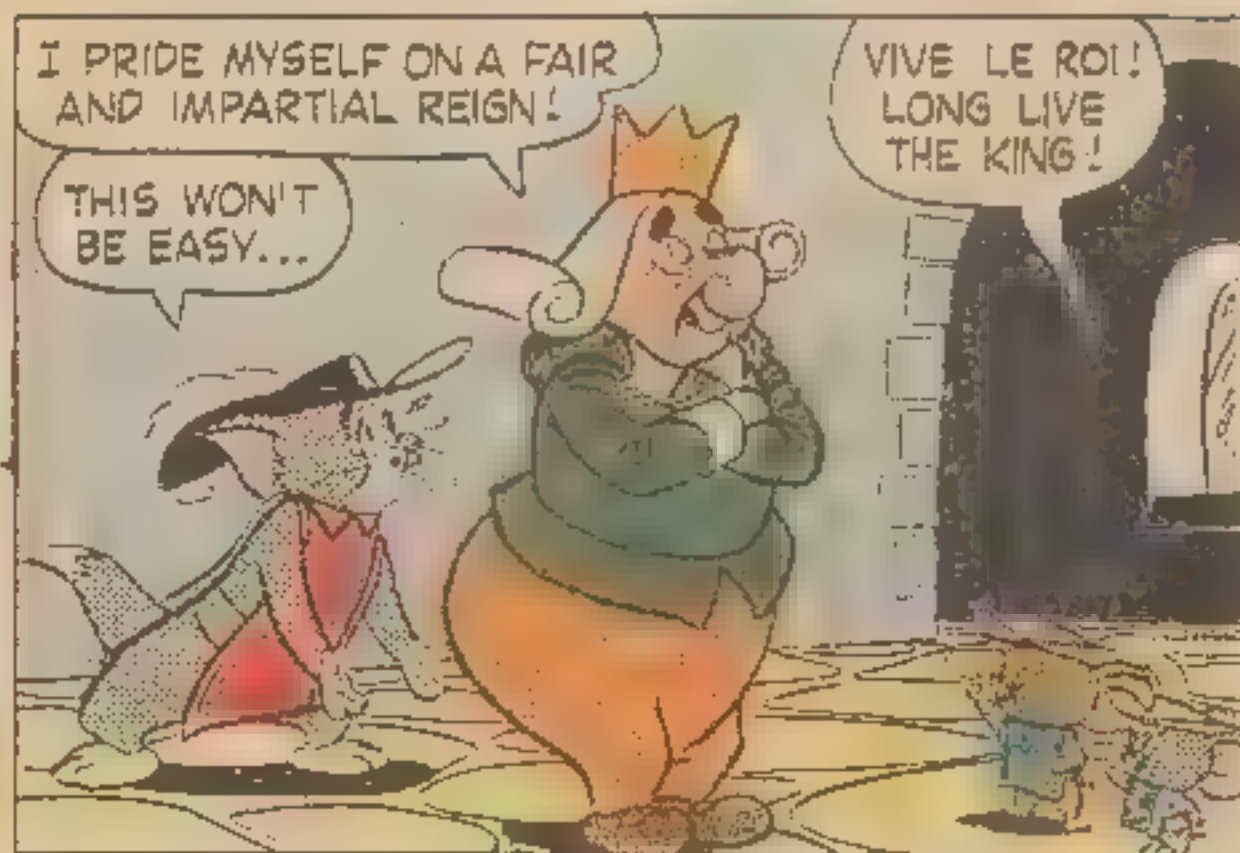
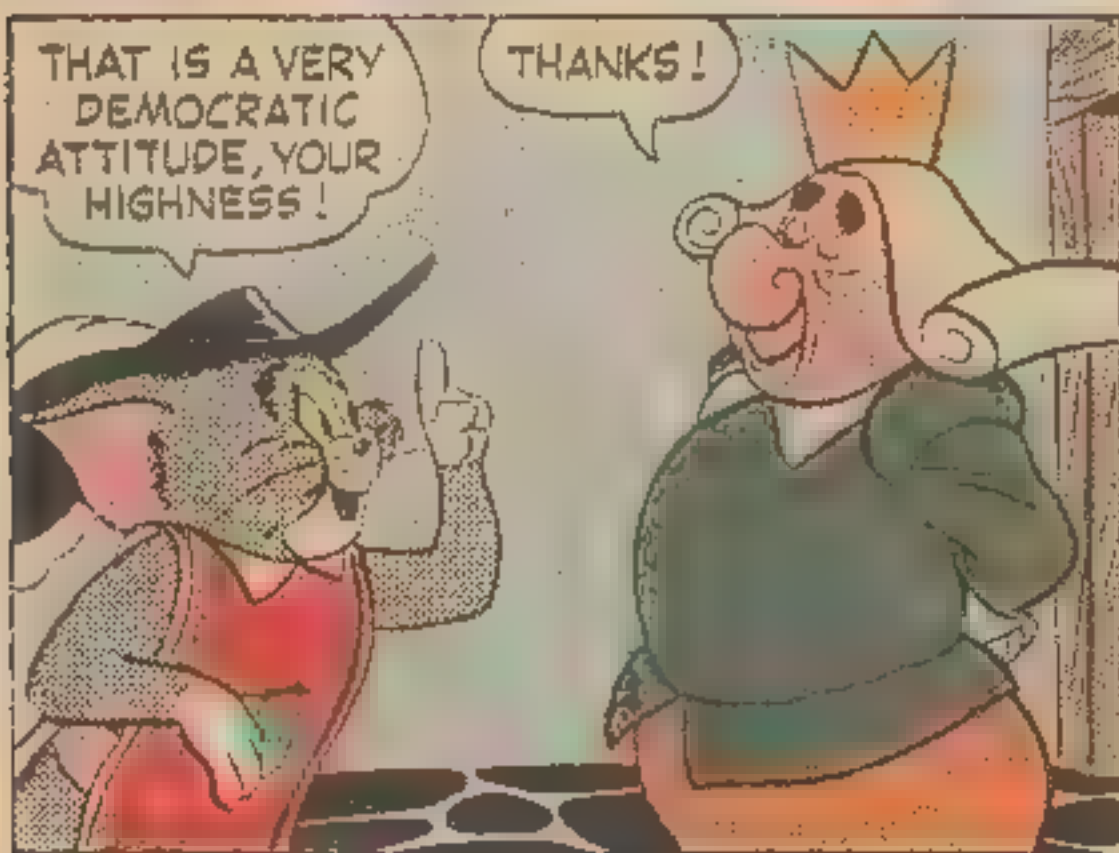
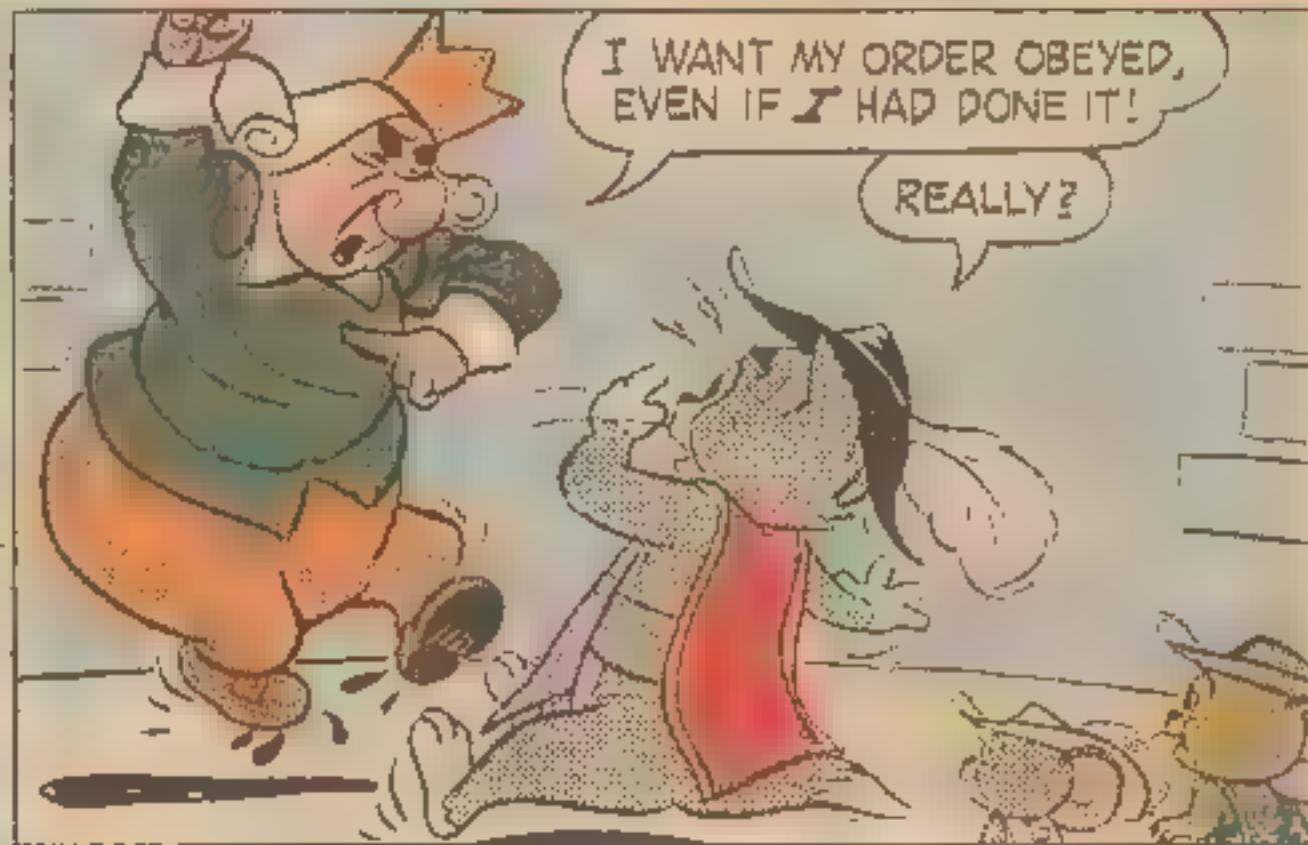
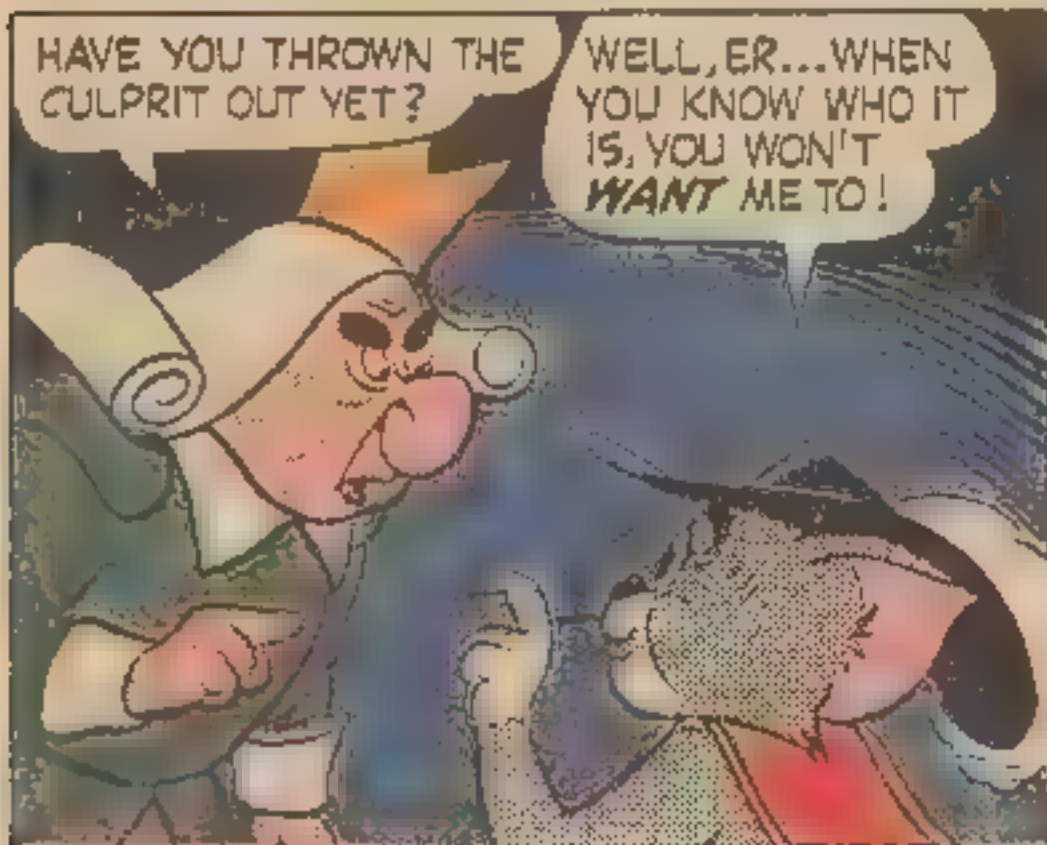
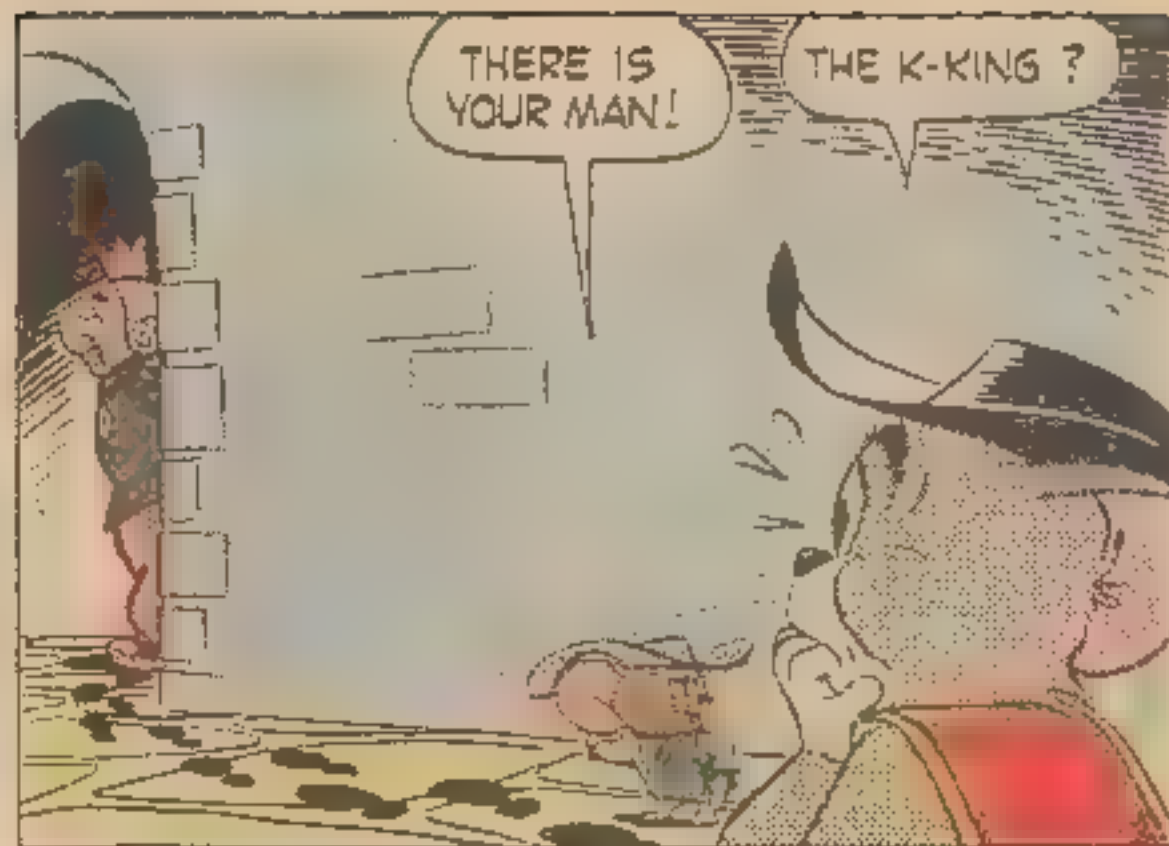
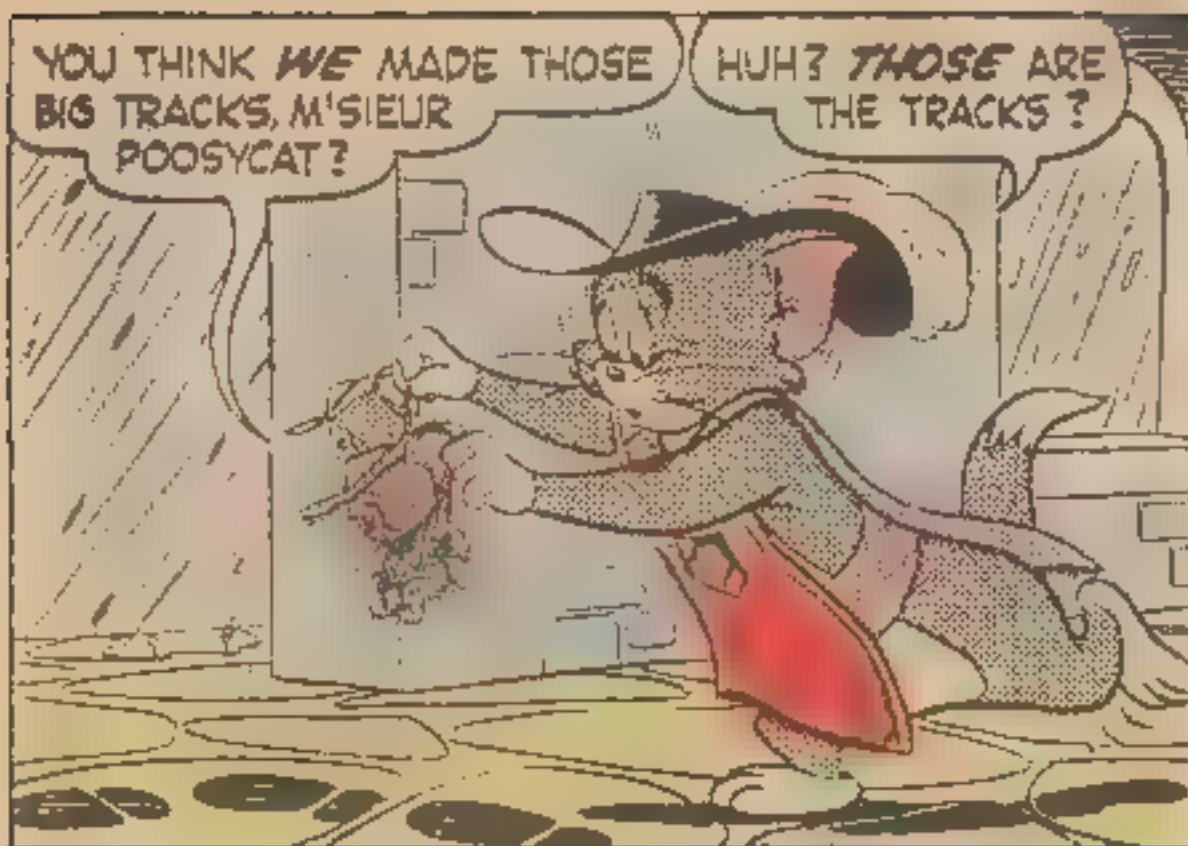
WHOOOPS! HERE COMES THE KING!
I'D BETTER SCRAM!

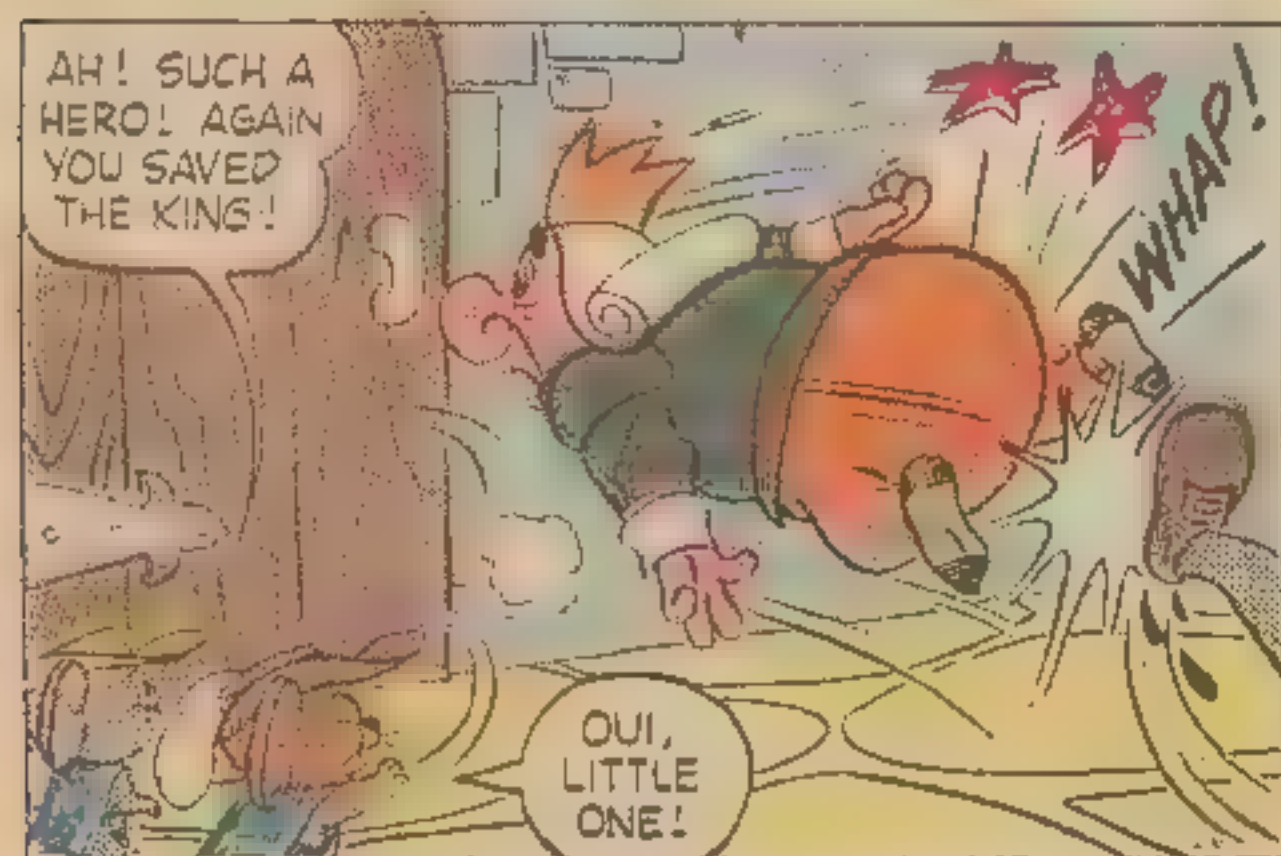
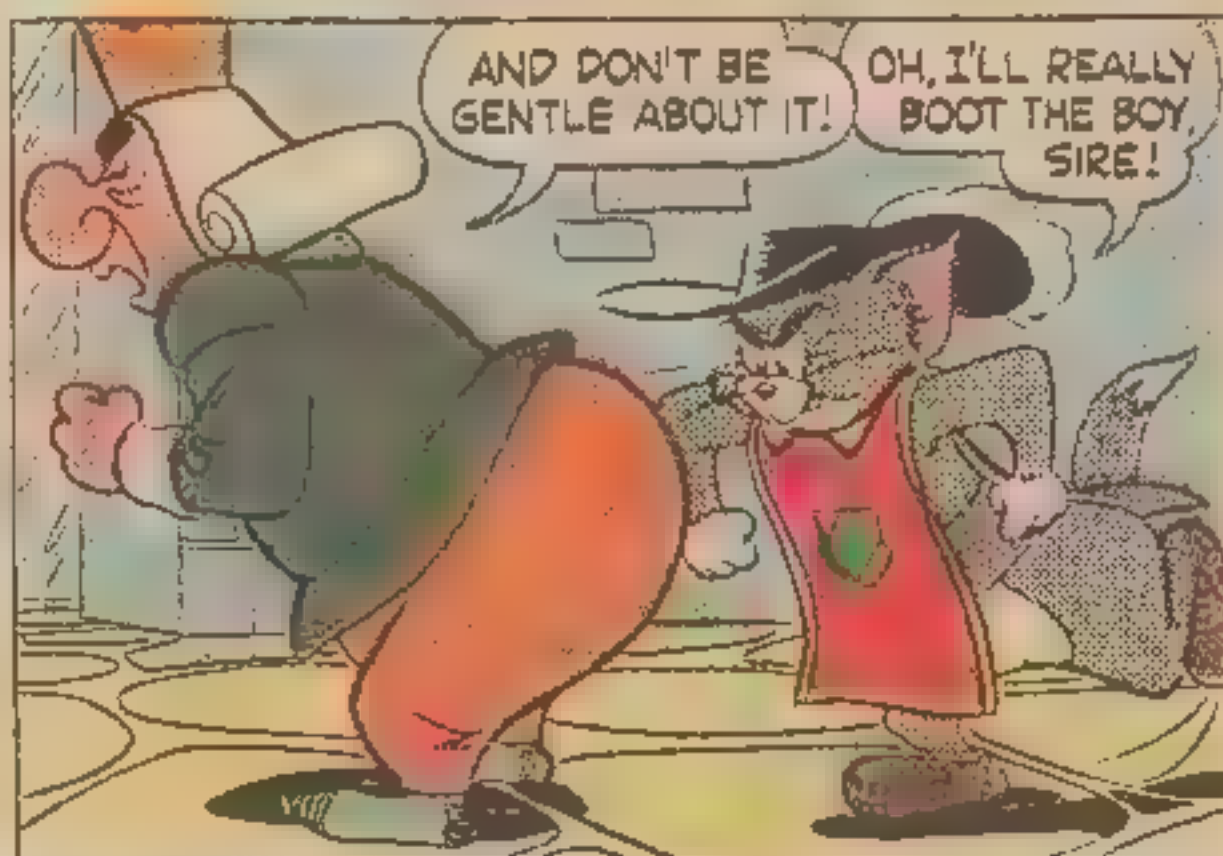
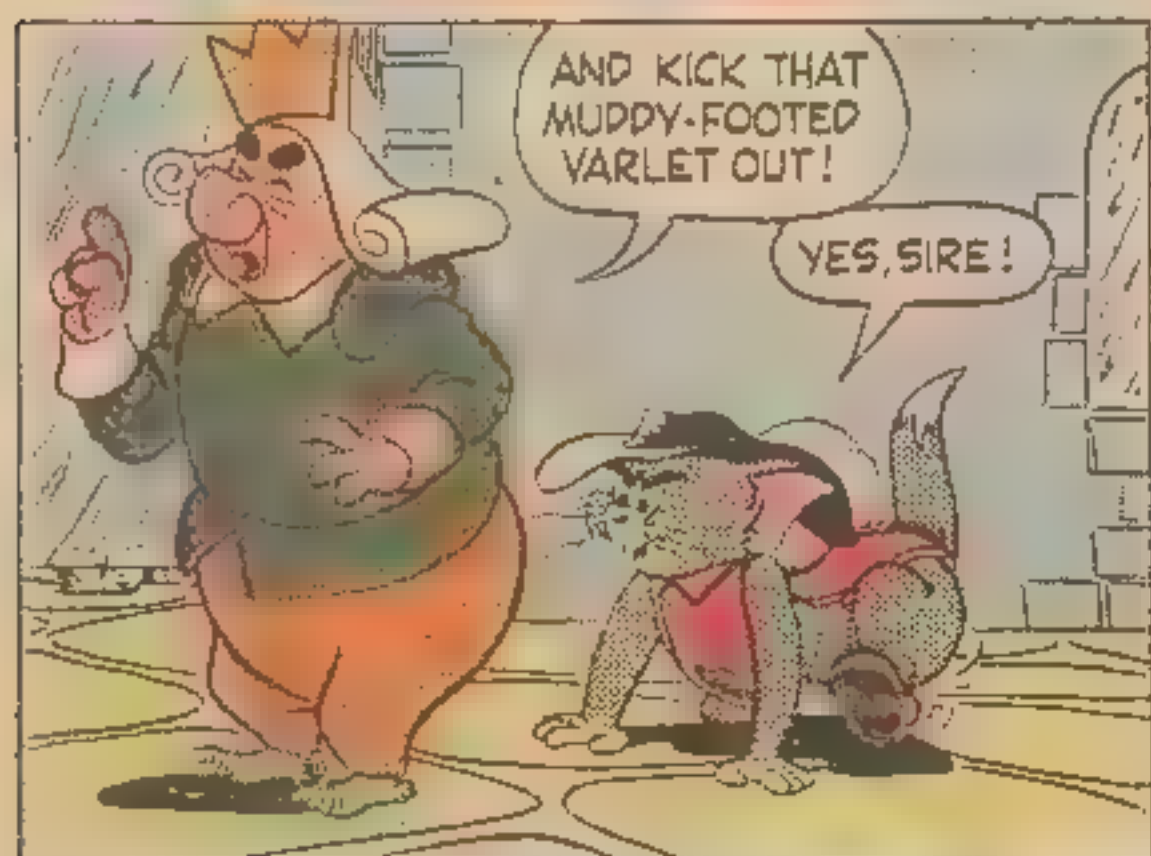
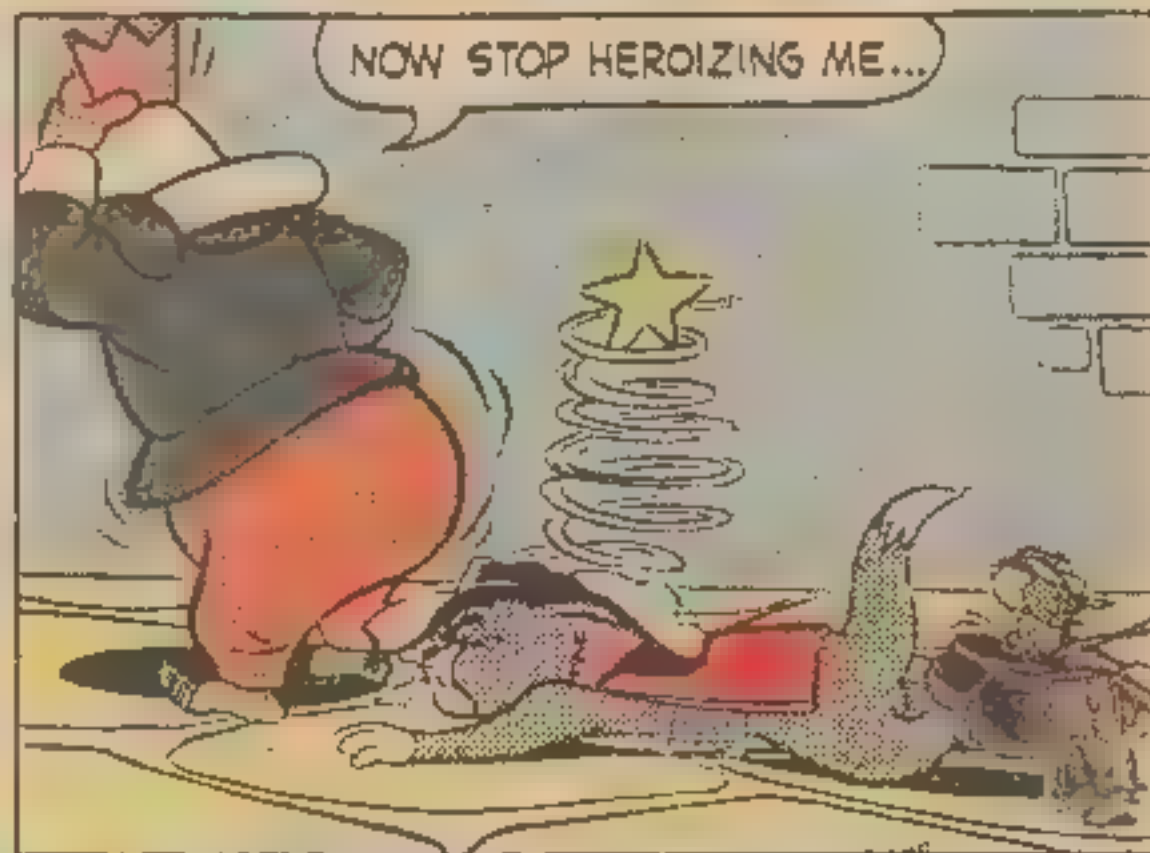
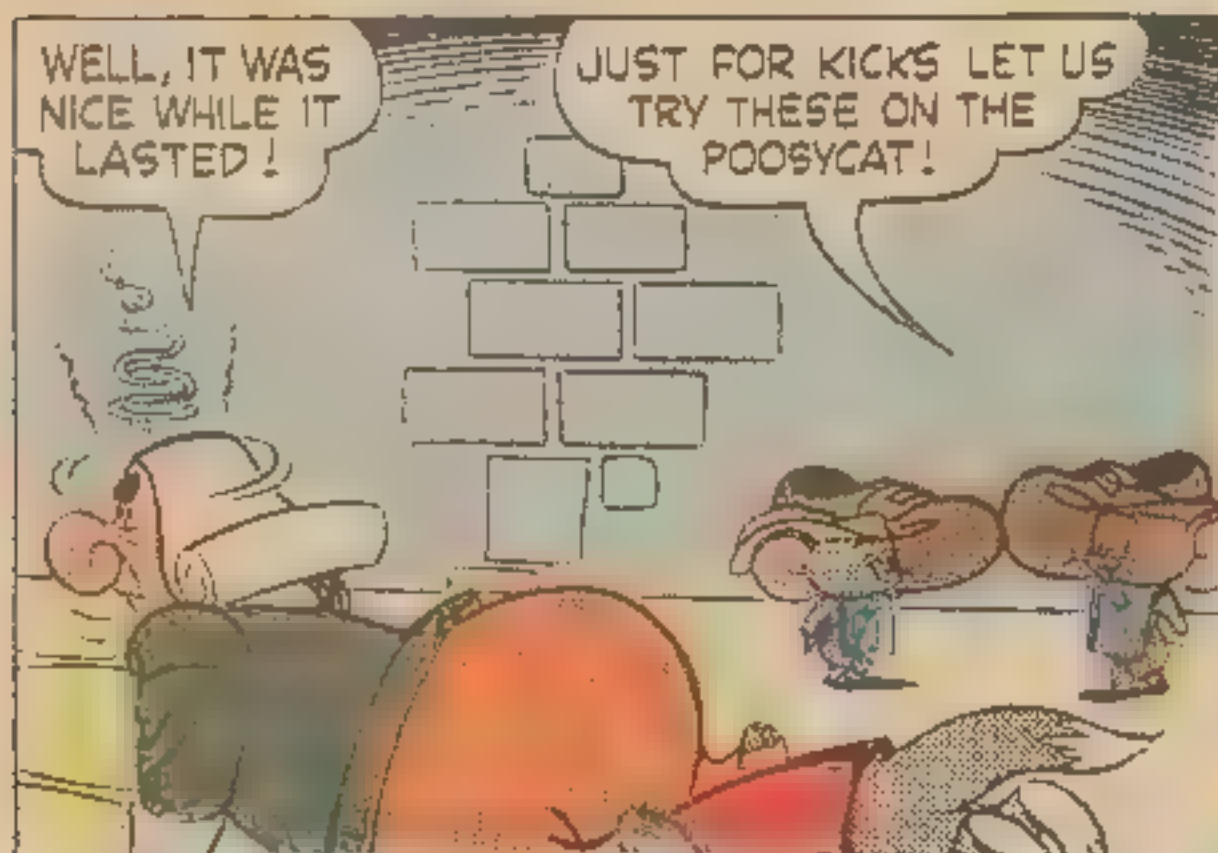
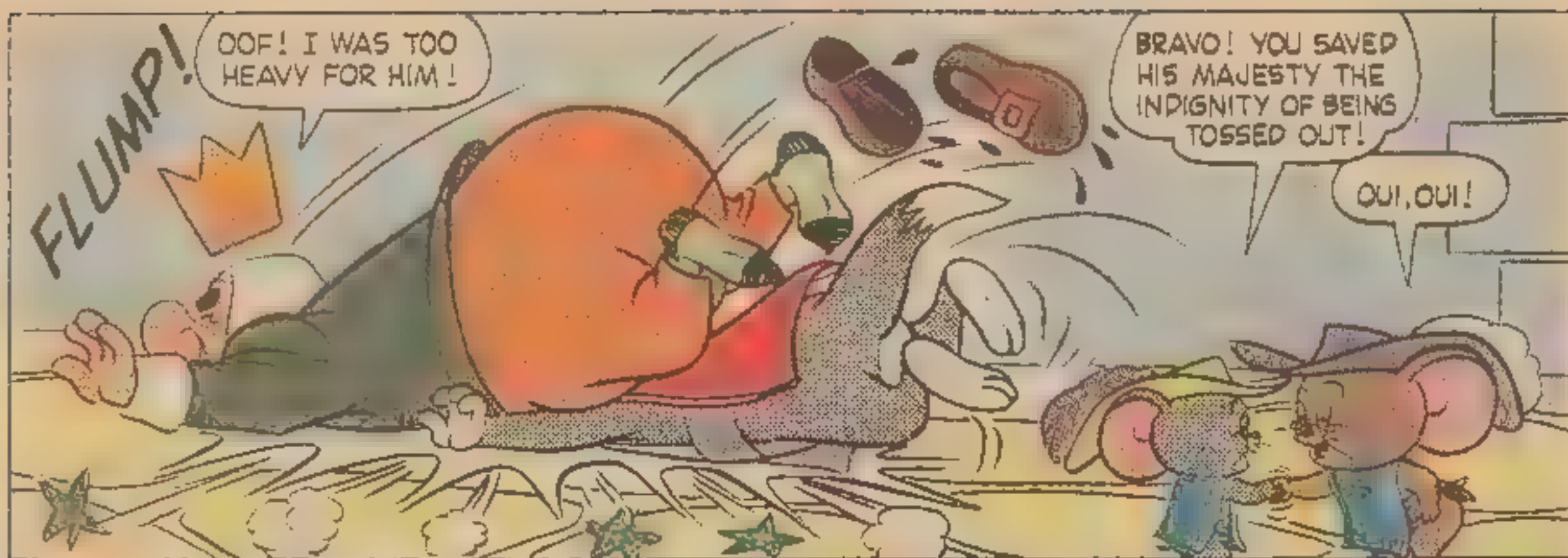
WE HEROES ARE
ALWAYS NICE
AND NEAT!

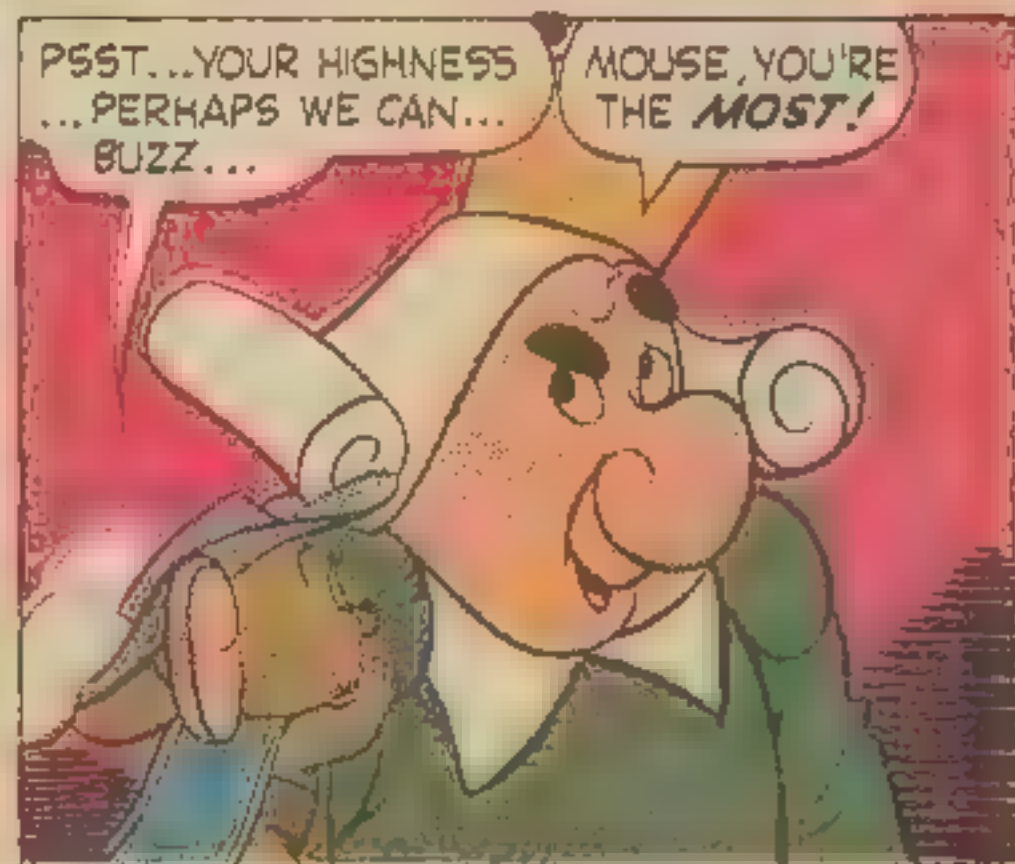
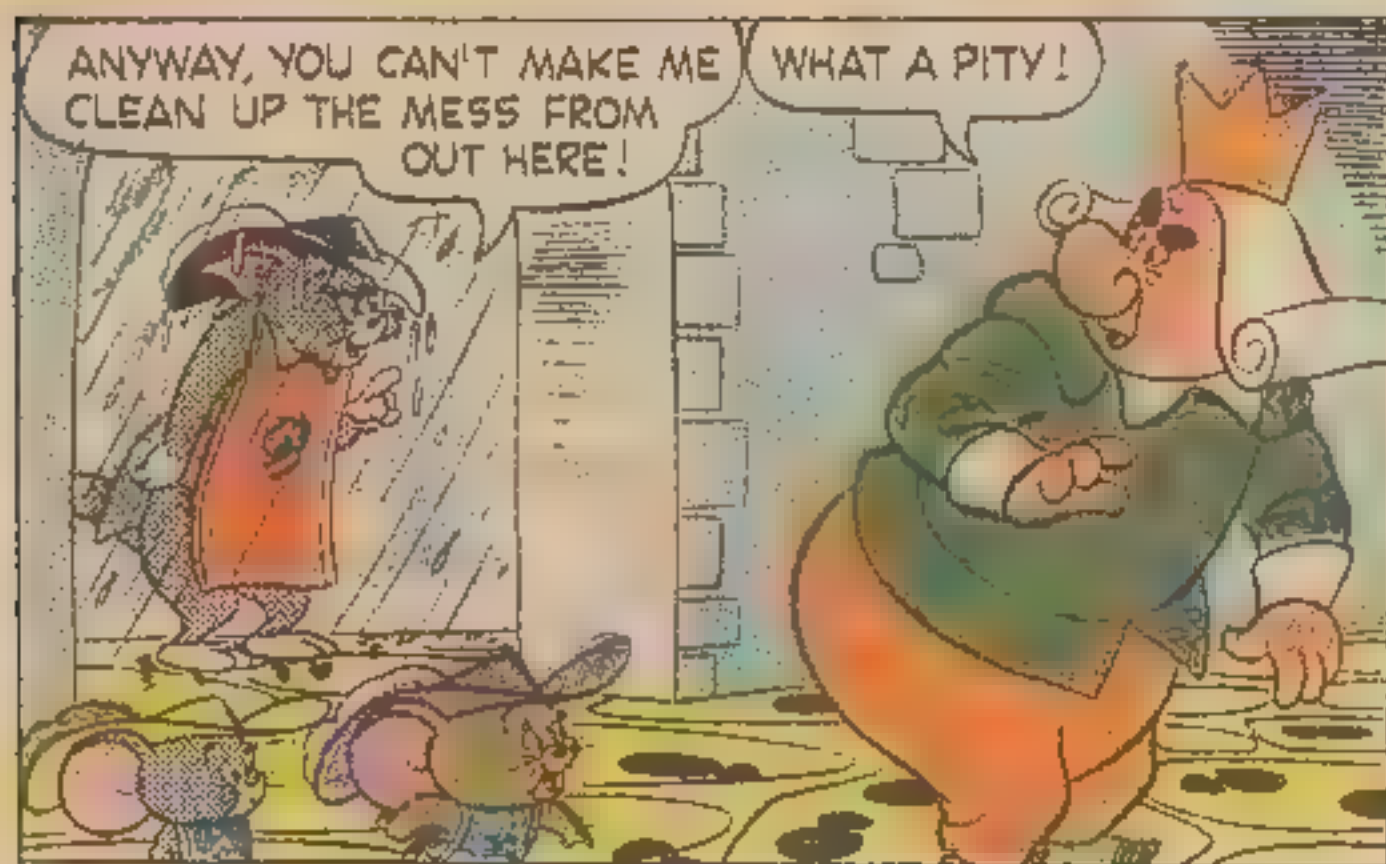
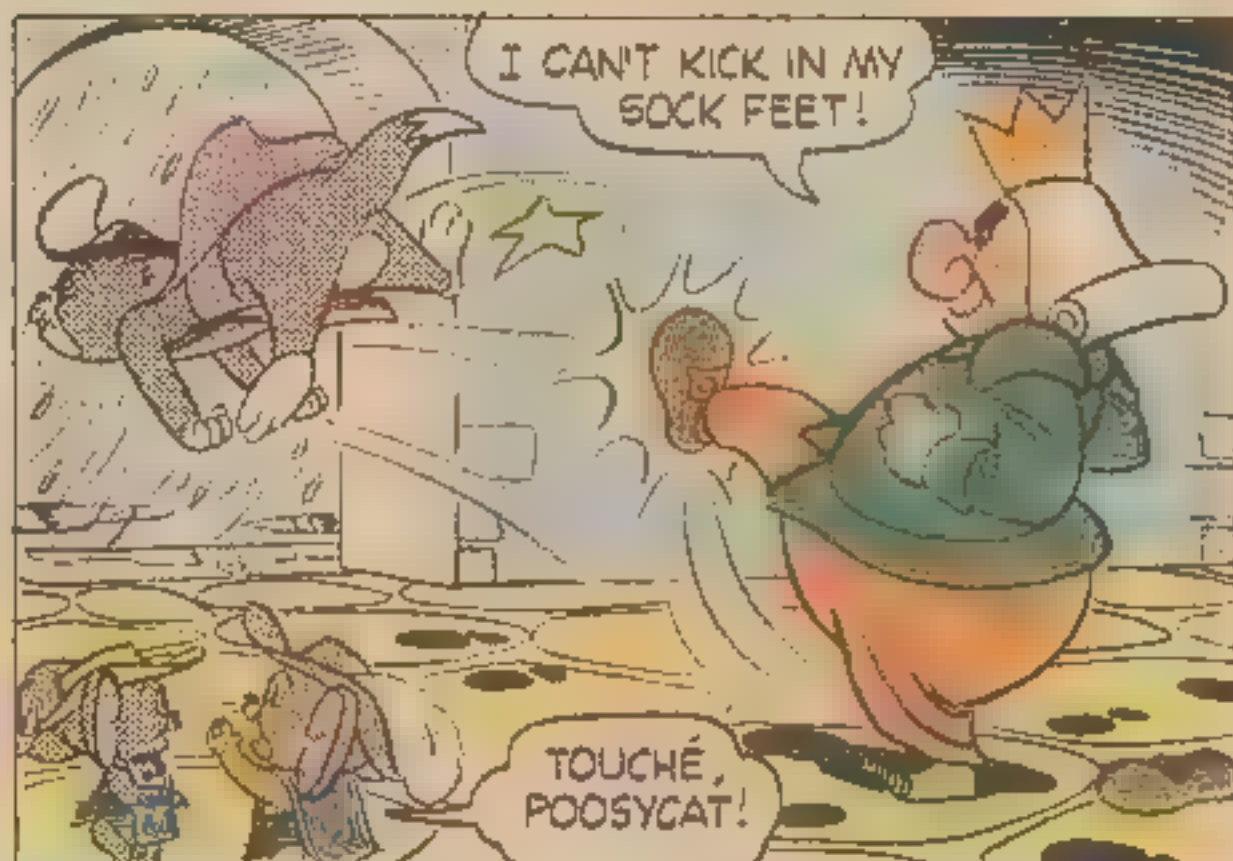
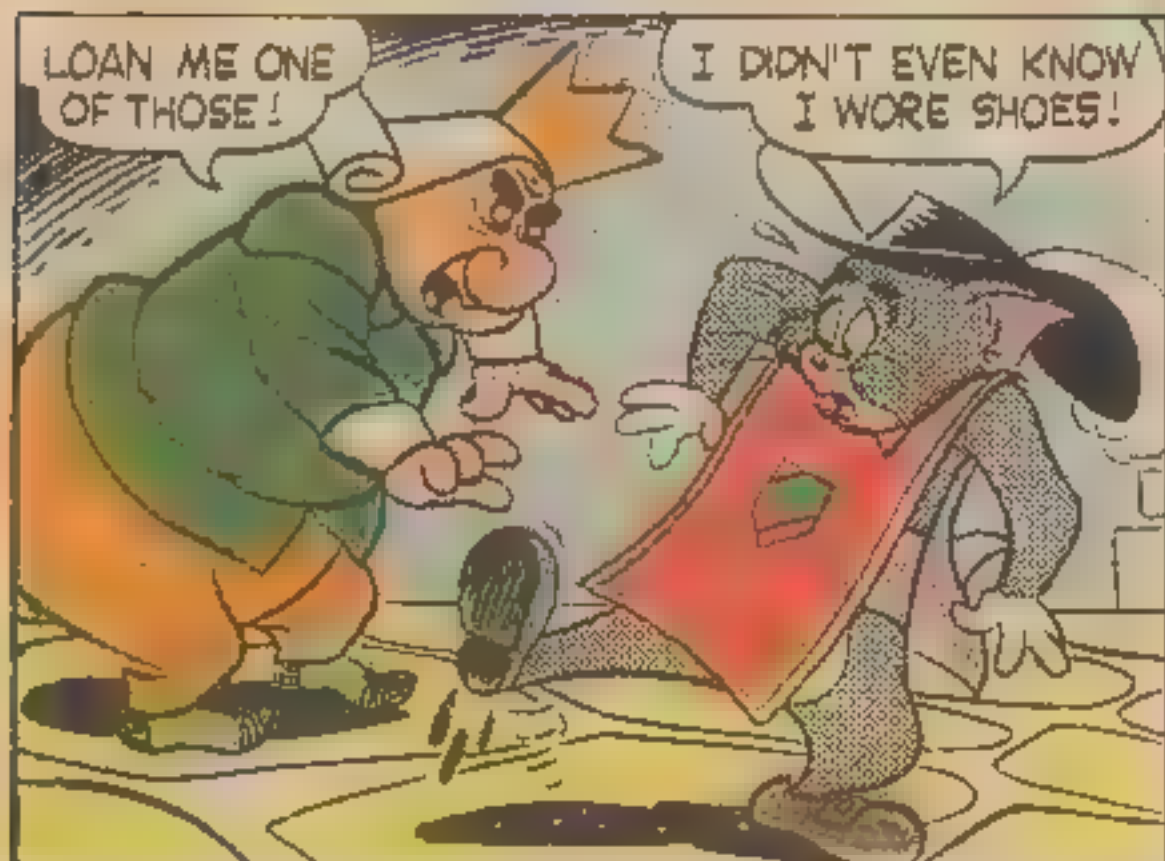
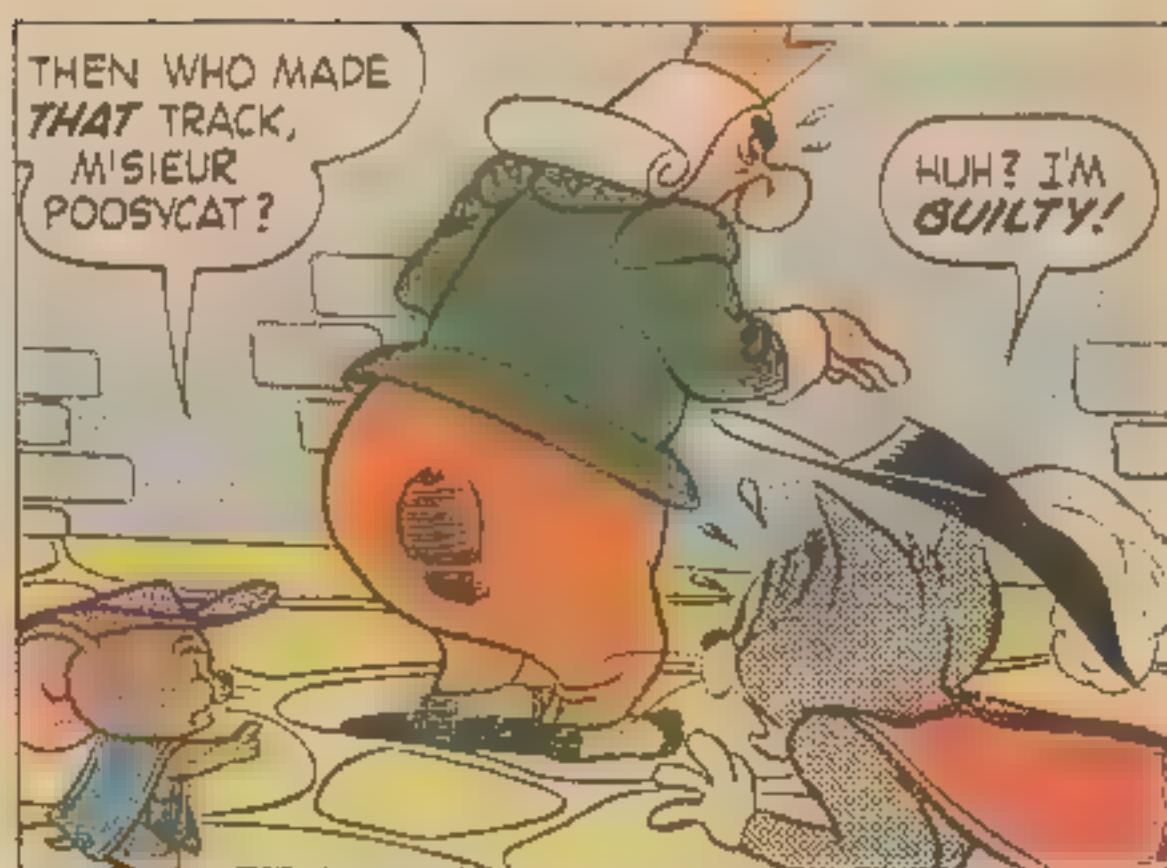
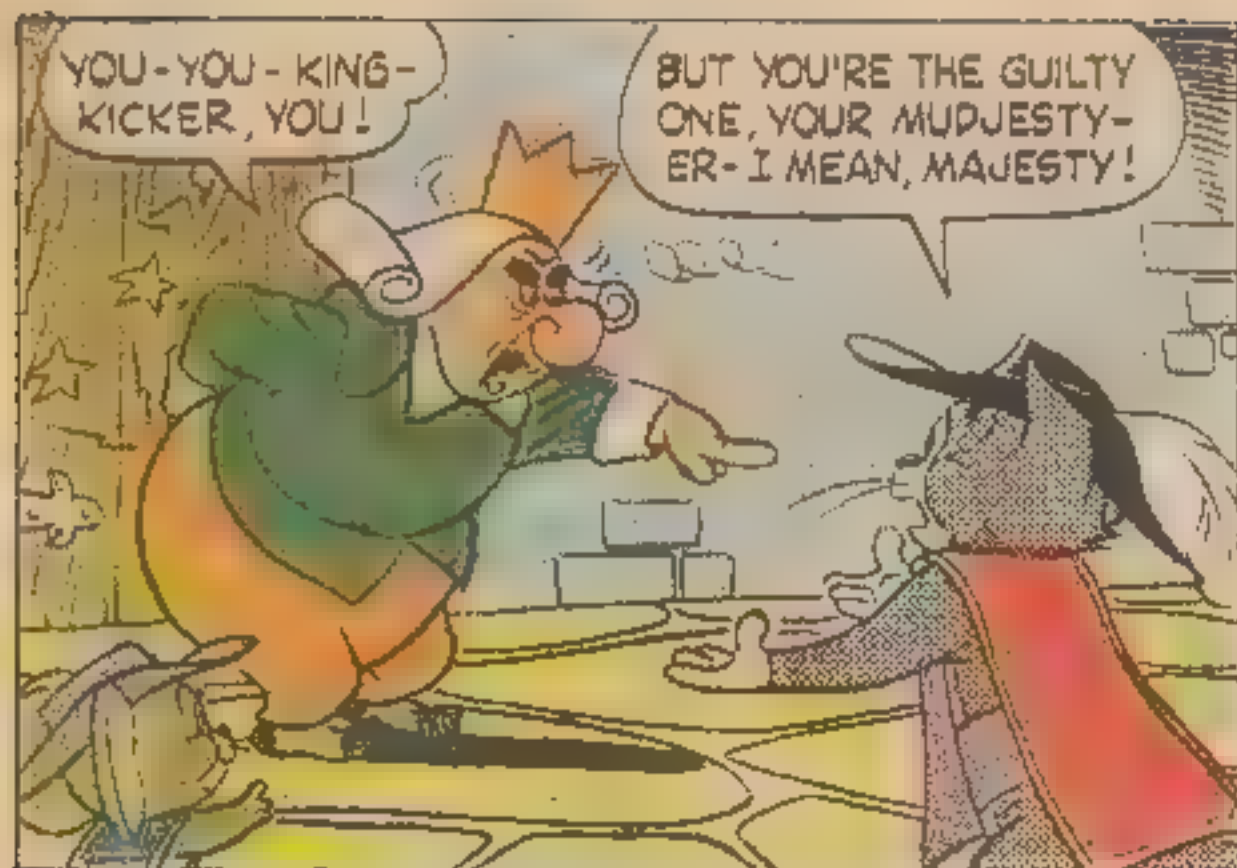
WE CAN GO
IN NOW!

NOT YET! WAIT TILL
THE KING PASSES!









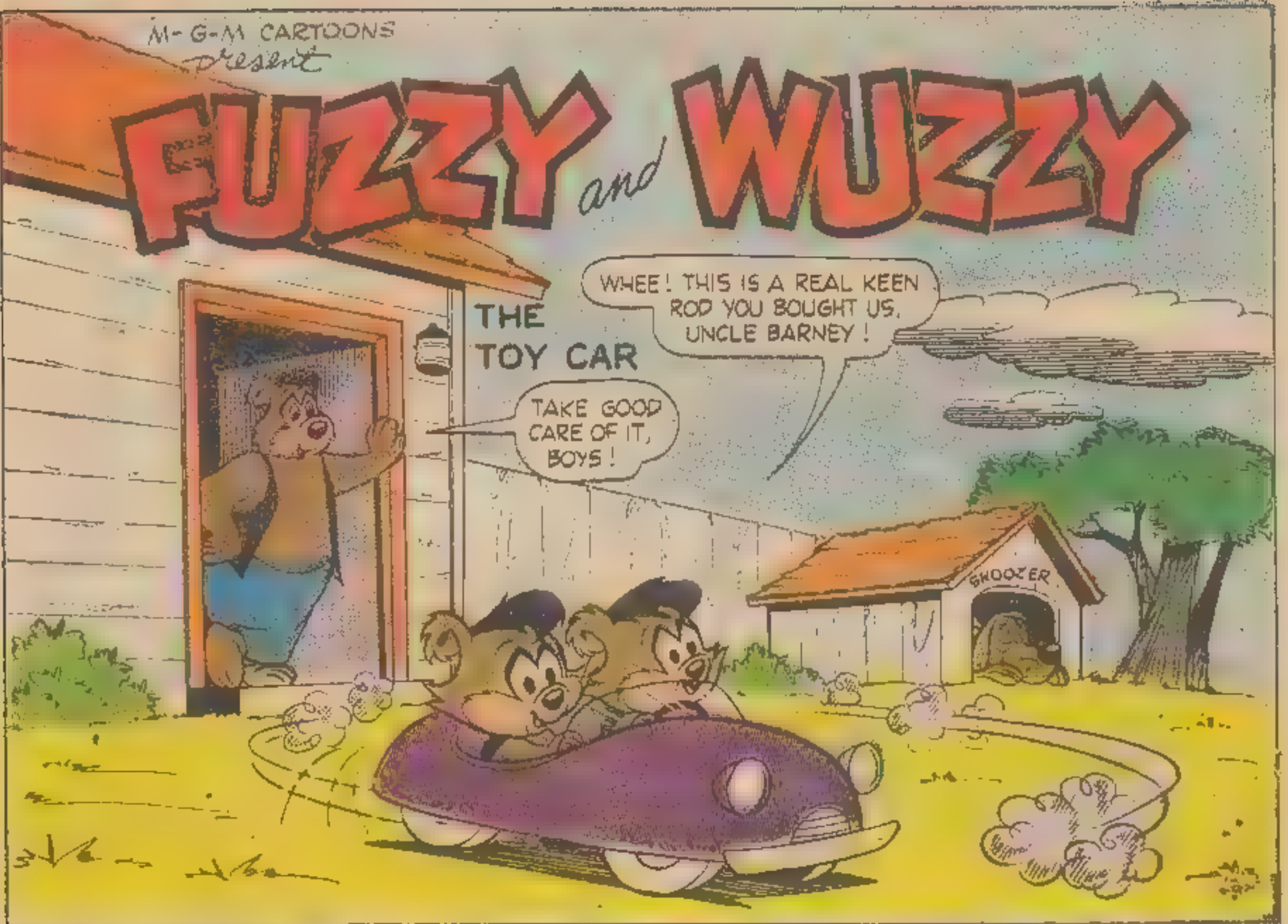
M-G-M CARTOONS
Present

FUZZY and WUZZY

THE
TOY CAR

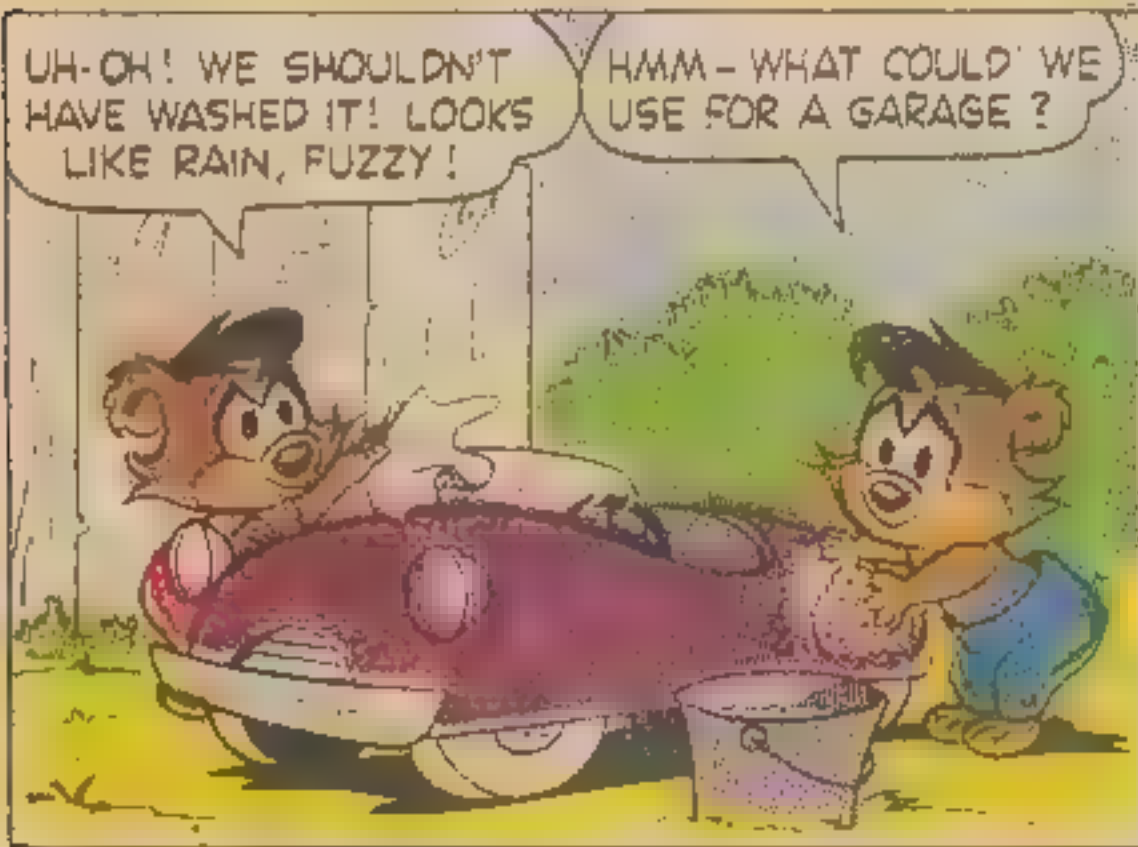
WHEE! THIS IS A REAL KEEN
ROD YOU BOUGHT US,
UNCLE BARNEY!

TAKE GOOD
CARE OF IT,
BOYS!



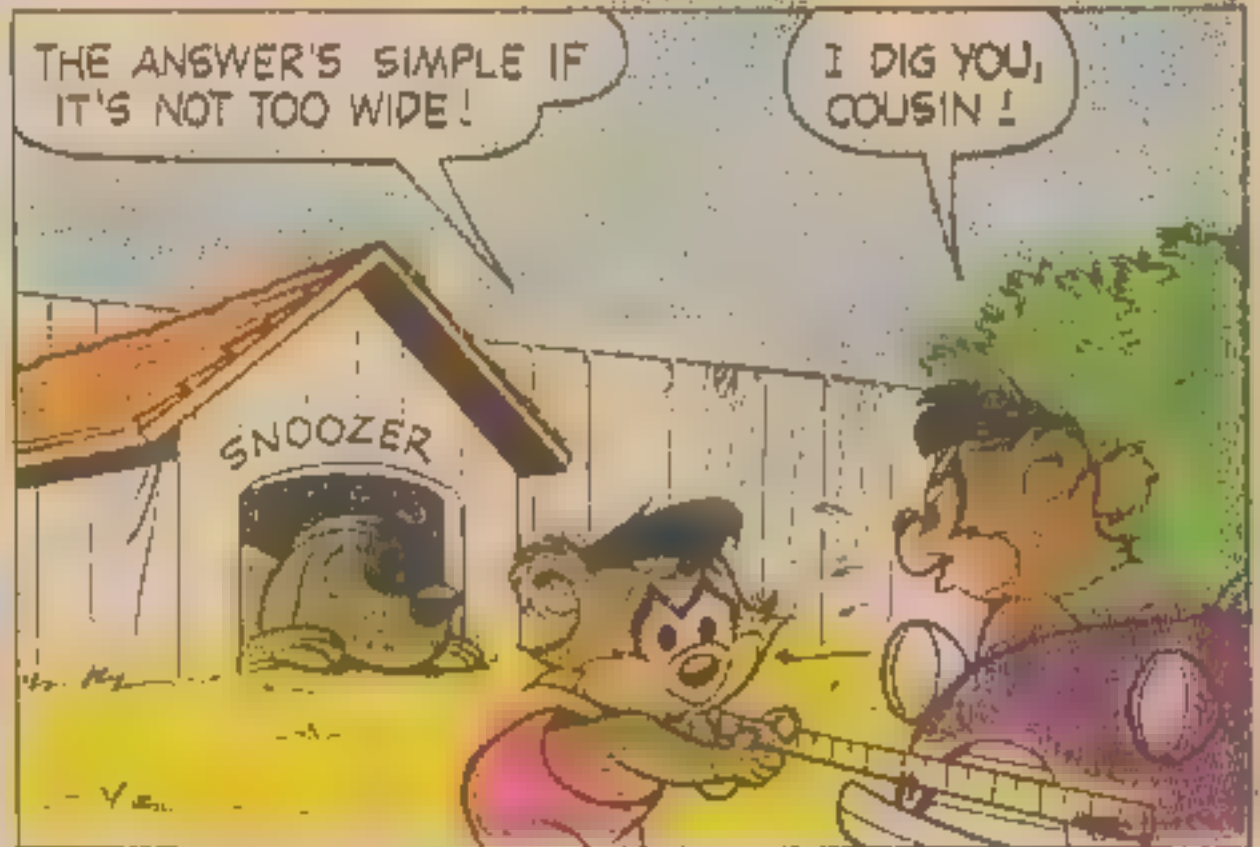
UH-OH! WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE WASHED IT! LOOKS
LIKE RAIN, FUZZY!

HMM - WHAT COULD WE
USE FOR A GARAGE?



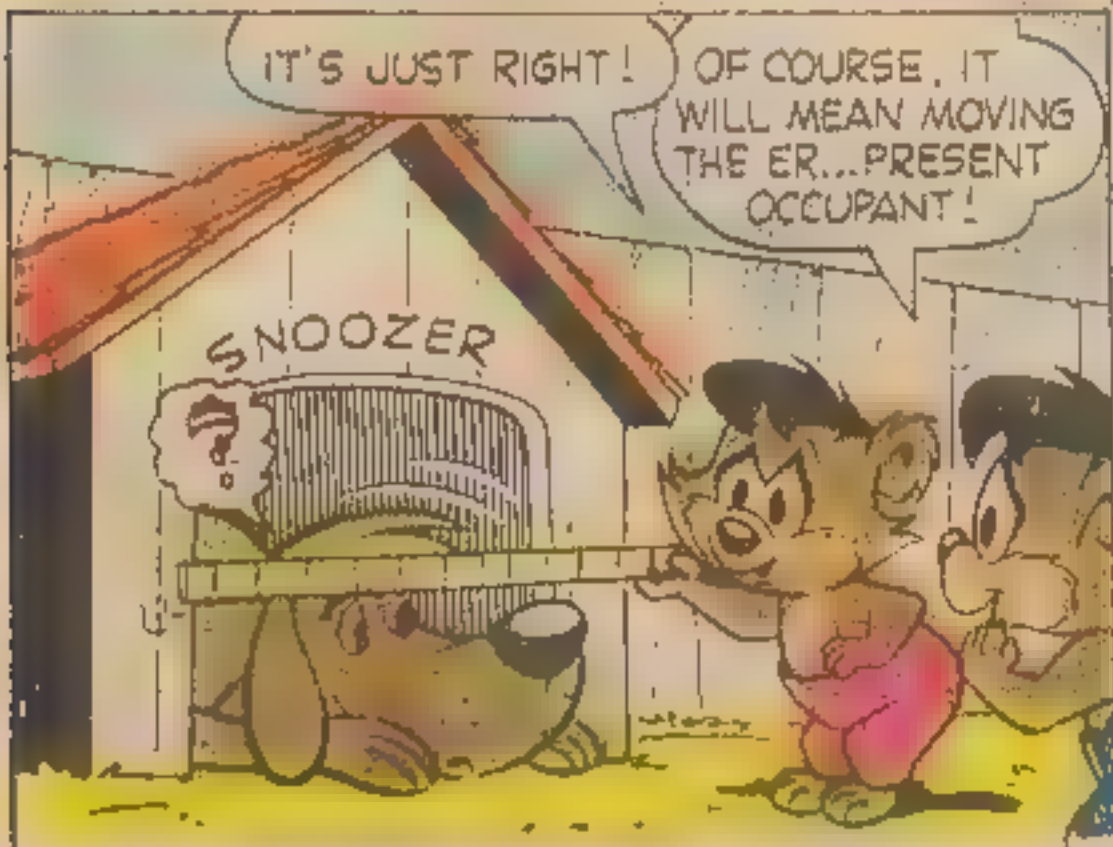
THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE IF
IT'S NOT TOO WIDE!

I DIG YOU,
COUSIN!



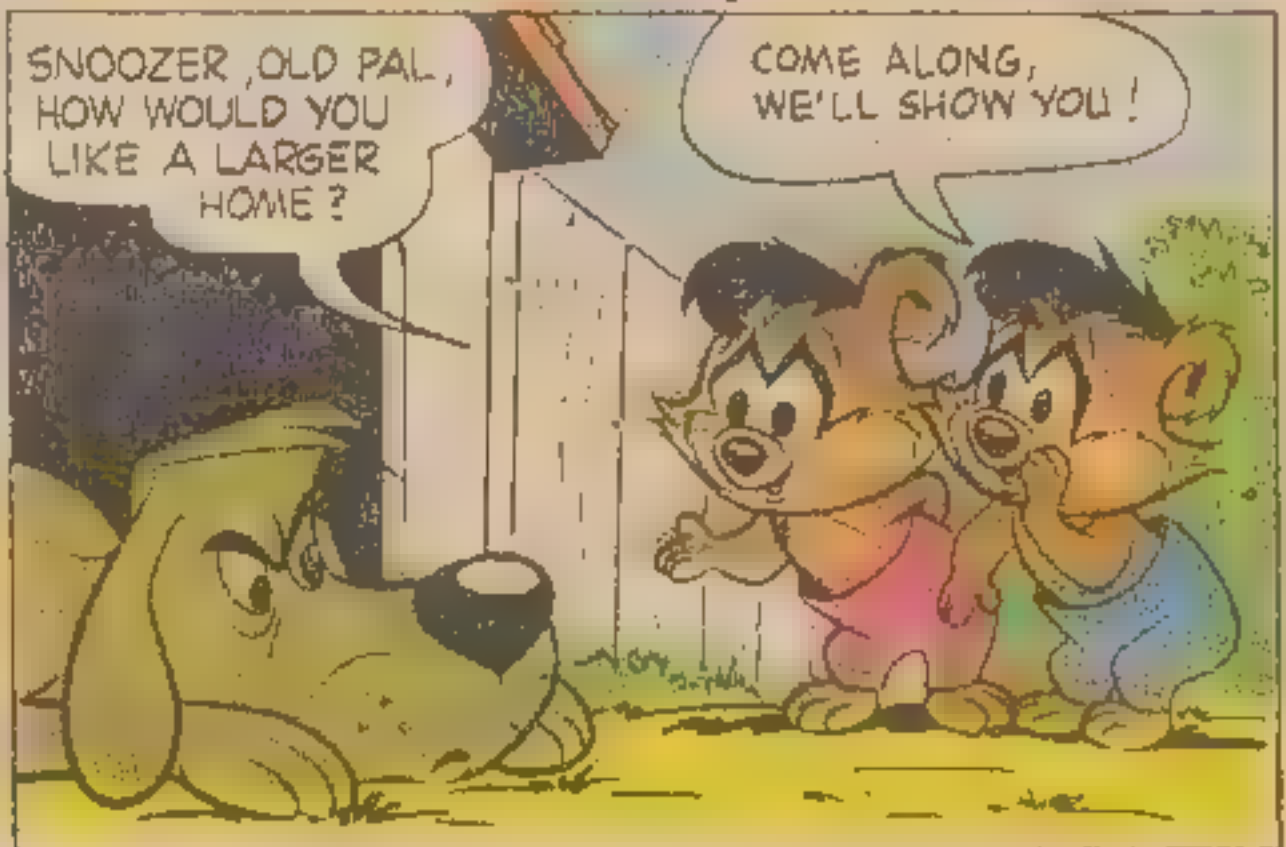
IT'S JUST RIGHT!

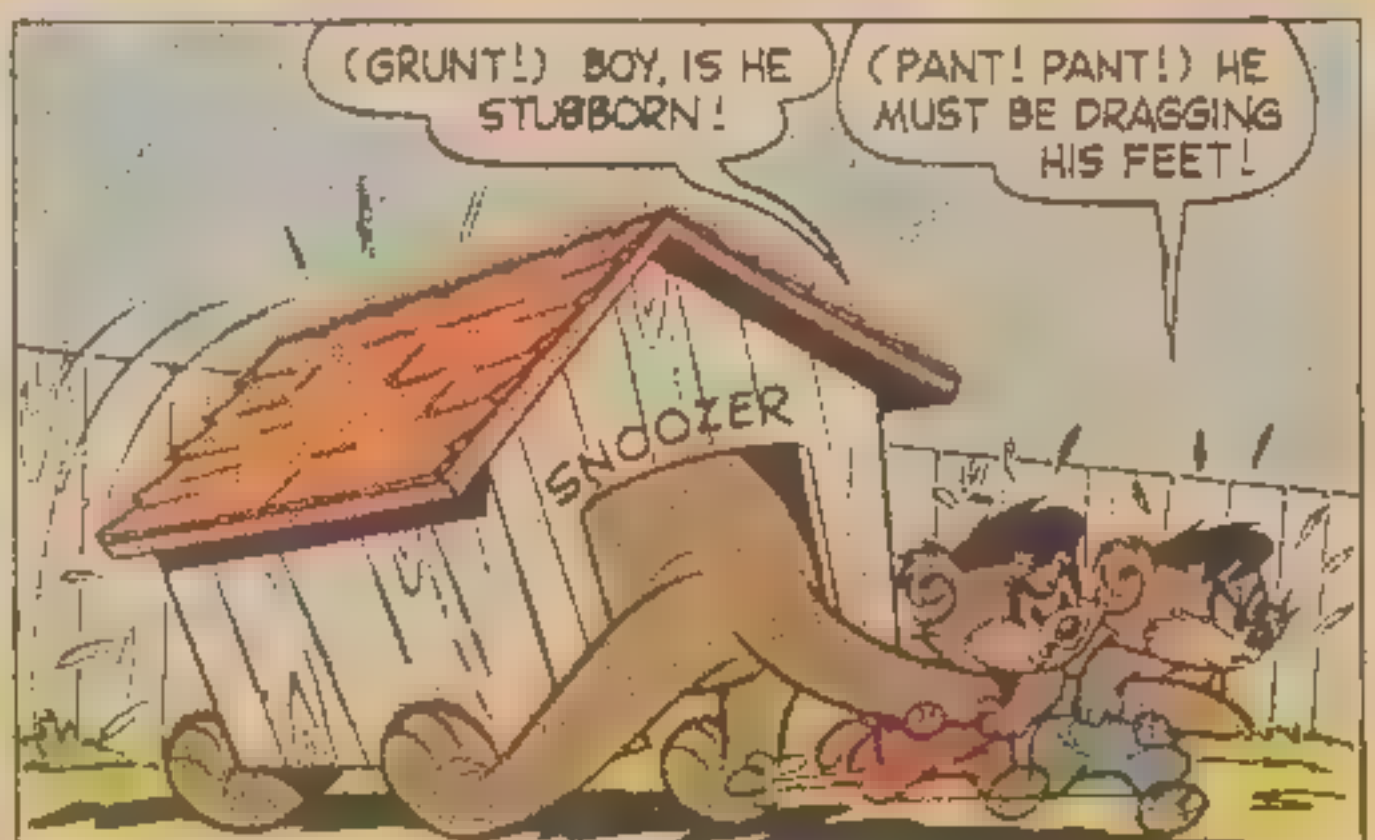
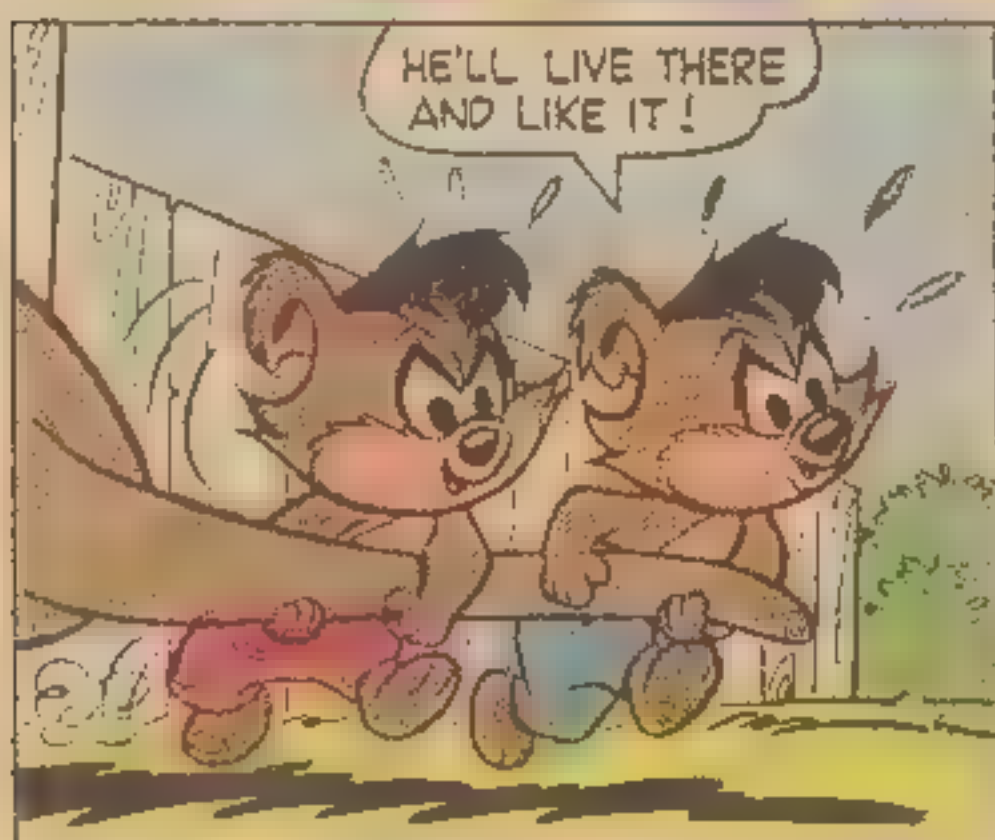
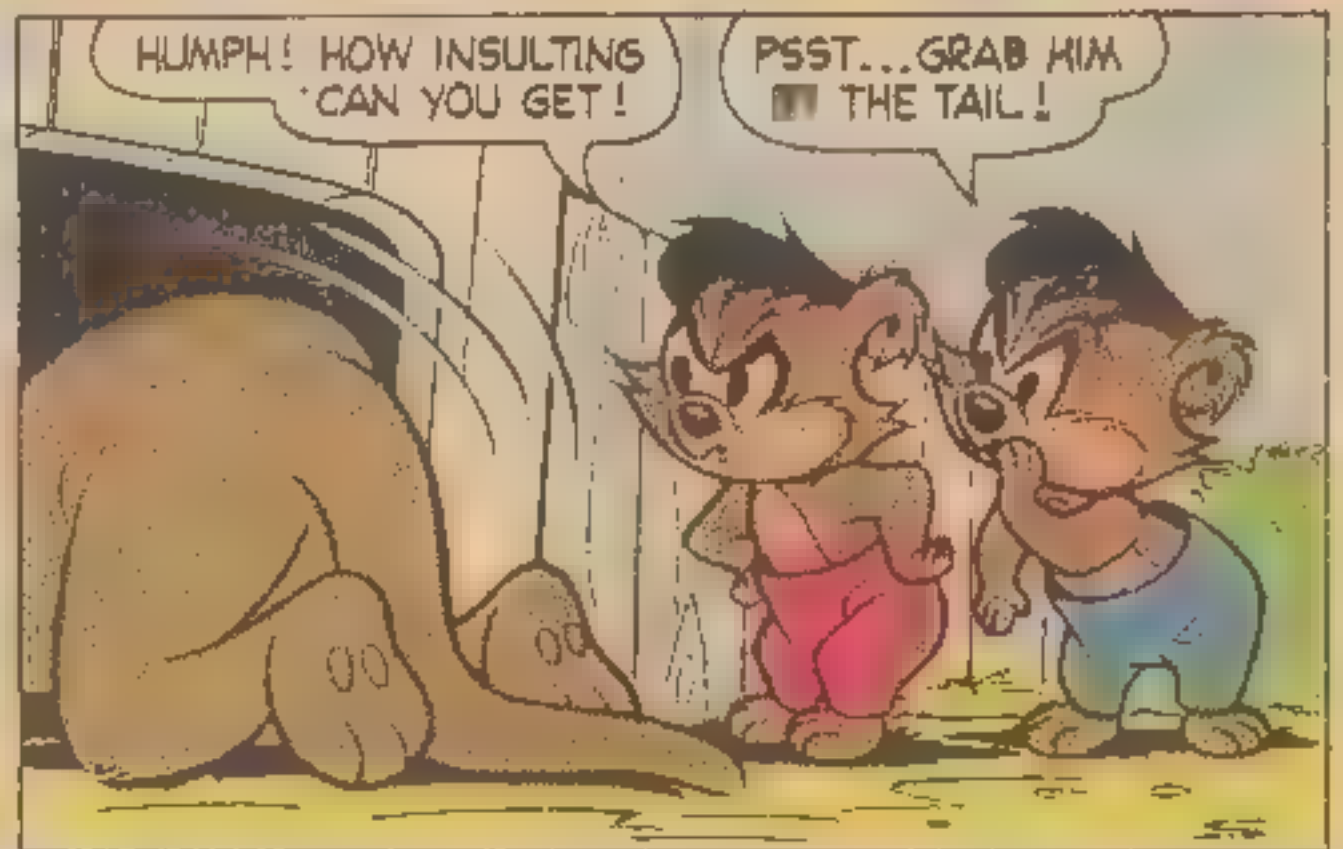
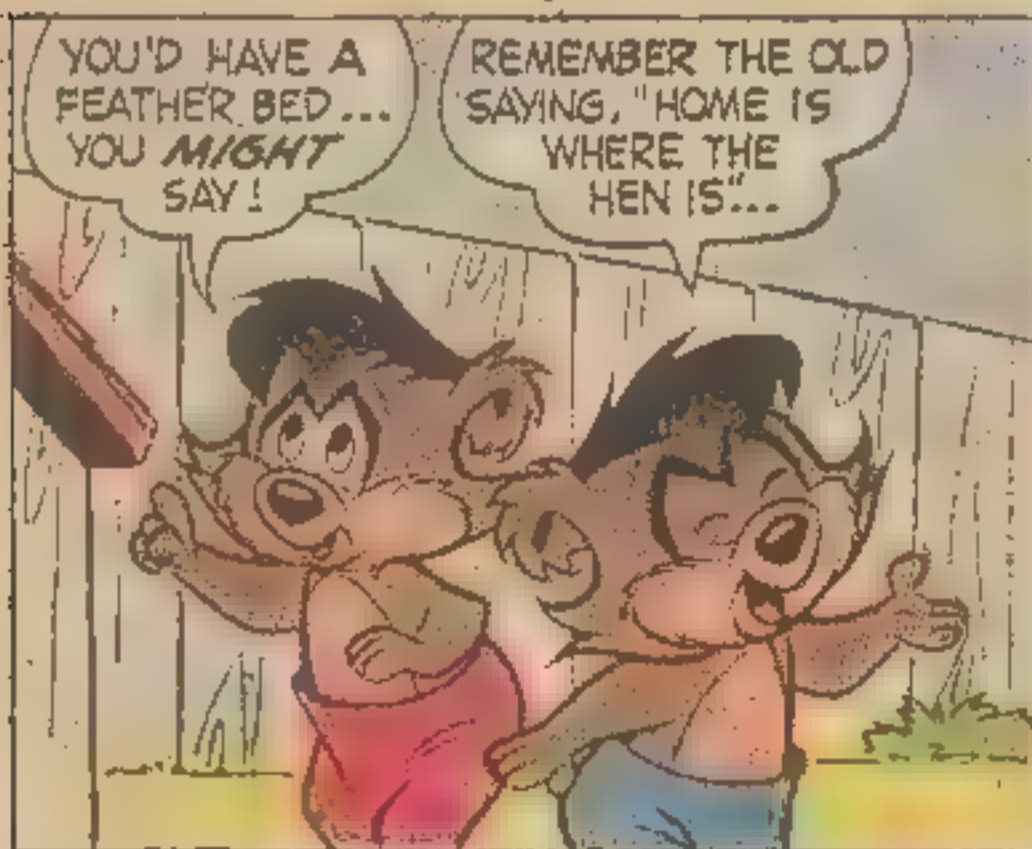
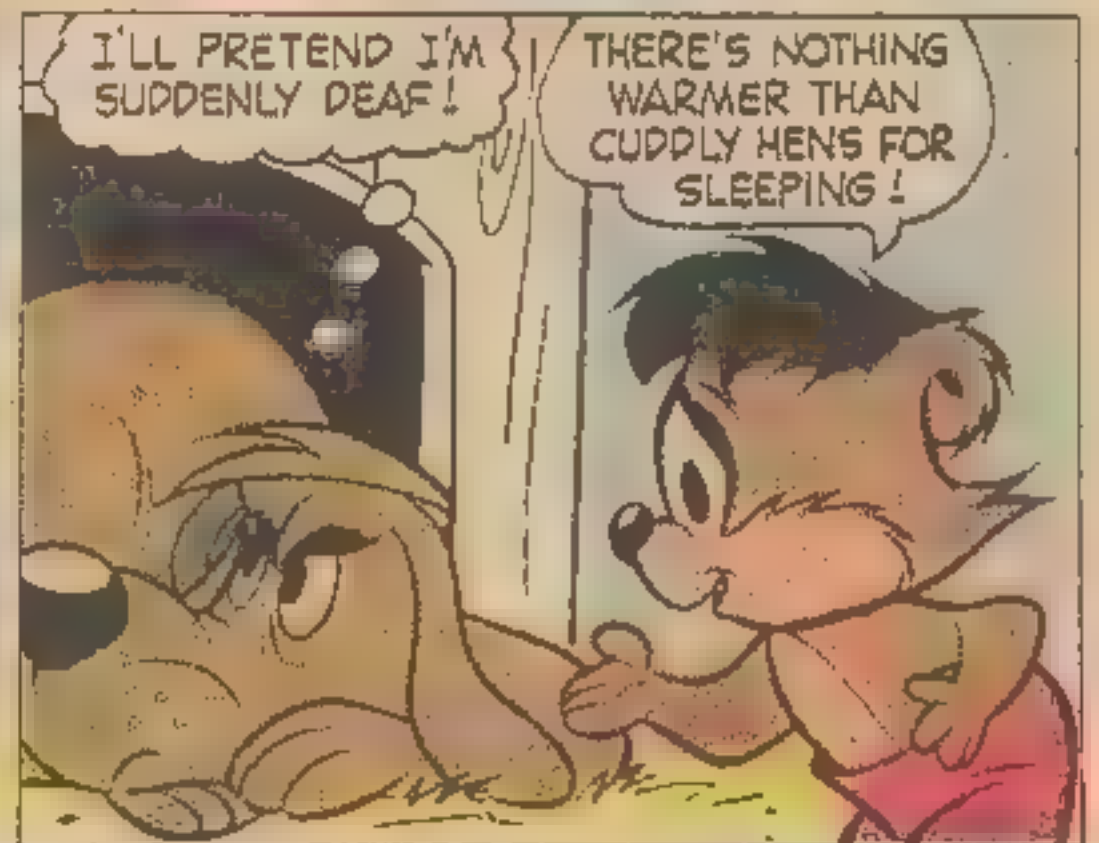
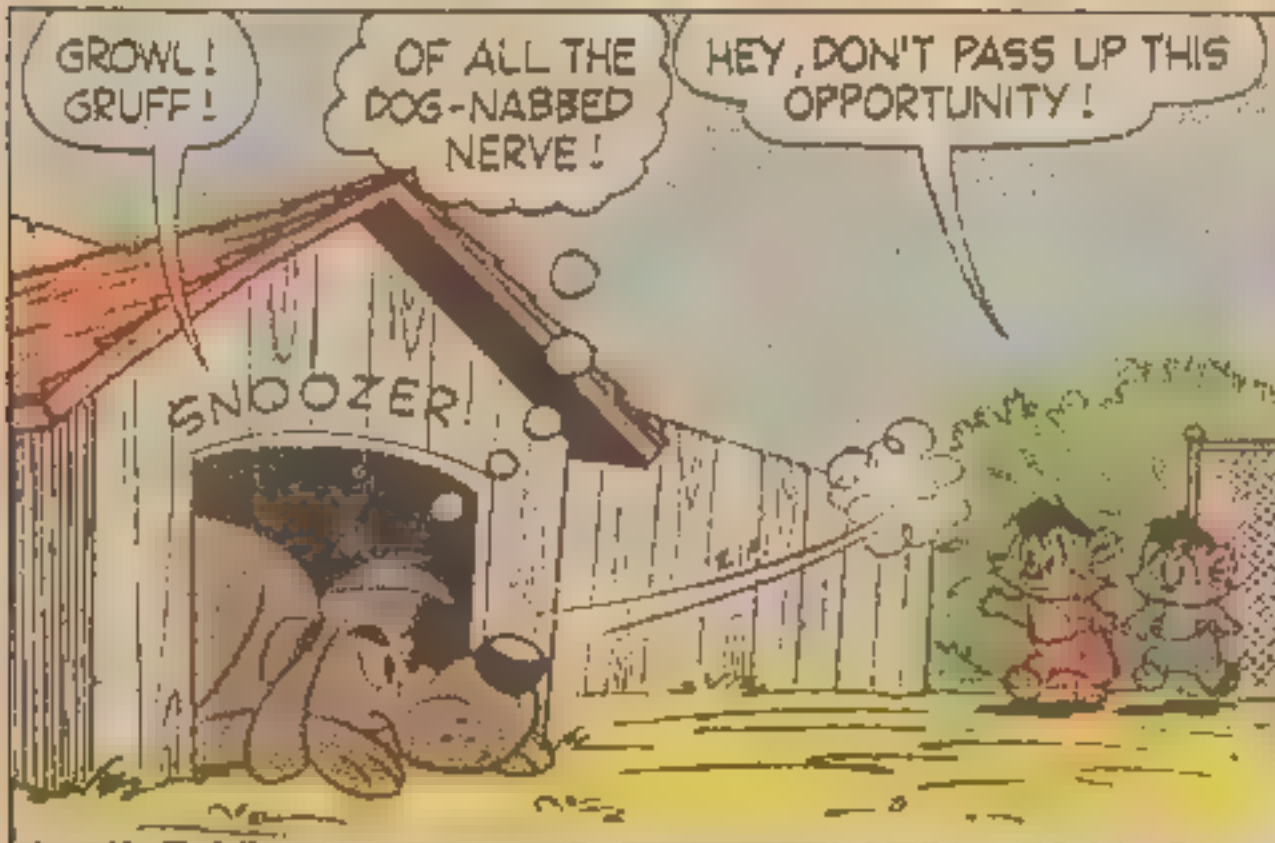
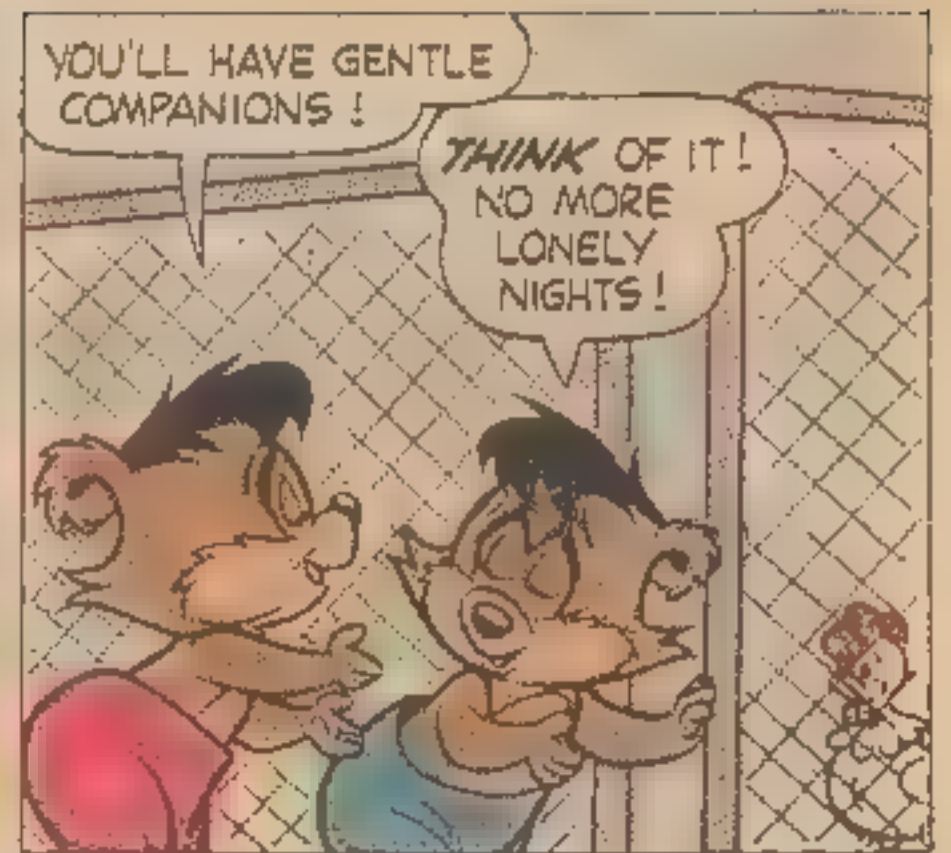
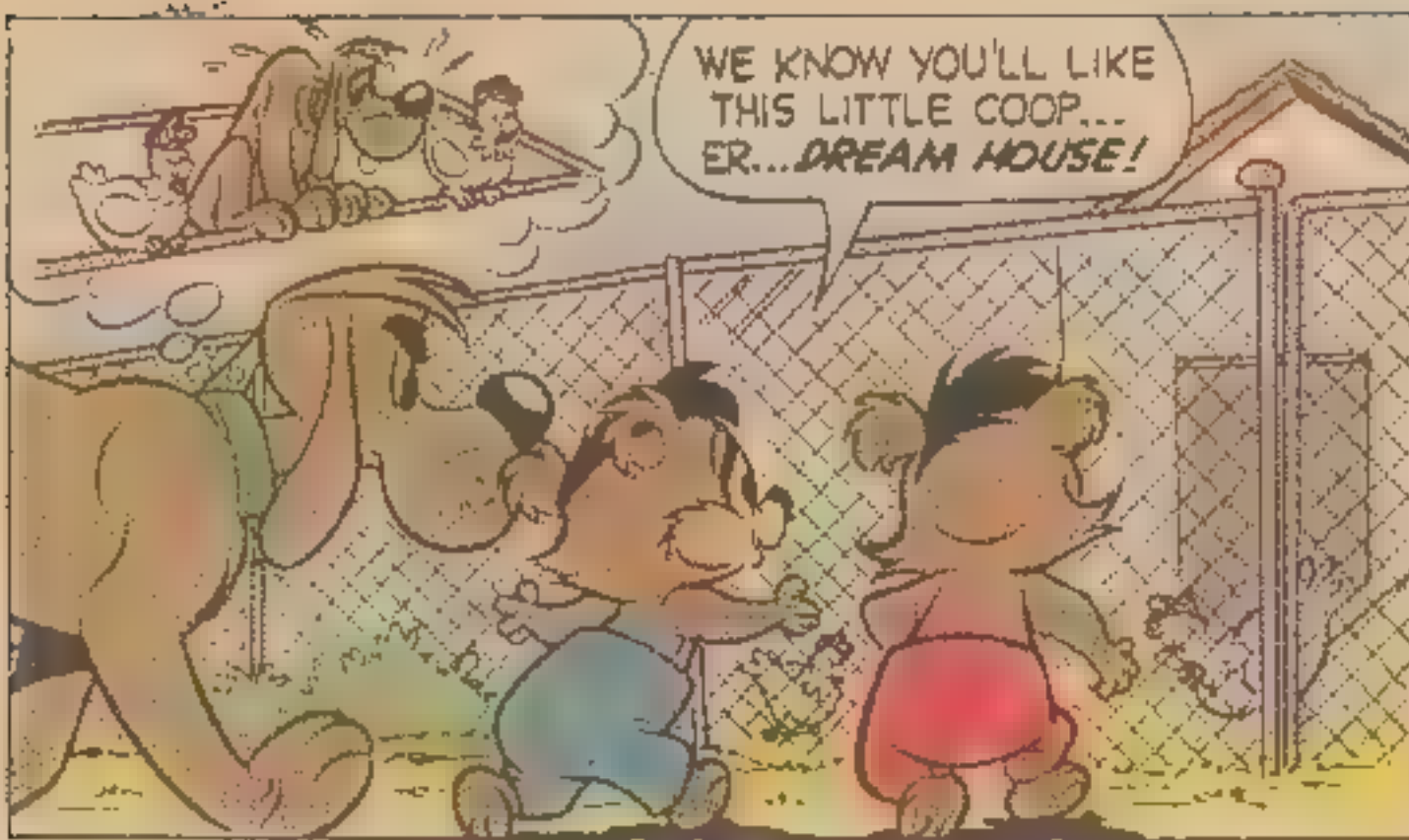
OF COURSE, IT
WILL MEAN MOVING
THE ER...PRESENT
OCCUPANT!

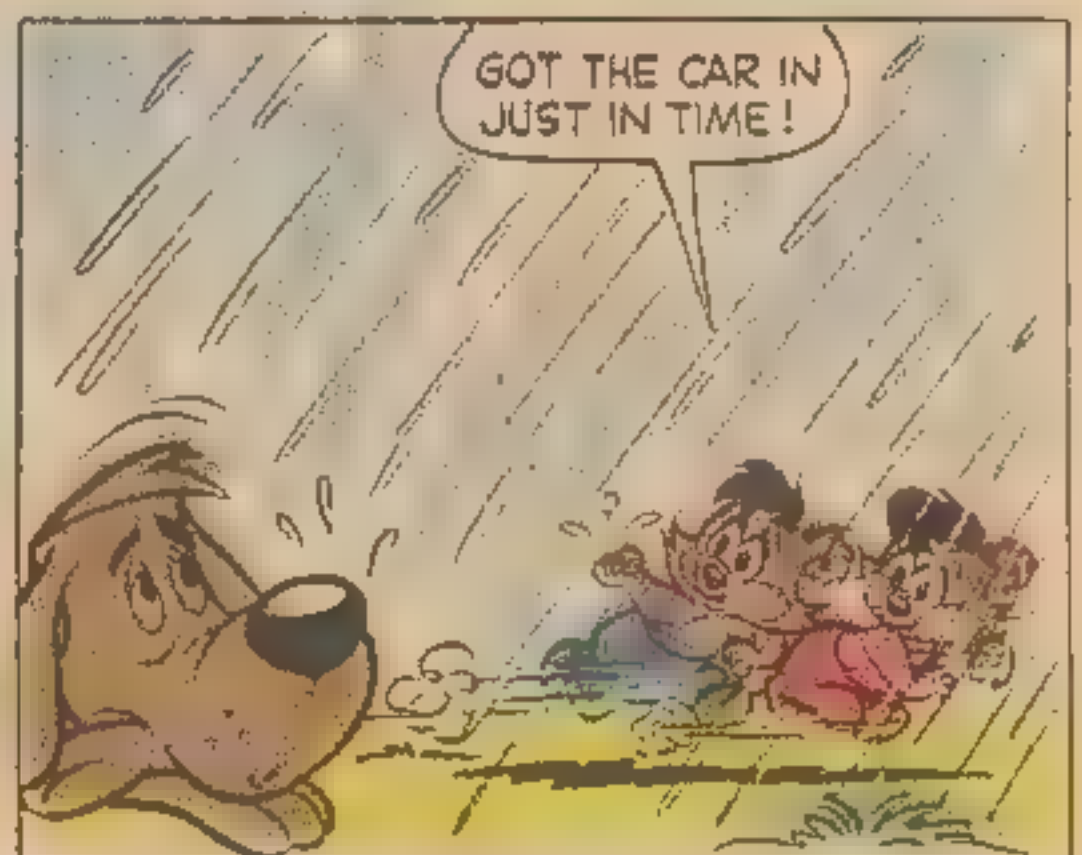
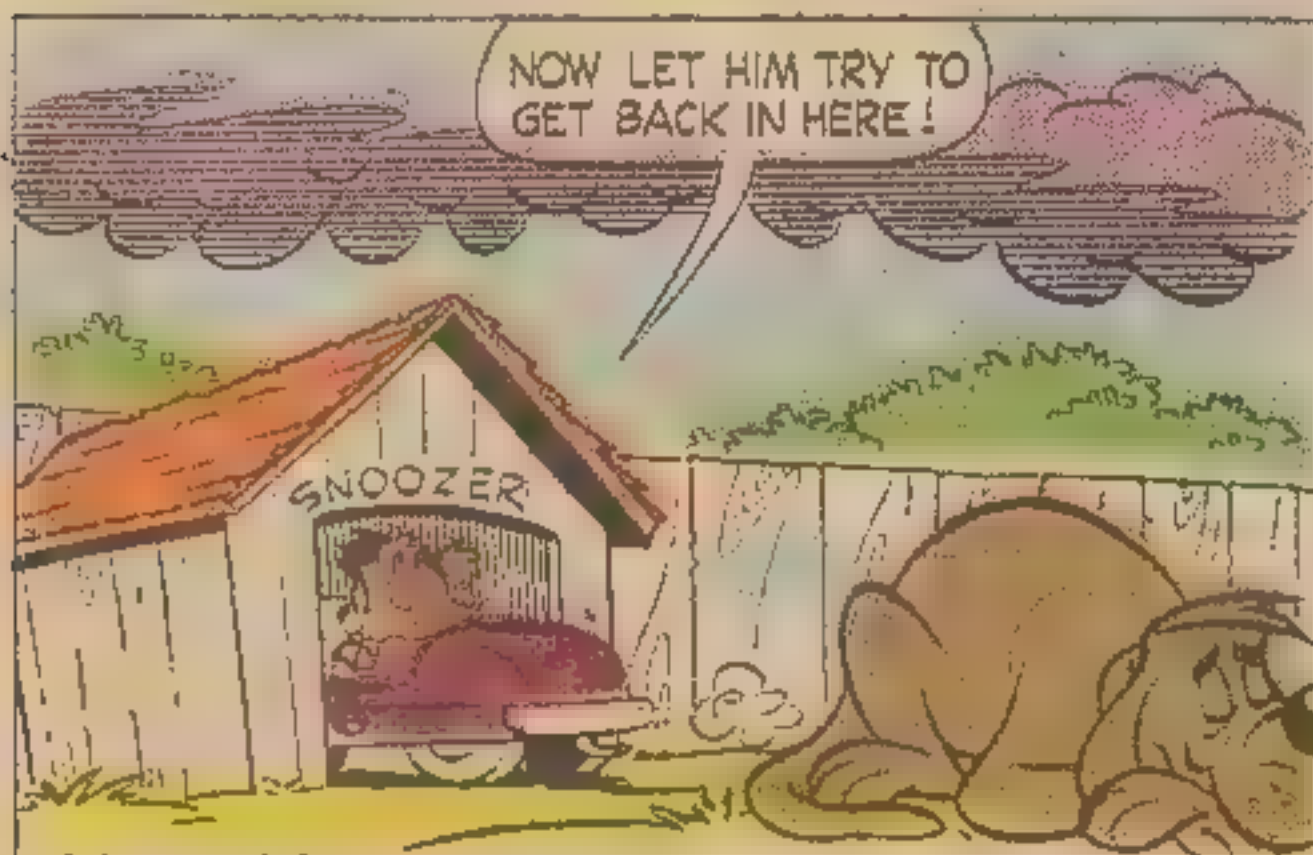
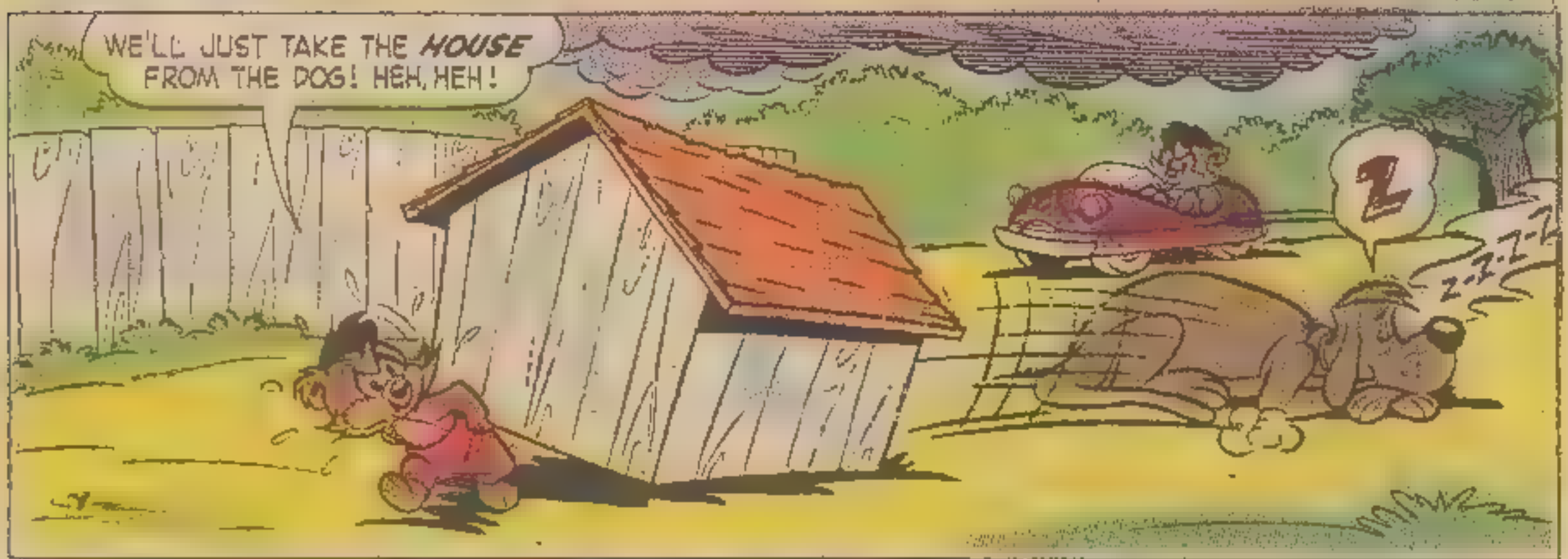
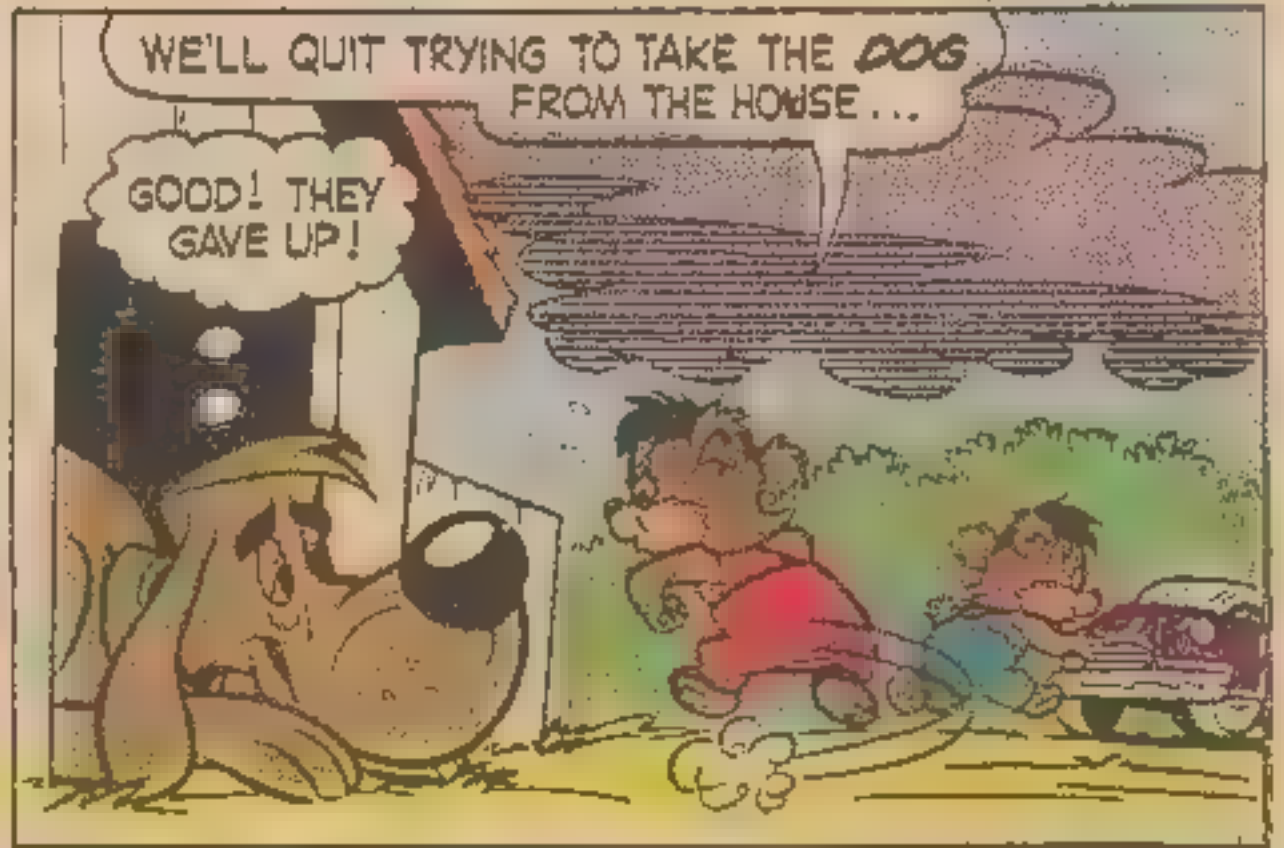
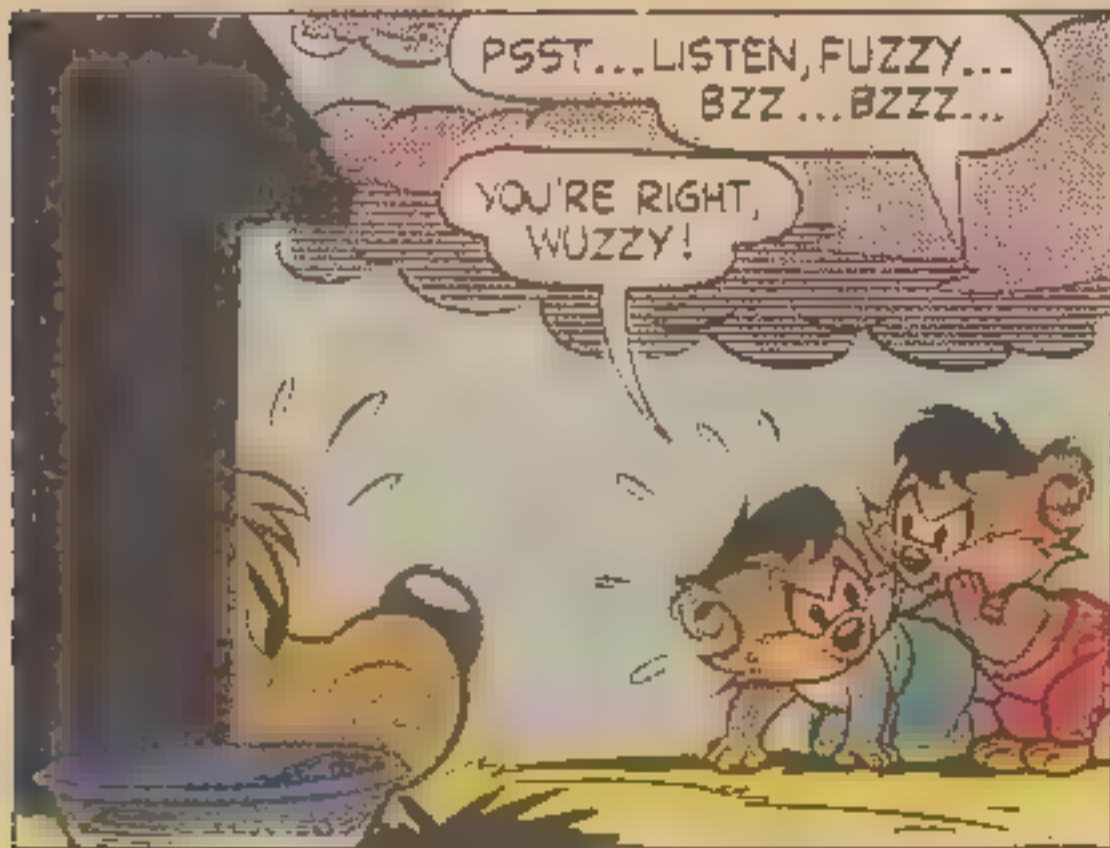
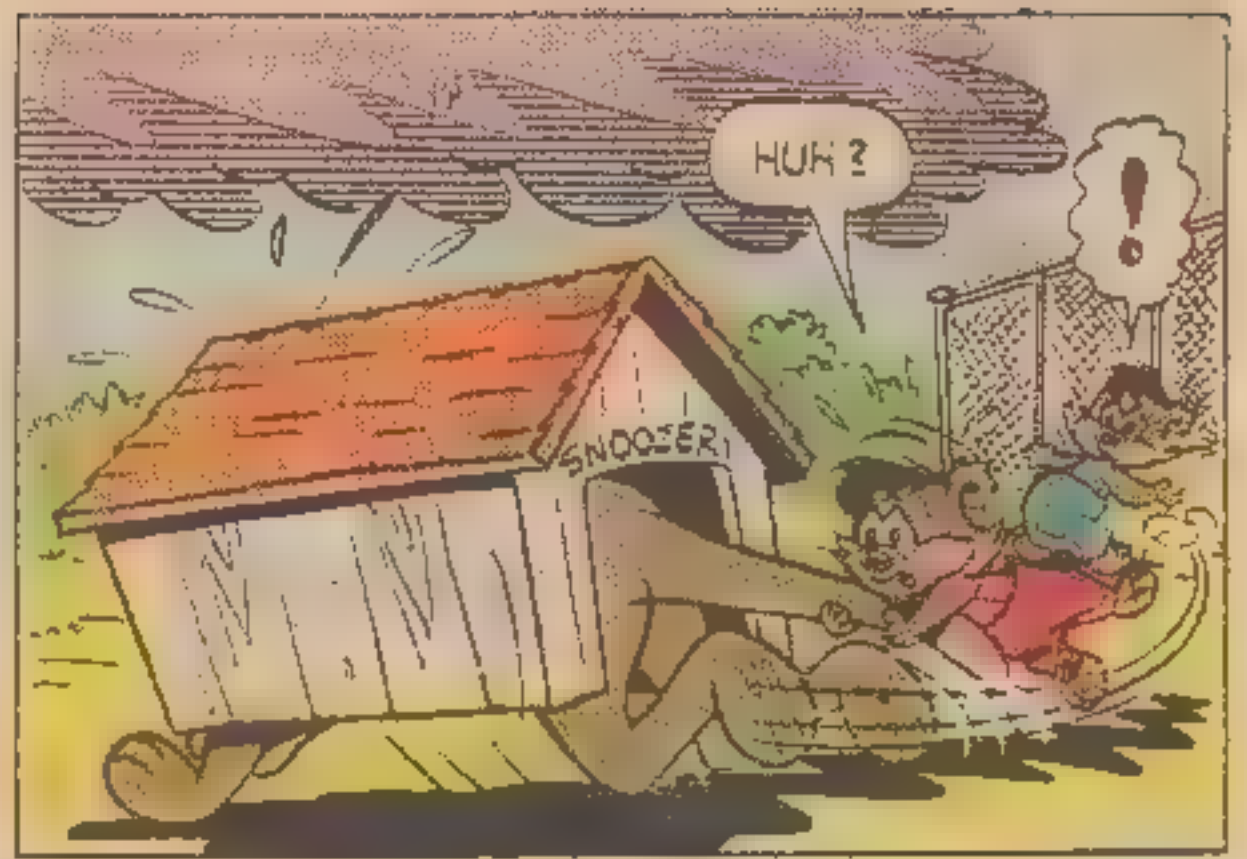
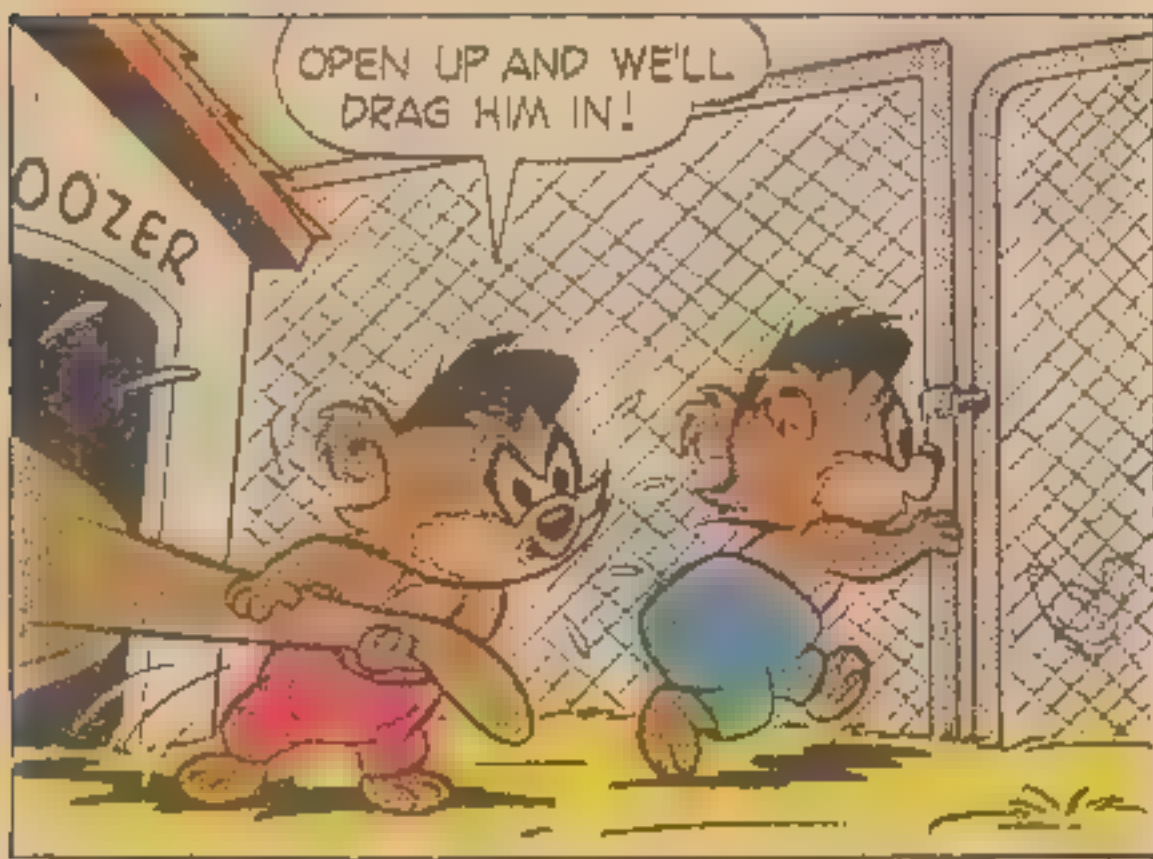


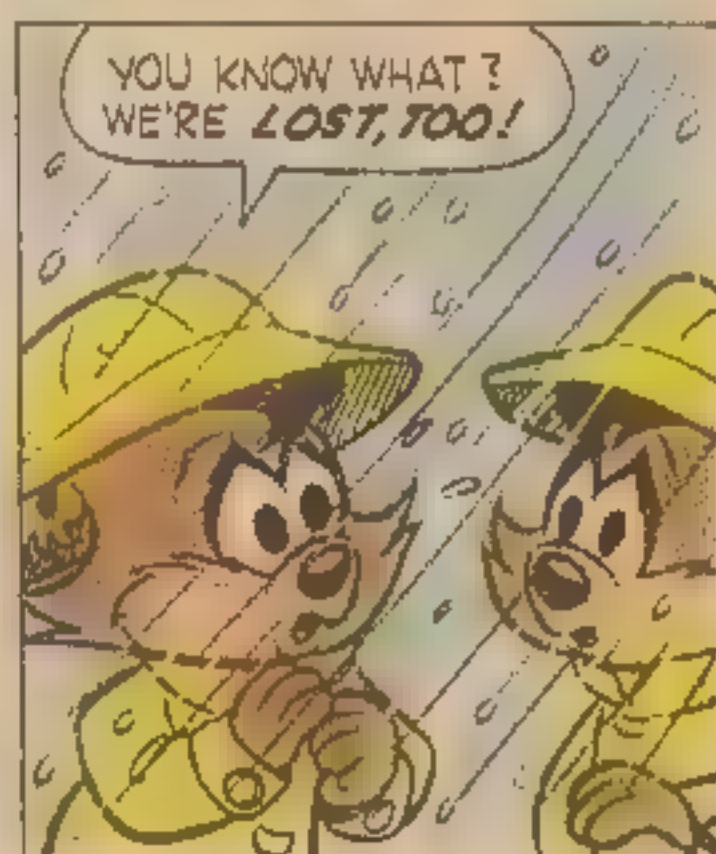
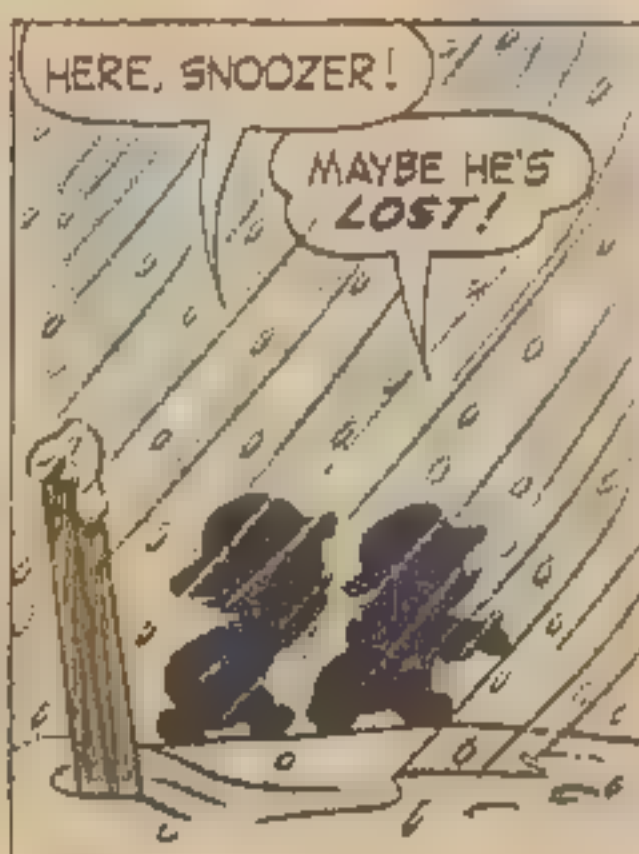
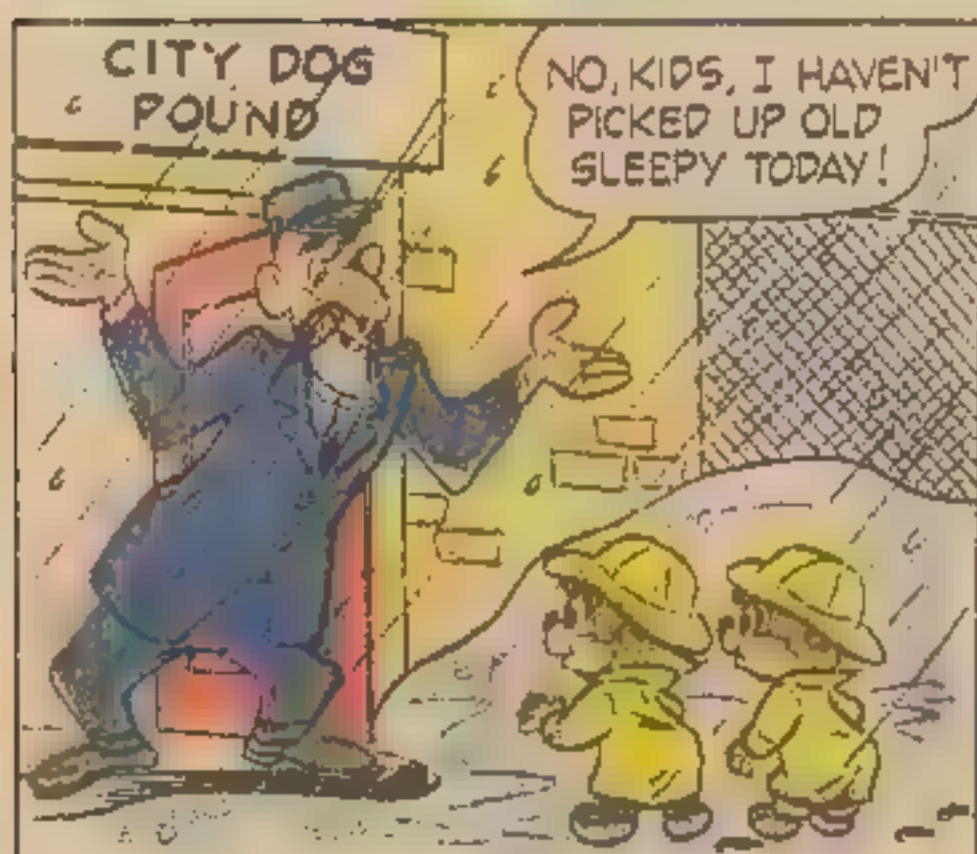
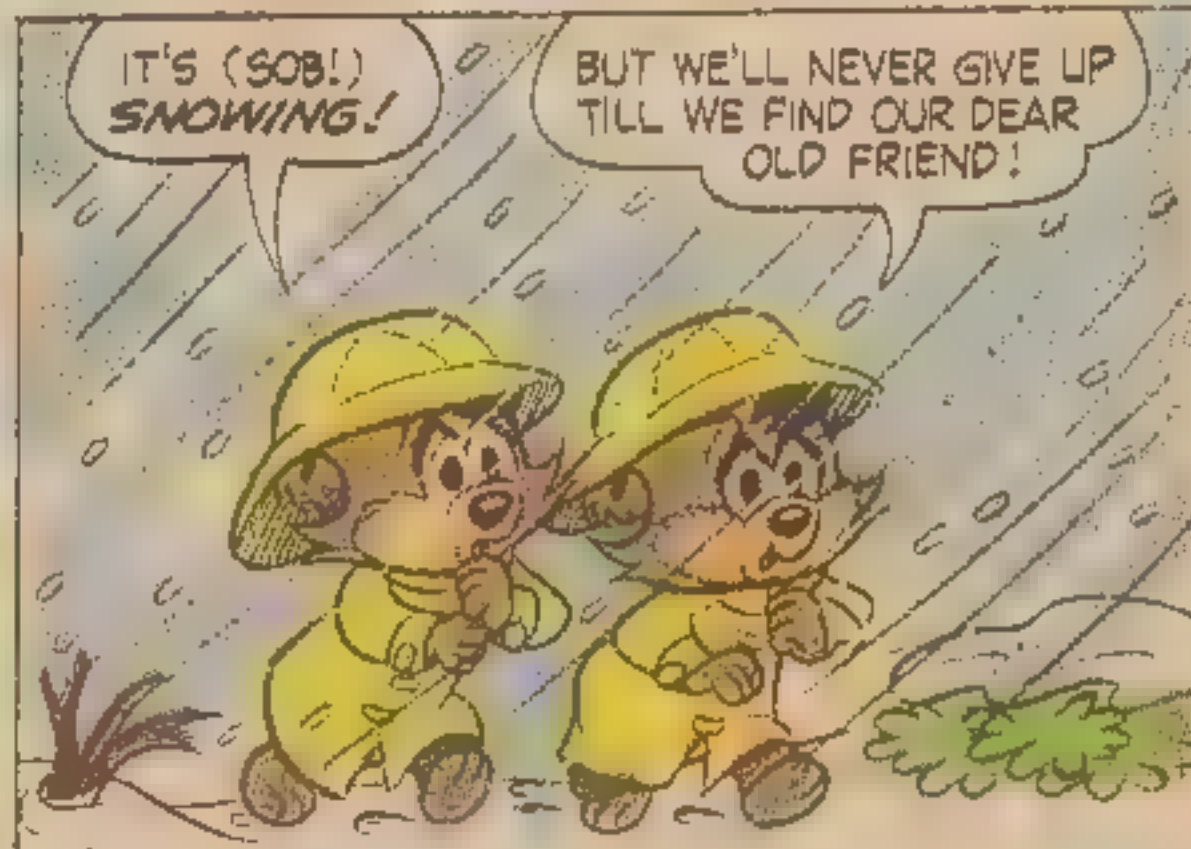
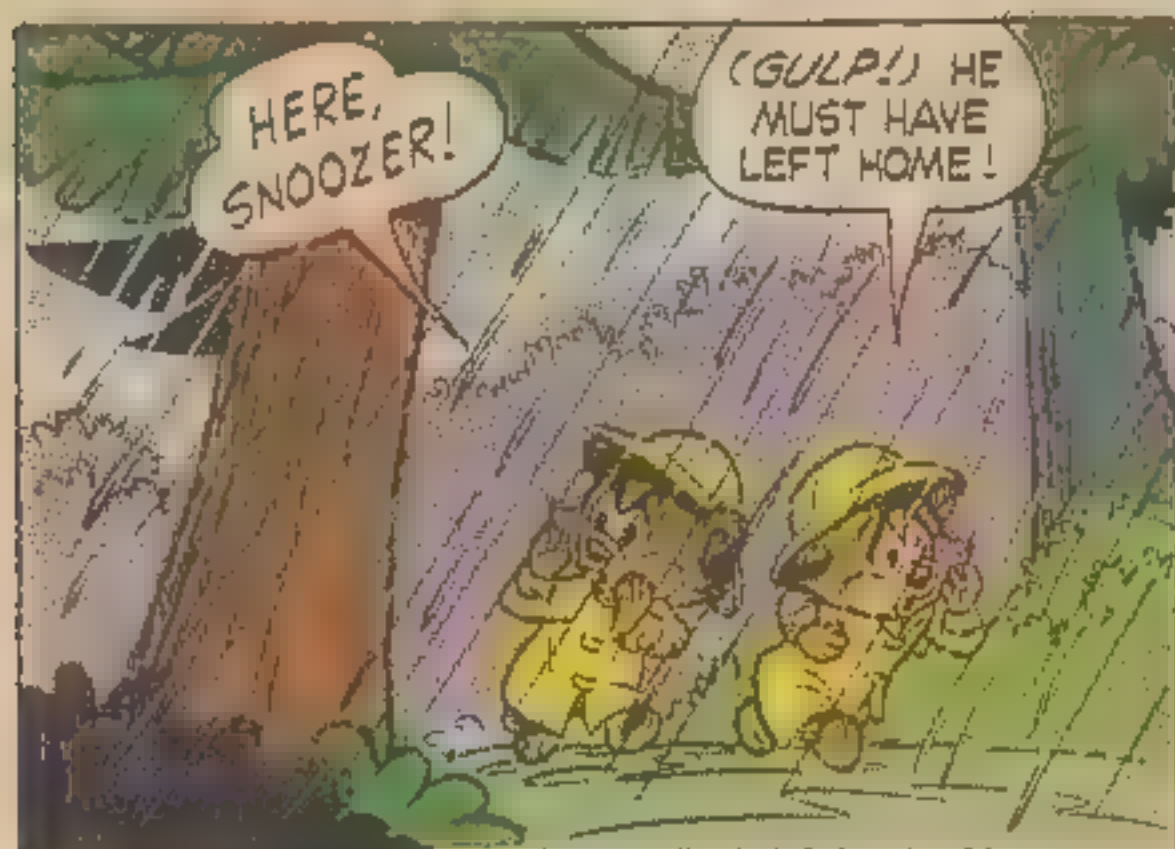
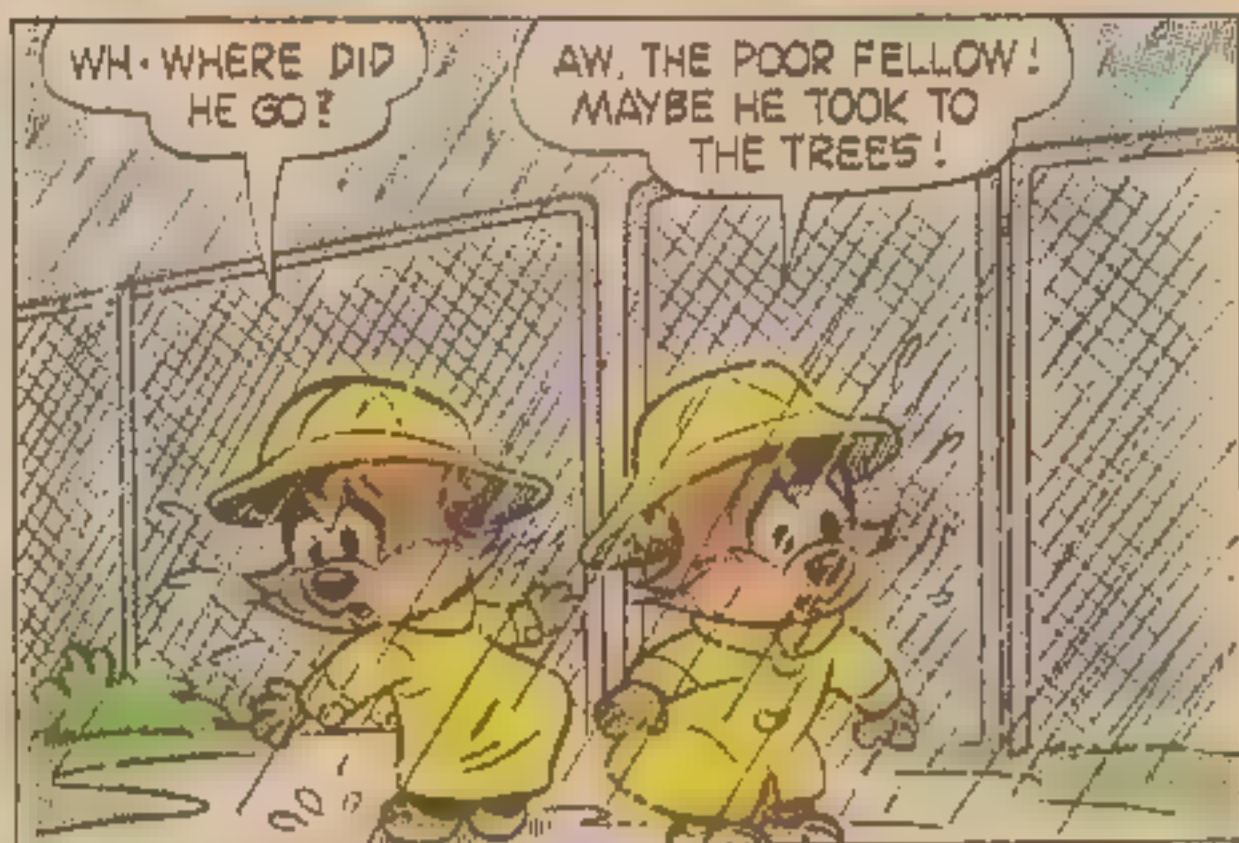
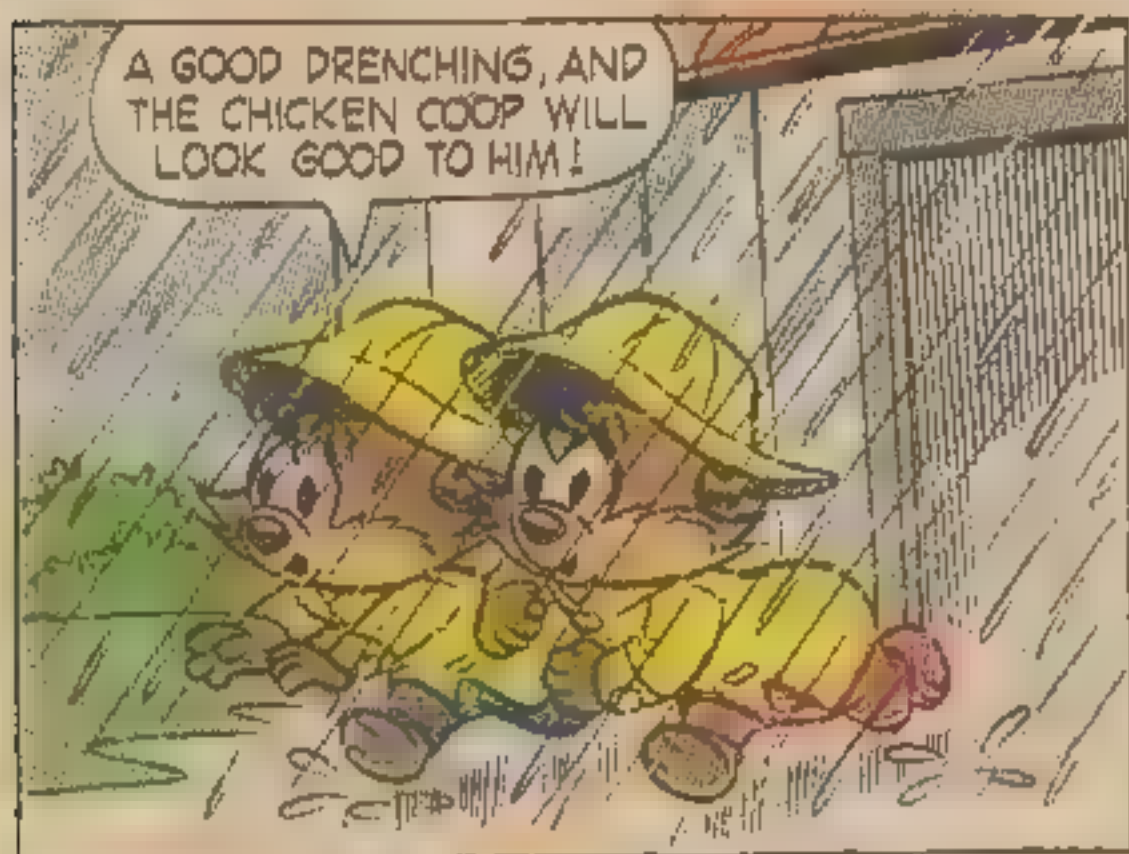
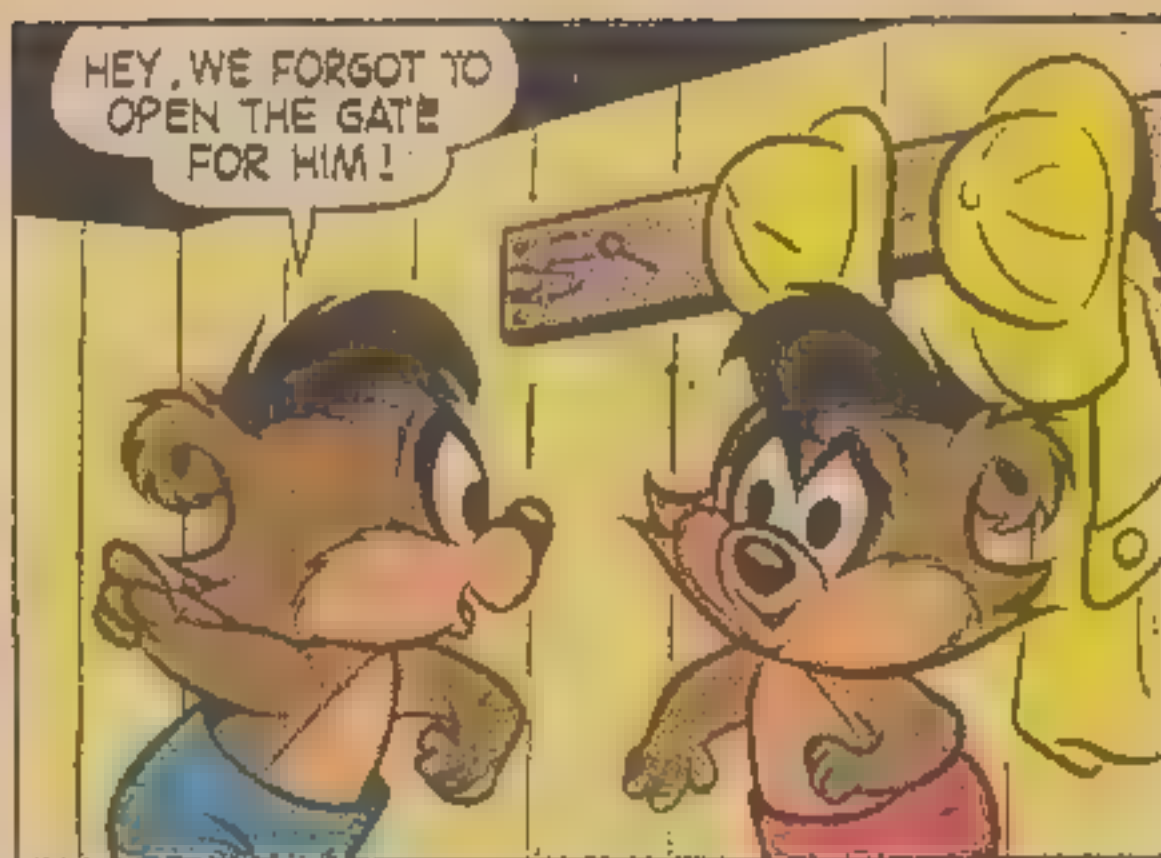
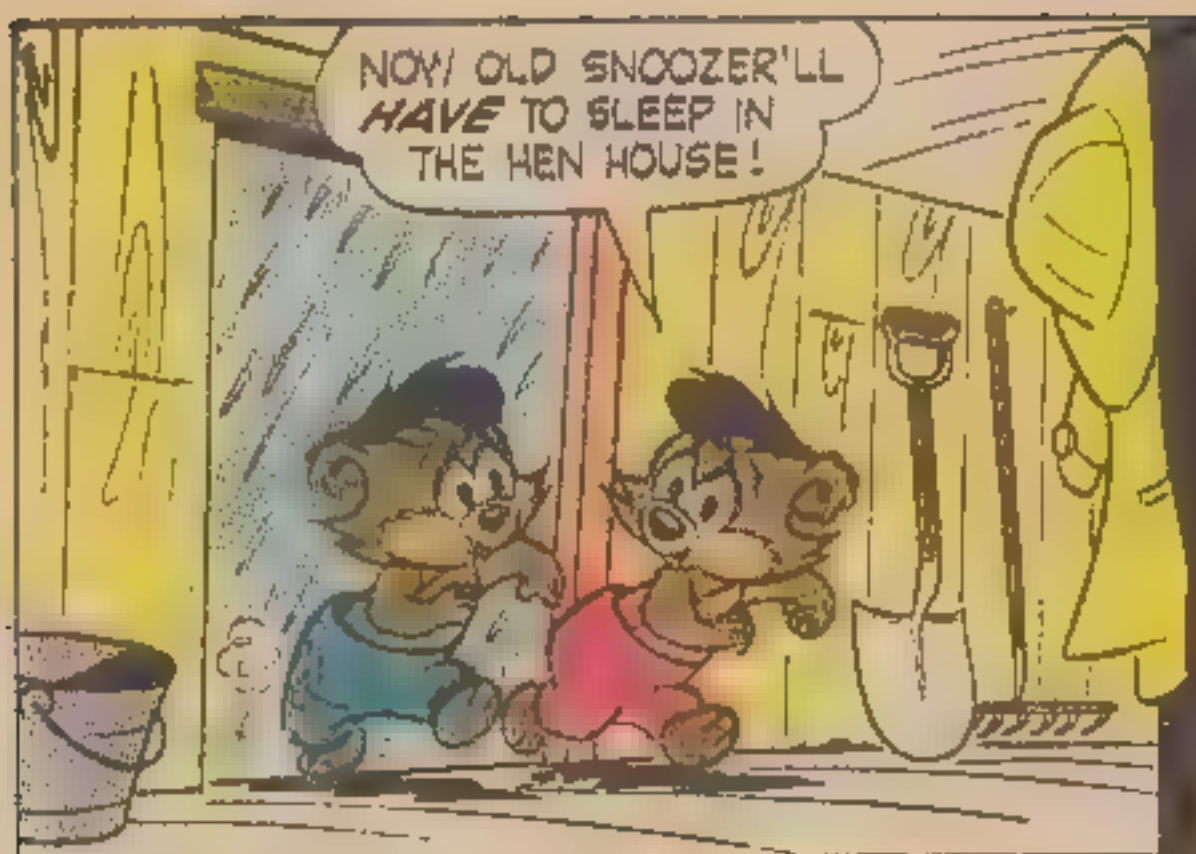
SNOOZER, OLD PAL,
HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE A LARGER
HOME?

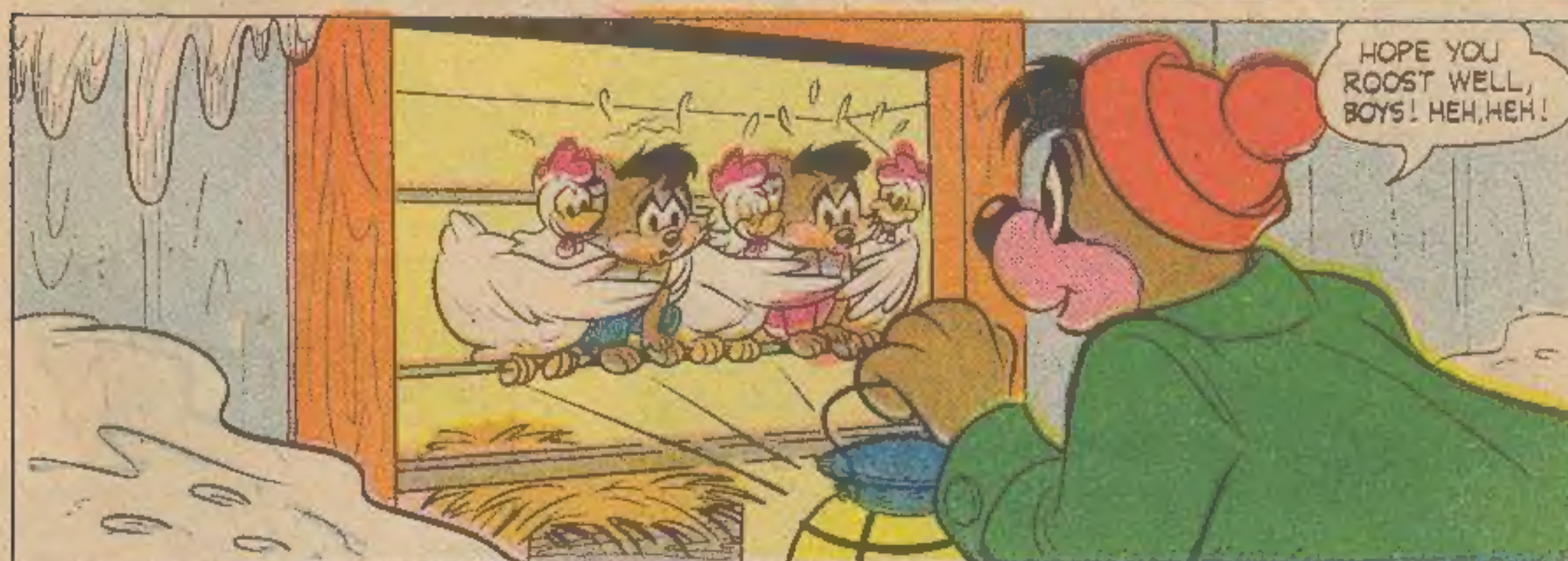
COME ALONG,
WE'LL SHOW YOU!











DROOPY'S DIPPY QUESTIONS

WHY IS THE SUN LIKE
A LOAF OF BREAD?



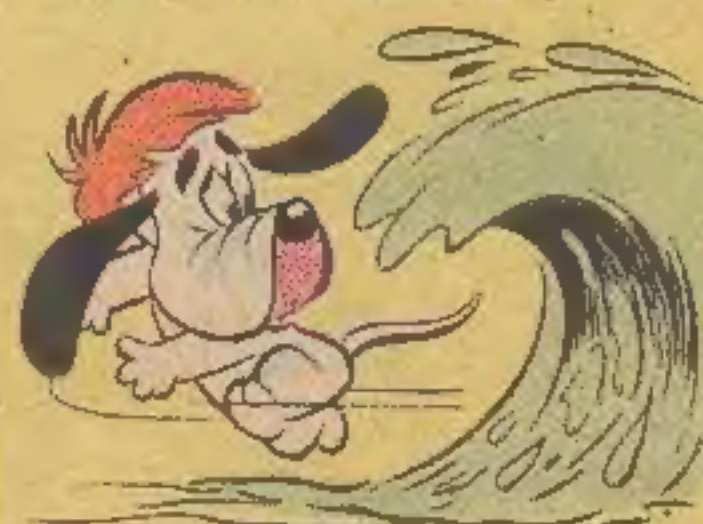
IT ISN'T LIGHT UNTIL
IT RISES!

WHY DO CARPENTERS
DISLIKE STONE?



BECAUSE THEY NEVER
SAW IT!

WHAT NUT IS AT
THE SEASHORE?



BEECHNUT!

WHO MAKES SHOES
WITHOUT USING LEATHER?



A BLACKSMITH... HE
MAKES HORSESHOES!

WHY IS A FARMER
A MAGICIAN?



BECAUSE HE TURNS HIS
COW TO PASTURE!

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
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The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.



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10,000 MILES!

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LIGHTWEIGHT!

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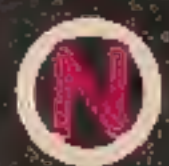


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CIRCLE N RANCH JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS

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**What's a famous chef's secret
for making food taste better?"**



"I'm Chief Chef of the Hot Dog Palace. I bake hot dog cakes frosted with pickle relish—and hot dog pies with mustard whipped cream."



"I do a rushing business. Kids are hungry to get my hot dog delicacies. And I know why. I've discovered how to make hot dogs taste better than ever! What's my secret?"



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